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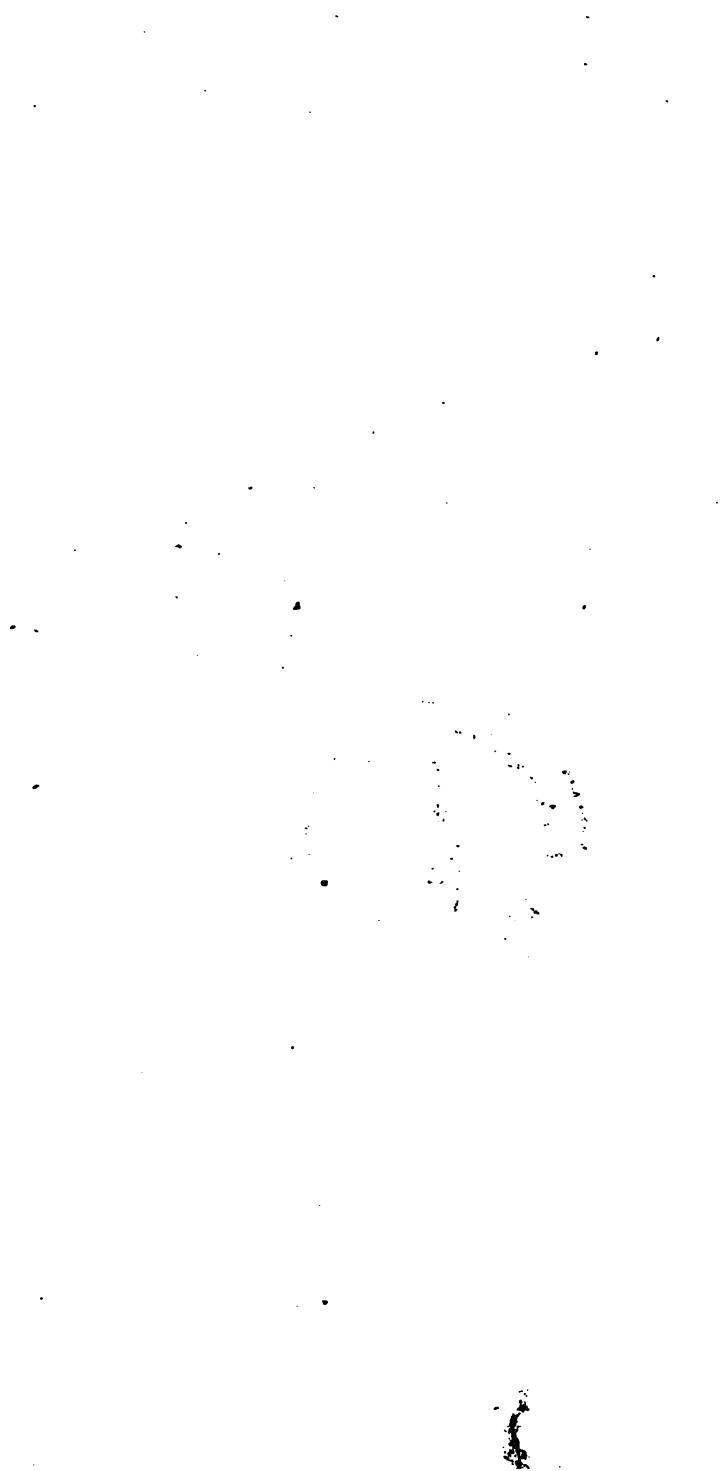
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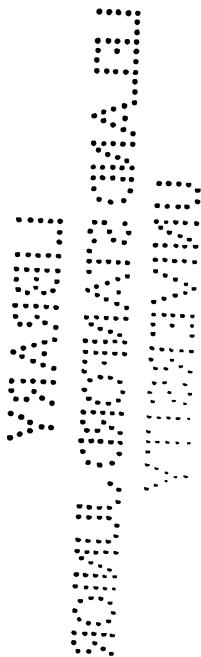
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THE difference in the circumstances under which the English settlements in Britain were first made, and the first northern conquerors established themselves in Gaul, is reflected in the whole later history of each country. In Britain the earlier population was either gradually driven to the remoter corners of the island, or (to all appearance) was entirely extinguished. At any rate, no Brito-Roman influence is traceable in the polity or habits of thought of the heathen colonists. But in Gaul, and in the other southern countries to which Teutons found their way, they encountered an old Roman civilization far more perfect and widely spread than any that had existed in Britain, and which, unlike that of Britain, was still comparatively unbroken. The conquerors themselves were conquered by it. They accepted Christianity from the Romanized Bishops of the Gallic cities; and although they crossed the Rhine as heathens, they were nowhere left, as in Britain, without the spectacle of great Christian churches and services before they learnt themselves to adore what they had burned, and to burn what they had adored. One marked result of this difference appears in the nationality of the saints chiefly revered in the two countries. The great saints of the Gallic provinces are for the most part Romans or Romanized provincials. St. Remigius of Rheims, St. Martin of Tours, and St. Hilary of Arles represented the clergy whom the Frankish conquerors found presiding over the cities of which they took possession, and from whom they received the Christian faith. In Gaul no saint of Teutonic

origin ever attained equal distinction. But in England it is quite different. Here the great national saints are Englishmen and Englishwomen,—St. Edmund, St. Cuthbert, St. Etheldreda. British saints, indeed, like David of Menevia, kept their hold in Wales and in Cornwall: but there the races were not mingled, and St. Alban alone, the so-called protomartyr of Britain, occupies a position at all analogous to that of the Gallic saints. Like them, he belonged to the older race, but received his greatest honours from the newcomers.

It is hardly peculiar to England, but is perhaps a necessary result of the social conditions under which Christianity was embraced by the northern races, that the greater number of persons revered as saints in this country before the Norman Conquest were of royal or of noble birth. The origin of St. Cuthbert is doubtful; but so impressed were the early hagiologists with the belief that a 'regia origo' was a fitting accompaniment of saintship, that a descent from certain Irish kings was duly discovered for him.\* This descent is at least as doubtful as that of St. Rumold, the patron of Mechlin,—son, according to his legend, of a king of Scotland; on which account the Archbishops of Mechlin still quarter the lion of Scotland with the arms assigned to their see.† Welsh genealogists went still farther; and, whilst they asserted the royal descent of St. David and St. Cadoc, they traced them back, on the female side, to a sister or a cousin of the Blessed Virgin.‡ Much strong tribal and local feeling was thus necessarily mixed with the reverence paid to the religious character. Each English kingdom possessed its own saints, more honoured in their own district than in other parts of the country, and the greater part of them little recognized beyond the sea. It was this intensely national character of the English saints which caused Lanfranc, after the Conquest, to question their claims to the honours they had up to that time received.§ In his hesitation there is something of the hardness and perhaps of the political spirit of a conqueror; but nothing indicates more clearly the strong

\* An inscription placed by Prior Wessington under an image of St. Cuthbert in Durham Cathedral described him as 'natione Hibernicus, regis parentibus ortus.'—Raine's 'St. Cuthbert,' p. 15, *note*. But Bede knew nothing of this descent.

† Or at any rate did so until very lately. The shield of Scotland is to be seen quartered with the arms of many archbishops, on their tombs in the cathedral.

‡ *Lives of the Cambro-British Saints* (Welsh MSS. Society), pp. 378–402. The biographers of St. Patrick constructed a genealogy, in which they traced his descent from Brutus of Troy, 'a quo sunt Britanni nominati.'—Todd's 'St. Patrick,' p. 353.

§ Eadmer, 'Vita Anselmi;' quoted by Freeman, *Norm. Conquest*, vol. iv. p. 442. Lanfranc consulted Anselm, who removed his prejudices.

English feeling with which the Church of our forefathers was penetrated. Nor did this national feeling by any means cease with the Conquest. The Confessor at Westminster and Bishop Wulfstan at Worcester were both received by popular consent into the company of saints long before the eleventh century had expired, and long before their final canonization. We cannot follow M. Thierry in regarding St. Thomas of Canterbury as the representative of the English people in struggle with an 'alien' king; but it is sufficiently clear that after his martyrdom he was looked upon as a true Englishman. The last saint recognized in this country before the Reformation was St. Thomas Cantilupe of Hereford,—a member of that noble family which, after Normans and English had become fused into one people, assisted in the struggle against another foreign domination, and in the person of William Cantilupe, Bishop of Worcester, blessed the host of the barons before they rose in arms to fight at Lewes and Evesham. And the English feeling which recognized the national spirit of the Cantilupes, led also to the honouring as saints of such great leaders as Simon of Montfort and Earl Thomas of Lancaster; in the first instance not perhaps altogether unworthily, in the second with more questionable right. But both 'fought for England' and for the English people. Saintly honours and the ascription of miracles at his tomb were the greatest distinction that could be paid to any man after death; and in those ages popular love and regret took that form almost naturally. It will be well, however, before entering farther on our subject, to pass in somewhat rapid review the great shrines of England as they existed toward the middle of the fifteenth century, when their number had long been completed, and before the signs of the coming religious change had become too marked to be disregarded. The fashion of pilgrimages was then perhaps at its height, and the English shrines, throughout the country, stood untouched and unrivalled in their magnificence and stores of wealth.

We will suppose that a pilgrim bound to visit '*sanctorum Anglicanæ religionis reliquias et loca venerabilia*'—like that Armenian archbishop who in the year 1228 was entertained in the hospitable Abbey of St. Alban's, and there edified the monks with the history of the Wandering Jew\*—has landed at Bristol, a port from which pilgrims frequently sailed for Compostella, and which may well have been a place of arrival for strangers whose errands were of similar nature. Such a pilgrim would find the country south of the Bristol Channel—Somersetshire,

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\* *Matt. Paris*, ad ann. 1228, p. 296 (ed. Wats.).



Devon, and Cornwall—without any shrine of the first importance; though he would of course turn southward to visit the green hills of Glastonbury, a 'station' regarded as of great sanctity, though rather from the accumulation of supposed relics than from the reputation of any one great tomb. No English church claimed more unhesitatingly the possession of so many and so great relics, and none with so little reason. Yet Glastonbury had her authentic tombs, which an Englishman, at least, might well venerate—setting aside the remains of the legendary Arthur and his queen Guinevere, which after their 'invention,' in the reign of Richard I., found their final resting-place in a sepulchre before the high altar.\* On the north side of the British king reposed the actual remains of Edmund the Elder—the 'magnificent'; on the south, those of his namesake and descendant, the noble Edmund Ironside; and behind the presbytery, in a separate chapel, lay Edgar the 'peaceful'—sainted, if never canonized.† Before his tomb the pilgrim might kneel; but his special devotion at Glastonbury would be claimed by St. Joseph of Arimathea, St. Dunstan, St. Gildas, St. Patrick, and others, whose relics seem to have been displayed in their several chapels. There are few sites in England more remarkable or more interesting than Glastonbury—the 'Isle of Avalon,' which was the common sanctuary of Briton and of Englishman, and which alone among the older British churches (without the border of what is now Wales) survived the storm of the English Conquest. But Glastonbury was for a considerable period within the limits of 'West Wales'; and it was the long continuance of this British kingdom—the powerful kingdom of Damnonia—which not only gave to Glastonbury her peculiar character, but materially affected the whole of the western peninsula. We may thus account for the absence of any great English shrine in that district. Exeter possessed none. Crediton, the first seat of the bishopric, was without a shrine—although the deep religious fervour of the earlier English settlers is in none more conspicuous than in St. Boniface, the 'Apostle of Germany,' born at Crediton late in the seventh century. But all this country was for some centuries a sort of border land from which the Britons were gradually driven westward; and as we advance farther west we find that such saints as were chiefly if not exclusively revered were of British origin, more or less connected with Wales and Armorica. In the church of the Benedictines at Tavistock, which stood near the limit

\* Leland saw the tomb there. The bones of King Arthur, of gigantic size, were shown to Edward I. and his queen in 1276. The skulls of Arthur and Guinevere were kept outside the tomb, 'for the devotion of the people.'

† Willis's *Architectural History of Glastonbury Abbey*, p. 33.

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finally assigned by Athelstan to the Britons, stood the splendid shrine of St. Rumon, a Cornish bishop of whom nothing but the name is known, whose relics were obtained for the abbey by Ordulf the giant, son of the founder, Earl Ordgar. Tavistock was an English foundation, and her Cornish tutelary saint (the abbey was dedicated in the names of St. Rumon and of the Blessed Virgin) affords a curious proof of the mixture of races in this district. In Cornwall itself, although the Augustinians of Bodmin possessed the shrine of St. Petroc, and although the names of saints are numerous, there was but one place of pilgrimage of great importance—St. Michael's Mount—visited in honour of the Archangel, who is said to have appeared to certain hermits on the crags—

‘the great vision of the guarded Mount’

of Lycidas. The Cornish St. Michael's became a cell to the great Abbey of St. Michael ‘in periculo maris,’ on the opposite coast of Normandy. The devotion paid here to the Archangel is not less distinctly of British character than if the saint of the Mount had been St. David or St. Teilo. Ninety-four churches and chapels, the ‘Llanfihangels’ so frequently met with, are dedicated in his honour in different parts of Wales.\*

Returning to Bristol and crossing the mouth of the Severn, the pilgrim, journeying along the ancient ‘Via Julia,’ would find his way to St. David's, long regarded as the most sacred spot in Wales, and still almost unrivalled in its attraction for the antiquary and the lover of untrammelled nature. No British coast is grander, and nowhere else are noble architecture and a wild rocky landscape brought into such close relationship—each heightening the other's interest. In the great cathedral, ‘Ty Ddewi,’ the ‘house of David,’ as it was called, rested the shrine of the patron of Wales—the saint who, besides his labours in his own country, helped to regulate the Irish Church of the sixth century, and who influenced, more perhaps than is generally suspected, the lives and teaching of the missionaries who found their way from Iona to the ‘regions of the Picts,’ and to the kingdoms of English Northumbria.† Difficult of access and

\* Rees' ‘Essay on the Welsh Saints,’ p. 40. There are in Wales 143 churches dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and 53 to St. David. These, with the Archangel Michael, are the saints chiefly honoured.

† All these missionaries belonged to what is called the ‘second order’ of Irish saints (see Todd's ‘St. Patrick,’ p. 88, *note*). They ‘do not appear to have had any connection with Armagh, or the institutions of St. Patrick’ (ib. p. 95); but had received a Mass or Liturgy from St. David. The lives of nearly all these Irish saints bring them to Menevia, where they join the ‘familia’ of St. David.—Todd's ‘St. Patrick,’ p. 100; Haddan and Stubbs, ‘Councils and Eccles. Documents,’ i. pp. 115, 116.

remotely placed, it was not perhaps without reason that the old verse pronounced two pilgrimages to St. David's equal in merit to one made to Rome—

‘Meneviam pete bis, Romam adire si vis,—  
Æqua merces tibi redditur hic et ibi.  
Roma semel quantum dat bis Menevia tantum.’

The shrine was visited and revered by the Conqueror, by Henry II., and by Edward I.; and it was while resting here, before embarking for Ireland, that Henry II. is said to have learnt from a Welsh bard the position of King Arthur's tomb at Glastonbury—thus leading to the famous ‘invention’ of his remains.

The list of true Welsh saints is somewhat long, but not one attained the celebrity or the distinction of St. David—the only Welsh or Cornish saint whose name appears in the calendars of the Western Church. Leaving Wales, therefore, and turning northward from Bristol, our first resting-place is Gloucester, where the Benedictines guarded in their magnificent church the tomb of Edward II.—beyond all doubt no saintly shrine, and only recommended as a place of pilgrimage by the ‘divinity that doth hedge a king,’ and by the circumstances of the unhappy Edward's death. It is in fact a curious and unusual example of the homage which, as has before been mentioned, was paid at certain ‘political’ shrines. Edward II. had few merits, and an overpowering weight of demerits. But after the erection of his superb tomb by his young son Edward III. pilgrims flocked to it in such numbers that, as it was asserted, the oblations made at it within fifty years would have sufficed to build the whole church anew. It was thought that offerings at the king's tomb availed to turn aside the Divine anger from the nation. No similar offerings were ever made at the tomb of King John in the choir of Worcester. ‘No man cried God bless him.’ In the hour of his death at Newark (October 16, 1216) he ‘commended his body and soul to St. Wulfstan,’ the last great English saint who had been canonized (by Innocent III. in 1203), and before whose tomb the king had more than once knelt in such devotion as was possible with him. The shrines of St. Wulfstan and St. Oswald stood one on either side of the high altar. In front and between them was the tomb of King John—a position which, it was asserted, fulfilled a prophecy of Merlin, ‘et inter sanctos collocabitur.’ St. Wulfstan, ‘vir magnæ pietatis et columbinæ simplicitatis,’ in the words of William of Malmesbury, was Bishop of Worcester before, during, and after the Norman Conquest. It is of him that the story is told, how, when called upon  
by

by Lanfranc to resign his see and to deliver up his pastoral staff, he refused to do so unless to the Confessor, from whom he had received it. He laid it accordingly on the Confessor's tomb, which opened and enclosed it. No one could withdraw it but Wulfstan himself, who was of course permitted to retain his see.\* St. Oswald, an earlier Bishop of Worcester, was the friend and (in his support of the monks against the regular clergy) the coadjutor of Dunstan. He was the founder of the monastery and the builder of the first great church at Worcester.

At Worcester we are in the old province of the Hwiccas, a portion of the great Mercian kingdom. From this place, still keeping within the Mercian limits, the pilgrim might turn south-west to Hereford. There, in the beautiful transept of the cathedral, stood the shrine of St. Thomas of Cantilupe, at the translation of whose relics Edward II. was present in 1286, although the saint himself was not formally canonized until 1320. St. Thomas, Bishop of Hereford between the years 1275 and 1282, was, as has already been said, the last Englishman recognized as a saint before the Reformation.† He was Provincial Grand Master of the Templars in England; and armed figures of Templars, treading on dragons, muzzled swine, and various monsters, fill the niches which surround the pedestal of his shrine, still remaining at Hereford. 'Superstition,' says Fuller, 'is always fondest of the youngest saint . . . and no fewer than four hundred and twenty-five miracles are registered, reported to have been wrought at the tomb' of St. Thomas of Cantilupe. Hereford possessed an older shrine—that of St. Ethelbert, King of East Anglia, who was murdered about the year 792 in a neighbouring palace of the Mercian kings. But the reputation of this shrine was altogether eclipsed by that of the 'youngest saint.'

Returning to Worcester, the pilgrim would find his way to the very heart of England—to Lichfield of the triple spires—the most ancient episcopal see of Mercia. There in the retrochoir, behind the high altar, rose the great shrine of St. Chad—'Ceadda'—bishop of the Mercians between 669 and 672, for which period he ruled 'gloriosissime' the vast diocese, then conterminous with the Mercian kingdom. The story of his death at Lichfield, and of the company of angels who cheered him in

\* Matt. Paris, p. 288 (ed. Wats.). This story is first told by Ailred of Rievaulx, writing in the next century. A very interesting account of the 'Life and Times of St. Wulfstan,' by the Dean of Chichester, will be found in the twentieth volume of the 'Archæological Journal.'

† The last recognized as a saint, but not the last formally canonized. This was St. Osmund of Sarum, who died in 1099, and was not canonized until 1456, although he had always been regarded as a saint in his own diocese.

his cell with their celestial harmony, is told at length by Bede.\*  
Cavaliers delighted to tell the later story of the siege,—

‘ . . . when fanatic Brooke  
The fair cathedral spoiled and took;  
Though, thanks to heaven and good Saint Chad,  
A guerdon meet the spoiler had.’

The siege began on St. Chad’s festival (March 2), and on the second day Lord Brooke was shot dead from the tower of the cathedral.

Through a portion of what is now the ‘black country,’ but was then a fair, green land,

‘ With shadowy forests and with champains riched,’

the traveller of the fifteenth century might proceed to Chester, there to kneel before the tomb of St. Werburgh. Werburgh was the daughter of Wulfere, King of Mercia, and, by her mother, was a descendant of Anna, King of the East Anglians, all of whose daughters were sainted. She died in the seventh century; and in 875, when the Northmen were ravaging Mercia, her relics were brought to Chester, where they remained undisturbed, and where the ealdorman Æthelred and his wife Æthelflæd, the ‘Lady of Mercia,’ afterwards built a church to receive them. Werburgh became the great patroness of the city:—

‘ In the Abbay of Chestre she is shryned rychely,  
Pryores and lady of that holy place.

\* \* \* \* \*

Protectryce of the cytee she is and ever was,  
Called specyall prymate and pryncypall presydent,  
There rulyng under our lorde omnypotent.†

The remarkable well of St. Winifred, some distance west of Chester, attracted numerous pilgrims, and still, in ‘bathing hours,’ affords a very curious scene; but there is no shadow of ancient authority for the very existence of the saint, and her whole story seems to have come into existence in the early part of the twelfth century.‡

Turning north from Chester we enter a wide region, unmarked by the possession of a single shrine of importance; it may almost be said that it contained no place of pilgrimage whatever. Again we must look to the earlier history of the country for an explanation. Much of this north-western land, lying west of the hill-ranges known as the ‘backbone of England,’ was included within

\* Hist. Eccles., l. iv. c. 3.

† ‘Holy Life and History of St. Werburgh,’ by John Bradshaw, Monk of Chester; printed by Pynson in 1521, and reprinted by the Chetham Society.

‡ See Haddan and Stubbs, ‘Councils,’ vol. i. p. 161 (note ‘a’); and Rees, ‘Welsh Saints,’ p. 297.



the British kingdoms of Strathclyde and Cumbria long after the regions east and south of it had been thoroughly Anglicized. The British boundaries varied at different times. Cumbria maintained for a considerable period a close connection with Wales; but the whole life of the kingdom was stormy and obscure, and it produced no British clergy of learning or religion such as Wales, during the same period, recognized as saints. The see of Carlisle was not founded until after the Norman Conquest, and the cathedral possessed no shrine. Beyond the Solway there were two great places of pilgrimage within the Strathclyde kingdom—Whitherne, the ‘Candida Casa’ of Bede, where St. Ninian, in the fifth century, had founded, in a position not unlike that of St. David’s, close to the rocky coast of Galloway, a church in which his shrine was long revered by the kings of Scotland; and Glasgow, where was the tomb of St. Kentigern, better known as ‘St. Mungo,’ the founder of the cathedral. Kentigern, who belongs to the sixth century, was made by the genealogists a nephew of King Arthur, like St. David of Wales. He seems to have been an active missionary throughout Strathclyde and Cumbria, and eight churches in Cumberland are named in his honour. These were the only shrines of importance between the Solway and Forth, which ‘bridles the wild Highlandman,’ and beyond which we meet with numerous saints whose names indicate their Gaelic origin. The tomb of St. Margaret, queen of Malcolm III., at Dunfermline, is the single shrine which connects Scotland with the great company of English saints revered south of the Tweed.

Crossing from Carlisle along the line of the Roman wall, the pilgrim might visit Hexham, more from respect for the site where St. Wilfrid had raised his church and St. John of Beverley had long dwelt, than for the sake of any actual relics there, but would press eagerly onward to the ‘holy land of St. Cuthbert,’—

‘Where his cathedral huge and vast  
Looks down upon the Wear.’

Here, as he approached the city from the north, and beheld, suddenly outstretched before him, that unrivalled scene—the castle, with the banner of the Prince-bishop floating from its keep, the church and conventual buildings rising sheer from the face of the river-cliff, and towering above masses of greenwood that line the broad, winding stream, he would kneel with no ordinary feeling before the cross of ‘Montjoie,’ as the spot was called from which pilgrims caught the first view of the shrine to which they were bound.\* This was the great shrine of all the

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\* Ducange, s. v.

north. In the splendour and dignity of the church which protected it, in the richness and singularity of the offerings which hung round it, it was exceeded by no other in the kingdom, with the exception, possibly, of that of St. Thomas at Canterbury. But, in the north, Durham was without a rival. York herself, always jealous of the 'bishoprick,' could set forth in her stately minster no shrine at all comparable in attraction or importance to that of St. Cuthbert. And besides the 'incorrupt body' of the great patron, the pilgrim might reverence, before their altar in the beautiful Galilee, the relics of the Venerable Bede—acquired for the church of Durham by one of those 'pious thefts' of which we shall presently have more to say. Within St. Cuthbert's shrine was deposited the head of St. Oswald, Christian king of Northumbria, who fell in battle with the heathen Penda of Mercia in the year 642. His head, fixed on a stake, was raised on the battle-field by Penda. It was afterwards removed and brought to Lindisfarne,\* and it accompanied the coffin of St. Cuthbert in its many wanderings.

From Durham the pilgrim would advance southward to York. The metropolitan church of the north was, indeed, as Æneas Sylvius described it, 'toto orbe memorandum;' but St. Paulinus, its founder, was revered far away at Rochester; and its chief shrine was that of St. William, Archbishop of York, who died in 1154. The head of the saint was kept by itself in a reliquary of silver, gilt, and covered with jewels. It was the greatest treasure of the cathedral; and when Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., rested at York on her way into Scotland, she knelt and kissed it with great devotion. St. William, it is said, was poisoned in the chalice—a fact or a calumny to which reference is made in one of the hymns for his office:—

'Toxicatur a prophanis  
Ille potus, ille panis,  
Per quem perit toxicum.  
Ambo præsul amplexatur,  
Et per unum moritur  
Et vivat per reliquum.' †

Before the canonization of St. William by Pope Nicholas III. York had felt greatly the want of an important shrine. Wealth was flowing daily into the coffers of St. Cuthbert, whilst little or none came to her; and within her own immediate jurisdiction she saw crowds of pilgrims turn aside to lay their offerings before

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\* Bede, 'H. E.,' l. iii. c. 12.

† From a hymn printed by Canon Raine in his 'Lives of the Archbishops of York.'

St. Wilfrid at Ripon and St. John at Beverley. As Canterbury contested the possession of St. Dunstan with Glastonbury, so she insisted that the true body of St. Wilfrid was deposited with her, and not at Ripon. Relics called his, however, were certainly honoured in the latter church, and Wilfrid was, no doubt, interred at Ripon, the place which he had loved beyond all others in his lifetime. Pilgrims to Ripon visited the remarkable crypt, which is the most perfect existing relic of the first age of Christianity in Northern England, and which contains the opening known as 'St. Wilfrid's needle.' Curious ceremonies were connected with it, not, as we shall presently see, unlike others in use at some Continental shrines.

Ripon, York, and Beverley were the three centres of early Christianity in Northumbria. Beverley derived her importance from the foundation of a monastery by St. John, Bishop of Hexham, and afterwards of York, who died there in 721. A superb minster arose over his tomb, and 'li bons Johans . . . celui ki gist à Beverli,' canonized in 1037, attained a reputation only exceeded in the north by that of St. Cuthbert. Sir Walter, indeed, has linked his name with that of a greater saint than Cuthbert:—

'Come ye from the east, or come ye from the west,  
Or bring relics from over the sea;  
Or come ye from the shrine of Saint James the Divine  
Or Saint John of Beverley?'

The victory of Agincourt (October 25, 1415) was gained on the day of his translation, and Henry V., with his queen, afterwards made a pilgrimage to the shrine.†

The great Cistercian churches of Yorkshire possessed no shrine—unless we must except the tomb of St. Ailred at Rievaulx. The monks of Fountains tried hard to obtain the body of St. Robert, a hermit, who died about 1218, in a cell which he had constructed on the Nid, near Knaresborough.‡ But

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\* Sir Walter Scott, 'The Grey Brother.'

† The day (Oct. 25) was also the festival of SS. Crispin and Crispinian:—

'This story shall the good man teach his son;  
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
From this day to the ending of the world,  
But we in it shall be remembered.'

(K. Hen. V., act iv. sc. 3.)

On the day of the battle a holy oil flowed 'like drops of sweat' from the shrine at Beverley.

‡ St. Robert was the son of a certain Tok Fluore, who had been twice mayor of York, in the latter part of the twelfth century. He has had three biographers. For all that is known of him see Walbran's 'Memorials of Fountains,' i. 166 (Surtees Society).



St. Robert was buried in the chapel attached to his cell, which, since the middle of the last century, has received numerous pilgrims of a very different description from those who anciently frequented it. St. Robert's cell is the cave in which Eugene Aram hid the body of Clark; and had he known of the existence of the saint's coffin, hewn in the rock—which has been discovered of late years—he might have used it for the effectual concealment of his guilt. This was, probably, a very local place of pilgrimage, and there was no great shrine to delay the traveller until he reached Lincoln. Here he would kneel before the shrine of St. Hugh, in that most graceful and beautiful church which the saint had helped to construct with his own hands. Hugh of Burgundy, Bishop of Lincoln from 1186 to 1200, was canonized by Honorius III. twenty years after his death. No saint in the English calendar received more earnest reverence, and none more entirely deserved it. St. Hugh was one of the noblest bishops of his century. Simple, fearless, indefatigable in his vast diocese, he, although a foreigner, by the sheer excellence of his life, and his zeal for all men's rights, was one of those who assisted in welding into one nation the conquerors and the conquered of England. A crowd of archbishops and bishops—'populus abbatum, turba priorum'—assembled at his burial, and the kings of England and of Scotland, who had met by appointment at Lincoln, assisted in carrying his bier into the cathedral.\*

The Benedictine monasteries of the Fens, of far more ancient foundation than the Cistercian houses, possessed numerous relics, and were all frequented by pilgrims. The pride of Crowland was the tomb of Waltheof, beheaded for his share in the 'brideale' of Norwich. Thorney possessed the shrines of St. Benedict Biscop and St. Botolph. At Ramsey was that of St. Felix, the first bishop and the true 'apostle' of East Anglia. There, too, was the shrine of the fabulous St. Ivo.† Before the great gateway of 'Peterborough the Proud' pilgrims, of whatever rank, put off their shoes, and then passing through the court and into the church they knelt at the altar of St. Peter, and in certain cases received the same full absolution they would have merited by a journey to Rome. But the queen of all this group of ancient monasteries was Ely. The shrine of St. Etheldreda, supported by those of her sister abbesses Sexburga and Ermenilda, was one of the most important and frequented in England. The

\* The 'Magna Vita' of St. Hugh (Master of the Rolls' series) and a very interesting 'Metrical Life' have been published, with admirable introductions by Mr. Dimock.

† The story of his 'invention' is told *infra*.

isle had been hallowed since the latter part of the seventh century, when Etheldreda settled there; and the cathedral, completed by Alan of Walsingham's matchless octagon, indicates, by its magnificence and its varied architecture, the flow of wealth which century after century set steadily towards Ely. This part of England was, indeed, under especial saintly patronage. The halidom of St. Etheldreda marched for some distance with that of St. Edmund, whose shrine at Bury was famous as the greatest resort of pilgrims in East Anglia. 'The sun hath not shone,' writes Leland, 'on a pleasanter position;' nor, it may be added, on a vaster and more stately monastery. The great church, which in size perhaps equalled Ely, has disappeared almost entirely; but it is still possible to mark the site of the high altar, before which, and in the presence of the shrine, Archbishop Langton received (Nov. 20th, 1215) the pledges of the barons in arms for the demand of the Great Charter. St. Edmund, King of East Anglia, was defeated and killed by the Northmen in 870, in the course of that terrible irruption, during which they plundered all the chief monasteries of Northern and Eastern England and murdered their inmates. Little is known of him that can be regarded as at all authentic. His legend asserts that he was taken by the heathen invaders near Hoxne, on the Waveney. They bound him to a tree, and made him a mark for their arrows till his body resembled a hedgehog—'velut asper hericius, aut spinis hirtus carduus.\*' His head was then stricken off and flung into a wood, where it could not be found until his followers, searching for it, and led by a cry of 'Here! here! here!' came on it at length, carefully guarded between the paws of a wolf, who gave up his treasure, and then retreated 'with doleful mourning.' Head and body were afterwards brought to Bury. A huge and very ancient oak-tree in Oakley Park, in the parish of Hoxne, was long pointed out by tradition as that to which St. Edmund was bound. It fell in 1849; and it is somewhat remarkable that, when the tree was broken up, an arrow-head was found in the heart of it. The severed head of the King, the head guarded by a wolf, and the crown with two arrows in saltire—emblems of the martyrdom of St. Edmund—are constantly found in glass, painting, and sculpture throughout Norfolk and Suffolk.

From the land of St. Edmund the pilgrim might turn northward, first to Norwich, where the cathedral displayed a single shrine of no great importance—that of St. William the Less, a boy who, like the lesser St. Hugh of Lincoln (who should have

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\* Abto, Abbot of Fleury, 'Vita S. Edmundi,' printed in Surius.

been mentioned before), was said to have been killed by the Jews; and then to a place of far greater fame—to Walsingham, where was the most renowned image of the Virgin in all England. She is the 'Virgo parathalassia' of Erasmus, who, in his colloquy, 'Peregrinatio Religionis ergo,' has given a curious account of the shrine and of the ignorance of its guardians. The shrine and the Priory of Augustinian Canons at Walsingham dated from the twelfth century. The chapel in which the miraculous image stood was, it is said, 'in all respects like unto the Santa Casa of Nazareth and of Loretto.'\* Roger Ascham, after visiting Cologne in 1550, declared that the Three Kings were not so rich as the Lady of Walsingham before the Dissolution. Remote as the place was, it attracted a vast crowd of pilgrims, who, on their way to or from it, might visit many of the lesser shrines and relics in which Norfolk was especially rich: the arm of St. Philip, at Castle Acre; the rood of Bromholm, a relic from the Imperial Chapel at Constantinople, held to contain a portion of the true cross; the head of St. John the Baptist, at Trimmingham; the tomb of St. Walstan, patron of 'all mowers and scythe-followers,' at Bawburgh, near Norwich; or the 'good sword of Winfarthing,' a mysterious relic, possessing many virtues, and consulted, like a modern white witch, 'for the discovery of things that were lost.'† Many such places of pilgrimage existed in the eastern counties; but no great shrine would attract the traveller until, on his way to London, he beheld the long ridge of St. Alban's Church stretching across the low rising ground above the stream of the Ver. Here was the shrine of the so-called protomartyr of Britain. The great Benedictine abbey, founded by Offa of Mercia in 793, was famous for its wealth, its hospitality, and for its long-continued school of monastic historians. Lying as it did on the main northern highway, it was frequently the resting-place of kings and princes, and many important events have been connected with it. We may still recognize the 'insita species venustatis' which Bede admired on the hill of St. Alban; and, in spite of some uncertainty, we must continue to believe that the saint here revered was an actual personage, martyred during the persecution under Dio-

\* The supposed resemblance of this chapel to the Santa Casa must have been an afterthought, since the famous house at Loretto was not heard of until 1291, and the Walsingham Chapel was in existence long before.

† Becon, in his 'Reliques of Rome,' asserts that he had 'many times heard, when a child,' that the sword had belonged to a thief, who took sanctuary in the churchyard and afterwards escaped, leaving this relic behind him. Can it have been shown as the sword of St. Gestas, the good thief crucified with our Lord? Chapels were occasionally dedicated to him.

cletian.\* The authenticity of the relics displayed here is a different question.

At last the pilgrim reached London. In St. Paul's Cathedral, within the City, he would kneel before the shrine of St. Erkenwald, Bishop of London in the seventh century, whose festival was honoured by the presence of all the clergy of the diocese, wearing their richest copes. But St. Erkenwald could not rival the great shrine of the Confessor at Westminster. The relics of the patron saint of England—the chief patron until, after the Synod of Oxford, in 1220, the martlets of St. Edward gave place to the red cross of

‘St. George the bright, our Lady's Knight’—

reposed beneath the stateliest roof in the kingdom, and were surrounded by the noblest associations. The Confessor has lately been drawn at full length by more than one ‘eminent hand.’ Whatever may have been the failings of the ‘baleless king of blithe mood,’ there can be no doubt that the strongest English feeling dictated his popular canonization before William landed at Hastings, and long before it was formally decreed by Alexander III. in 1161. The church in which he was first buried, and which he had himself built, has passed away; but the glories of the existing church of Westminster are due entirely to the fame of the Confessor, and to the reverence paid to him by the third Henry.

The shrine of St. Frideswide, in her church at Oxford, might be visited from London; and, like the company immortalized by Chaucer, the pilgrim would proceed—it may be from the ‘Tabard,’ in Southwark—over the hills and through the green woods of Kent,

‘The holy blisful martyr for to seek’

in his resting-place behind the high altar of Canterbury. Of all English shrines this was the best known on the Continent. ‘Cantorbière, la cité vaillante,’ took her place with Compostella and Cologne. No stranger, of whatever rank, who landed at Dover, neglected to kneel before the body of St. Thomas. The jewels which hung round it were the offerings of kings and princes, and were some of them, singly, rich enough

‘To ransom great kings from captivity.’

And besides the great shrine, pilgrims who visited Canterbury

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\* The evidence for the existence and martyrdom of St. Alban has been carefully collected by Messrs. Haddan and Stubbs, ‘Councils,’ vol. i. p. 6. ‘All that seems certain is, that within 125 years after the (Diocletian) persecution a belief existed at Verulamium that a martyr named Albanus lay buried near that town.’—*Ibid.* The authorities followed by Bede are Gildas and certain ‘Acta,’ otherwise unknown.

paid their devotions before the tomb of St. Anselm, and before the supposed relics of St. Alfege—the archbishop murdered by the Danes—and of St. Dunstan. St. Augustine's also, the church and monastery without the gate, would be visited; and on their way to Canterbury they might reverence, at Charing, the block on which the Baptist was beheaded, said to have been brought to England by Richard the Lion-heart. Rochester was a more important resting-place. The cathedral of Western Kent contained the shrines of its primitive bishops, St. Paulinus and St. Ithamar—the latter the first native bishop of the English Church; besides a tomb more eagerly sought by Canterbury pilgrims, that of St. William of Rochester. He is said to have been a Scottish baker of Perth, who was in the habit of giving every tenth loaf to the poor, and who undertook a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, intending to visit the Canterbury shrine on his way. But on the Watling Street, near Chatham, he fell in with thieves, always on the watch for wealthy pilgrims, and his murdered body was brought to Rochester, where it was solemnly interred. St. William was duly canonized in 1256.

There was a certain connection between the great saint of Canterbury and St. Richard of Chichester, bishop of that see in the middle of the thirteenth century. St. Richard was a Dominican, and was the only saint of that Order in England; but he was also, in Fuller's words, 'a stout Becketist,' and the two saints are sometimes represented together.\* Beyond Chichester, the next 'station' of the pilgrim would be Winchester, a 'locus venerabilis,' if there were one in England, yet not marked by any greatly frequented or very important shrine. On a raised platform behind the high altar stood forth the shrines of St. Birinus, converter of Cynegils, the first Christian king of Wessex; of St. Swithun, the bishop, buried at first, by his own desire, outside the church, 'where passers-by might tread on his grave, and where rain from the eaves might fall on it,'† but afterwards translated; and of St. Athelwold, builder of the cathedral which was replaced by the Norman structure of Bishop Walkelin. But to the shrines of these sainted bishops

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\* They are thus represented in the curious paintings (of Perpendicular date) on the tomb of John Wootton, in Maidstone Church, Kent. At West Tarring, in Sussex, where was an ancient palace of the bishops of Chichester, are the remains of a fig orchard, said to have been planted partly by St. Richard, partly by Becket.

† W. Malmes. 'de Gestis Pontificum,' p. 242. It may have been this direction that gave St. Swithun his reputation as a weather saint. Tradition asserts, however, that the removal of his relics from his grave to the golden shrine prepared for them was prevented by forty days of continued rain.

was due but a small portion of the glory which rested on Winchester. Old English memories were crowded round her. The remains of many kings lay in the cathedral, including those of Cnut, whose golden crown rested on the head of the great image of the Saviour in front of the altar. In the 'new minster' was interred the best and most perfect of all English rulers—Alfred the Great; and the long succession of princely prelates who, in later ages, filled the see, and have left enduring memorials of their splendour and magnificence, maintained and increased the renown of the ancient capital. Salisbury, a cathedral of much more recent foundation, possessed no canonized saint until as late as the year 1456, when St. Osmund was so honoured by Pope Calixtus III., the first of the Borgias. But Osmund had long been revered as a saint in his own church. He was the first Norman bishop of the see, and the compiler of the famous Ordinal 'for the use of Sarum.' He died in 1099, and was buried in the old cathedral; but on the removal from Old Sarum to Salisbury his remains were conveyed to the new site.

We have thus completed the circuit of the chief shrines. The strong national character on which we have already insisted is sufficiently evident. By far the greater number of English saints belong to the period before the Norman Conquest, and for the most part to those early days when Christianity was in active combat with heathenism. The first Christian teachers in each English kingdom, including St. Augustine and his followers, are in almost all cases recognized as saints; but theirs were not always the shrines which afterwards became the most important. The first Christian teachers, Augustine, Birinus, Felix, were strangers; so, though in a somewhat less degree, were Aidan and the first Northumbrian bishops. English reverence and religious feeling were not so greatly moved by them as by the primitive saints of home birth, St. Cuthbert, St. Edmund, St. Etheldreda, or St. Chad. Such shrines as these formed sacred centres in each ancient kingdom: St. Cuthbert for Northumbria, St. Edmund for East Anglia, St. Etheldreda and St. Frideswide for South-eastern Mercia, and St. Chad for the north of that kingdom. Kent, besides St. Augustine and St. Paulinus, possessed the relics of many sainted bishops; but her lesser shrines were entirely eclipsed by the glory which in later days gathered round that of St. Thomas. It is somewhat remarkable that Wessex possessed no great shrine, for we can hardly place that of St. Swithun at Winchester in the foremost rank. But in this kingdom, and especially after it became dominant, there was a marked tendency to confer saintly honours on its royal race.



Edgar the 'peaceful,' Edward the 'martyr' (at Shaftesbury), and Ethelred, elder brother of Alfred (at Wimborne), were all so recognized. Athelstan was not so honoured; and we can only wonder, without being able to explain how it came to pass, that the king whose character, as has been truly said, is the most perfect in history—the great Alfred—a better king and a nobler man than the sainted Lewis of France,\* was never proclaimed a saint by popular acclamation. His should have been the great shrine of Wessex; a shrine before which all Englishmen might have knelt with far deeper feeling than could ever have been inspired by that of the Confessor at Westminster. That royal saint, indeed, belongs to a period when the old divisions of England had altogether changed character, and were gradually disappearing; a change which brought about a more widespread reputation for the principal shrines. They became centres of national life rather than of that provincial life to which they first belonged; and although each district was always proudest of its own saint, it was the splendour of the entire constellation that gave to this country her ancient reputation as a land of saints—'insula sanctorum.'

And now, what is a shrine? The question is not an idle one, since but scanty portions remain of any English shrine, and of nearly all those on the Continent the position and accessories have been much changed since the period of their greatest splendour. From a comparison of the greater foreign shrines, however, with the relics of our own, we are enabled to picture to ourselves with tolerable clearness the ancient appearance of such important shrines as those of the Confessor, of St. Cuthbert, or of St. Thomas.

The passion for the possession of relics, and in especial for that of the bodies, of saints, had been fully developed long before the arrival of St. Augustine in this country. But all the earlier English saints, however they may have been revered during their lifetime, were buried 'in peace,' in accordance with the primitive custom of the Church, which erected her 'martyria' above the graves of those who had suffered for the faith. As the reputation of each saint increased, it became the custom to raise the body from the grave in which it had been first laid, and (if it had not already been buried within the walls) to bring it into the church; where it was placed in a tomb prepared for it above ground, generally near the altar. We have distinct evidence that this was done in the cases of St. Etheldreda and St. Cuthbert. Sixteen years after the death of Etheldreda, her sister, Sexburga,

\* See Freeman's 'Norman Conquest,' i. pp. 50-55.

raised her body—which, like that of so many other saints, is said to have been found incorrupt—and placed it in a Roman sarcophagus of white marble, found among the ruins of ancient Granchester, near Cambridge. The sarcophagus, which Bede tells us fitted the body of the virgin as though it had been made for it, was then conveyed into the church, open to the sight and to the reverence of all.\* St. Cuthbert, after his death in his solitary island, was brought to Lindisfarne, and buried in a stone coffin within the church. Eleven years later the monks raised him, and placed his body ‘*dignæ venerationis gratiâ*’ in a coffin above the pavement.† From these actual tombs the remains were in most cases again translated into costly shrines (‘*scrinia*’) or repositories, plated with gold and silver, and for the most part moveable, so that they could be carried in procession. The use of such shrines was common before the eleventh century, though rather perhaps for the preservation of such relics as were of lesser size. The greatest zeal for their fabrication, and for the translation of the remains of saints to the place of greatest honour in their churches, was displayed during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; and it was then that the shrine assumed its most imposing form and proportions. An English shrine of the first class—and those on the Continent differed but little—consisted of at least four distinct parts: ‡ (1) the stone basement; (2) the altar at the west end of it, dedicated to the saint; (3) the actual shrine or case containing the body, properly called, where it was moveable, the ‘*feretrum*’ § (on this the greatest cost and treasure were expended, and to it were attached the jewels and most precious offerings made to the saint); (4) the cooperulum, || or wooden covering, often painted and much enriched, with which the ‘*feretrum*’ was protected on ordinary occasions, and which was suspended from the vaulted roof by ropes. The whole structure, often raised, as at Durham, on a wide platform, was thus of con-

\* Bede, ‘*Hist. Eccles.*’ l. iv. c. 19.

† ‘*Et involutum novo amictu corpus, levique in theca reconditum, super pavementum sanctuarii composuerunt.*’—Beda, ‘*Vita S. Cudberti*,’ cap. xlii.

‡ These divisions have been pointed out by Mr. Burges, in his paper on the Shrine of the Confessor.—‘*Gleanings from Westminster Abbey*,’ p. 127.

§ The word ‘*feretrum*’ is used for a carriage or conveyance of any sort. Bede (‘*H. E.*’ l. iv. c. 6) mentions the ‘*feretrum caballarium*,’—the horse car or litter—in which Earconwald, Bishop of London, used to travel—‘*quo infirmus vehi solebat.*’ It gradually came to be used almost exclusively for the moveable shrine of a saint. The word is constantly confounded with ‘*feretory*,’ which means the place where the ‘*feretrum*’ was deposited.

|| Mr. Burges uses the word ‘*cooperulum*’ to distinguish the covering of the shrine from a ‘*coopertorium*,’ or flat wooden canopy, such as appears above the tomb of Richard II. at Westminster. ‘*Coopertura*’ sometimes signifies the plating (‘*lamina*’) of the shrine.—Matt. Paris. ‘*Vitæ S. Albani Abbatum*,’ p. 1010 (ed. Wats.).



siderable size and height; and, placed as it usually was at the back of the high altar, it towered far above the reredos dividing the presbytery from the retro-choir, and was by far the most conspicuous object in the church.

The basement on which the 'feretrum' rested may be said to represent in some sort the tomb from which the relics of the saint were removed to be enshrined. In some cases the tomb itself may have been used as a basement. The basement of the Confessor's shrine at Westminster remains almost perfect; that of St. Thomas of Cantilupe, at Hereford, is still uninjured; and the singular base of St. David's shrine retains its ancient position in his remote cathedral. With the exception of some fragments of St. Werburga's shrine at Chester, these were the only portions of any English shrine known to exist, until the beginning of the present year (1872); when, during the restoration of the great Abbey church, portions of the base of the shrine of St. Alban were discovered, built up in walls which, since the reign of Edward VI., had divided the Lady Chapel from the retro-choir. The actual 'feretra,' with their gold and jewels, disappeared of course in the sixteenth century; and during the changes which then occurred, the ornamental stonework was almost universally destroyed. There is no trace of the basement of St. Thomas's shrine at Canterbury, nor of that of St. Cuthbert at Durham. But they greatly resembled the existing base at Westminster. This dates from the reign of Henry III., and supported the shrine made for the Confessor's relics on their translation in 1269. It is of Purbeck marble, enriched with glass mosaic, the work, as an inscription records, of a certain Peter, 'civis Romanus.' On the north and south sides are three trefoil-headed niches, the backs of which were filled in with mosaic, so as to resemble windows of stained glass. They are of some height and depth, and sick persons were sometimes allowed to remain in them all night in hope of obtaining a miraculous cure, especially of the 'King's evil.\*' The recovered base of St. Alban's shrine is of somewhat similar character. It is of Purbeck marble, about 9 feet long by 4 broad, and rising, in two stories, to a height of about 8 feet. The longer sides, below, were pierced with four niches, the shorter with two. The upper story was formed by rich canopied niches. Marble steps,

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\* If the illuminations in the 'Life of St. Edward,' in the Cambridge University Library, represent (as is most probable) the shrine as it appeared after the translation in 1269, it would seem that the base was at first (though it can only have been for a very short time) different from that which now exists. In one of these drawings, engraved for Mr. Burges's paper, there is a circular hole in the base of the shrine, through which a sick person is creeping.

on which the shrine was elevated, have also been found, and are much worn by the knees of pilgrims. There were open arches in the base of the Canterbury shrine; and at Durham the base, given by the Lord Neville about 1380, was 'of fine and costly green marble, all lined and gilt with gold, having four seats or places convenient underneath the shrine, for the pilgrims or lame men sitting on their knees, to lean or rest on in the time of their devout offering.\* At St. David's, in front and at the back of the basement (which resembles a stone altar tomb, filling the space between two piers of the presbytery) are small foiled openings with a hollow at the back, in which offerings might be placed by the pilgrims. In all cases a close contact with the shrine—the resting of the body in one of the lower niches, or at least the placing within it of some diseased limb—was regarded as a high privilege, and, as was then believed, was frequently attended by some special favour from the saint. On the Continent, and it would seem at some places in England, a superstition far more ancient than Christianity was connected with these openings and recesses in the saint's tomb. The tomb or shrine of St. Dizier in Alsace is a hollowed monolith of the twelfth century, in form of a small cell, with a ridged roof. On either side is an arched opening, through which insane persons were made to creep, in hope of effecting a cure. A similar ceremony at the tomb of St. Menoux in Auvergne cured the headache.† The tomb of St. Arnould, near Beauvais, has circular holes in the sides, used by sick persons with the same object.‡ We may fairly regard as belonging to this species of 'folk lore' the passage of 'St. Wilfrid's needle' in the crypt at Ripon, which was held to be a test of continence; and the Cornish 'holed stones,' through which the sick are still made to creep, carry us back no doubt to the heathen period, though we need not insist, with Borlase, on pressing the Druids into the service.

The 'feretrum' or shrine containing the relics, which stood on this stone basement, was generally, when of great size, of wood covered with a plating of precious metal; but was sometimes entirely of gold or silver. It has been already said that the

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\* 'Description or briefe Declaration of all y<sup>e</sup> auntient Monuments Rites and Customs belonging to the Monasticall Church of Durham before y<sup>e</sup> Suppression, written in 1593; first published in 1672.

† Didron, *Annales Archéologiques*, xviii. 15.—At St. Dizier, after creeping through the openings, the patients were plunged into a stream of water running through the village. In some cases, according to M. Viollet-le-Duc (*Dict. de l'Archit. Française*, viii. p. 36), a reliquary was fixed between the 'rétable' of the altar and the chancel wall, and the sick person was made to pass beneath it.

‡ A notice of this tomb, as illustrating the Confessor's Shrine, is given in *Gleanings from Westminster Abbey*, p. 137.

twelfth and thirteenth centuries are the periods in which these shrines attained their greatest magnificence; but they had long before called forth the choicest art of the goldsmith and enameller. The earliest are no doubt Byzantine, and are rather reliquaries than shrines. Such reliquaries were sometimes made in the form of the portion of the body they contained—a head, an arm, or a foot; but they more generally resembled some part of a church—as a *flèche*, a *tourelle*, a portal, or a dome. In the latter form are twelve little reliquaries in the Convent of St. Paul on Mount Athos, made, it is asserted, from the gold offered to our Lord by the wise men, and containing mingled grains of frankincense and myrrh—also part of their offerings. These are said to have been the gift of Constantine the Great.\* Reliquaries like these are to the greater shrines much what a chapel or chantry is to a church. Many of the most ancient shrines on the Continent were destroyed in the revolutionary fury of the last century; but some of considerable antiquity still exist, and show clearly what was the primitive type. They are almost always in the form of a church—varying in character of course with their date. Under arcades lining the sides are figures of the Apostles; at the eastern end is the Saviour; and at the west, where was the opening by which the relics were introduced, was either St. Peter with his keys, or the saint of the shrine himself. Thus the shrine, like the church in which it stood, represented the heavenly city,—St. Peter or the local saint acting as ‘janitor cœli.’ Many such shrines still exist in the Limousin, and have been described by M. Didron.† The metal shrine of St. Gertrude at Nivelles, dating from the end of the thirteenth century, is a precise facsimile of a church of that time, with a triple western portal, windows, and a three-aisled nave. The shrine which contained the famous relics of the *Sainte Chapelle* is a miniature of the chapel itself. An ivory shrine in the *Musée d’Antiquités* at Brussels, of the twelfth century, curiously reproduces the Romanesque Rhine church of that date, with its two small eastern and two western towers. The shrine of St. Eleutherius, in the Cathedral at Tournay was constructed about 1247, at which time the saint was translated into the newly-built choir, where the shrine now stands. This is one of the finest of the earlier shrines existing; and its preserva-

\* Didron, ‘*Bronzes et Orfèvrerie du Moyen Age*,’ *Ann. Archéol.* xix. Mr. Tozer (‘*Highlands of Turkey*’) describes a shrine of much later date in the monastery of St. Dionysius on Mount Athos, shaped like a Byzantine church, silver-gilt, with five domes of gold. The windows are enriched with a singular open-work tracery, and at the sides and ends are recesses, with portraits of saints in niello. It contains the arm of St. Niphon.

† ‘*Annales Archéologiques*,’ t. xix.

tion through the troubles of 1566 and 1793 is little short of a miracle. It is of gold filigrain, encrusted with precious stones and enamels. In the arcade round it are figures of saints and Apostles, and at the ends, those of the Saviour and St. Eleutherius.\* This great shrine is in the shape of a small church, but without tower or flèche; and this was the form which the largest and most important shrines finally took, and which was, as we know from descriptions, that of the great shrines at Canterbury, at Durham, and at St. Alban's—the last of which, however, rose at the angles into turrets of open work.† These shrines exceeded the earlier in richness, though hardly in artistic beauty and skill.‡ We cannot estimate the value of the jewels cramped and fastened to the sides of Becket's shrine, or to that of St. Cuthbert. The treasures of the Three Kings of Cologne are said (allowance must doubtless be made for much exaggeration) to be worth six millions of francs—240,000*l.* They can have been

\* 'Ann. Archéol.' t. xiii. The character of the figures, says M. Didron, is rather Roman of the Lower Empire than Gothic. The shrine itself is distinctly Gothic (ogivale). Tournay was in the Archdiocese of Rheims, and the figures on the western portal of the Cathedral at Rheims strongly resemble those of the shrine. 'Il y a là, comme à Tournai, une réminiscence, une imitation flagrante, de la sculpture romaine du bas Empire.' The figures on shrines constantly resemble, in every detail, the sculptures in contemporary churches.

† The St. Alban's shrine was in some respects very remarkable. There were, in fact, two shrines—an outer and inner—besides the 'cooperculum'; both of which were highly enriched. The two shrines stood on the base just discovered. The first, or inner shrine, was made at the time of Abbot Geoffry (1119–1146), by a monk called Ankeril. It was of gold, set with gems and enamel. 'Fecit autem illud opere ductili, et elevato, et educto, imagines impulit elevari, et concavas cimento solidavit, et elegantiam totius corporis feretralis in brevius culmen ascendendo coartavit' (Matt. Paris, 'Vit. Abbat.' p. 1010). One of the stones brought from the treasury of the convent to be used was an ancient *onyx* ('sardius onicleus'); but as this stone was of great service to women in childbed, it was not inserted in the shrine, lest any of its virtue should thereby be lost. Abbot Simon (1166–1188) caused the outer shrine to be constructed, 'per manum præcellentissimi artificis Magistri Johannis aurifabri.' At the west end (which fronted the high altar) was represented the martyrdom of St. Alban and (apparently above it) the Virgin and Child. At the east was the Crucified Saviour between St. Mary and St. John. Round the shrine were subjects from the legendary life of St. Alban,—'eminentibus imaginibus de argento et auro, opere propulsato (quod vulgariter Levatura dicitur).' The shrine rose to a crest—'in crispam et artificiosam cristam consurgit.' 'In quatuor angulis turribus fenestratis, tholis crystallinis cum suis mirabilibus, quadratur venusta.' In this shrine, which was of great size, Abbot Geoffry's 'theca'—'ipsius martyris theca, quæ quasi ejus conclave est, et in qua ipsius secreta ossa recondi dignoscuntur'—was enclosed (M. Paris, p. 1037, ed. Wats.). The inner shrine, therefore, represented at St. Alban's the ancient coffins of wood, in which St. Edmund and St. Cuthbert reposed in their respective shrines. Probably the fact that the bodies of the latter saints were held to be incorrupt, while only the bones of St. Alban were preserved, accounts for the different treatment.

‡ To this later time belong the shrines of St. Remigius at Rheims and of St. Ferdinand at Seville; which, as Dean Stanley has pointed out, of all which now exist, are perhaps those which most nearly resemble the final appearance of the great English shrines.

little

little added to since the sixteenth century; and if Ascham was right in asserting that 'Our Lady of Walsingham' was richer, we may form some faint idea of the enormous wealth anciently displayed round the great shrines of England.

The cooperulum or covering of the shrine became necessary, not only for the protection of the precious work and jewels from occasional injury, but also as a defence against thieves; for the Northmen of the tenth century were by no means the only persons who looked with longing eyes toward the treasures of great churches and their shrines. In the year 1086 the shrine of St. David was stolen from the church, carried out of the 'dinas' or city, and there spoiled of all its gold and silver.\* At a later period the head of St. Hugh of Lincoln, which was kept in a reliquary apart from the body, was stolen. The gold and jewels were stripped from the case, and the head was flung into a field, where it was watched by a faithful crow until discovered by its proper guardians.† This occurred in 1364, when, according to Knighton, there were many similar robberies of shrines and relics, and many of the thieves were taken and hanged. These were thefts on a large scale: but smaller losses were not infrequent; and one case is recorded of an apparent worshipper who, seeming to kiss the jewels on a certain shrine, managed to detach them and carry them off in her mouth. Much care, in fact, was necessary for the protection of the shrine and its treasures. One of the monks or canons of the church was always shrine-keeper, with others under him whose duty it was to watch night and day; for which purpose a 'watching chamber' was constructed near the shrine, either forming a portion of the church itself, or a wooden enclosure, sometimes much enriched. The Canterbury shrine, on extraordinary occasions, was guarded by a troop of fierce dogs; ‡ and it is possible that the service of such protectors was in general use. They still (or, at least, such was very recently the case) are the chief shrine-keepers in the Church of St. Anthony at Padua, exceedingly rich in works of art, though the Dalmatian dogs who protect it could not prevent the spoliation of the gold and gems of the shrine in 1797. Two of these dogs keep constant watch; and Valery tells the story of a servant of the Sografi, who, absorbed in prayer before the shrine, did not observe the closing of the church doors. The dogs placed them-

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\* Freeman and Jones's 'St. David's,' p. 104. The relics were either not stolen, or were recovered.

† Knighton, ap. Twysden, x. Script. 2628.

‡ Ellis, 'Orig. Letters,' Ser. III. vol. iii. p. 164.

selves one on either side of him, and would not allow him to stir until the morning.\*

In England, and very generally on the Continent, the usual position of a great shrine was at the back of the high altar, between that and the eastern end of the church.† It is probable, as has been suggested, that this part of the church was chosen as being the most sacred, and the most remote from the nave open to all worshippers.‡ It is always the position of the Lady Chapel in churches which possessed no great saint; and the fact that an eastern Lady Chapel existed at Chichester and at Hereford before the canonization of St. Richard and St. Thomas of Cantilupe accounts for the position of their shrines—the former in the south, the latter in the north, transept of their cathedrals. On the other hand, the existence of an important shrine sometimes rendered necessary an unusual position for the Lady Chapel. At Ely, the place of greatest honour had been assigned to St. Etheldreda and her sisters; and Alan of Walsingham was compelled to project his beautiful chapel from the north transept. At Durham, the Galilee at the extreme west end of the church served as the Lady Chapel, a previous attempt to construct it at the east end having failed—‘a manifest sign,’ says the chronicler, ‘that the work was not acceptable to God, or to his servant St. Cuthbert.’§ St. Cuthbert, it need hardly be said, sternly forbade the presence of women at his shrine, or within his church beyond a certain mark; and the western Galilee was far enough removed to allow of their entering it. The ground around every shrine was in an especial manner hallowed. At first no burial, even of the greatest personages, was permitted near it. At Durham, indeed, for some centuries, no interment was allowed within the walls of the church. Bishop William of St. Carlisle, founder of the great Norman Cathedral, would not give leave for his own burial in the midst of the work which he had so nobly begun, saying that it was unmeet for any ordinary

\* ‘Voyage en Italie,’ i. 412.

† The great shrine of St. Alban was at first placed above the high altar. ‘Et loco suo eminentiori, scilicet supra Majus Altare, contra frontem celebrantis, collocavit; ut in facie et in corde habeat quilibet celebrans missam supra idem Altare Martyris memoriam.’ (M. Paris, p. 1037.) The west end of the shrine, with the martyrdom sculptured on it, was in front of the celebrant. This is the position (in a sort of niche above the high altar) still occupied by the shrine of St. Rumold at Mechlin, and by some other Continental shrines. The shrine of St. Edmund at Bury seems at first to have been thus placed. But both that and St. Alban’s shrine were afterwards removed, and stood alone (so that it was possible to pass quite round them) in the retro-choir.

‡ Stanley, ‘Hist. Mem.’ p. 188. The Crusades had probably much to do with the increasing reverence for the east.

§ Gaufridus de Coldingham, cap. 7.—‘Ang. Sac.’ i. p. 722.

corpse to be brought into the presence of the incorrupt St. Cuthbert. It was not until the beginning of the fourteenth century that the ancient rule was broken; when the first to be buried in the cathedral, and at no great distance from the shrine, was the great prelate Anthony Bek—‘the proudest lord in Chrestientie’—Prince Bishop of Durham, Patriarch of Jerusalem, and King of the Isle of Man. Even the body of this ‘mighty clerk’ was not brought through the church, but was conveyed to its resting-place through a door on the north side of the ‘nine altars,’ where it lies. One other bishop, the learned Richard of Bury, was buried there; but no stately monument marked the grave either of him or of Anthony Bek. It was not apparently thought fit that any ordinary sepulchral magnificence should be displayed so near the shrine. At Canterbury the Black Prince was the first personage deemed worthy to rest near the shrine of St. Thomas.

In almost every case the translation of the saint to the shrine in which he finally rested was preceded by the rebuilding of the eastern portion of his church. This was frequently rendered possible by the offerings made at the saint’s tomb before his translation. The translation itself was, in the more important cases, a ceremony of the utmost grandeur and solemnity. None can have surpassed that of St. Remigius in 1049, when his shrine was conveyed into the new church prepared for it in the presence of the Pope, Leo IX., who himself for a time supported it, and in that of the bishops and abbots assembled at the Council of Rheims; but it is probable that few more striking displays of magnificence have ever been witnessed in England than those which attended the translation of Becket at Canterbury in 1220, or of the Confessor in 1269. Advantage was sometimes taken of the translation to examine the saintly relics. Of such examinations we have happily two very interesting and full descriptions,—one of the body of St. Edmund at Bury in 1198, the other of that of St. Cuthbert in 1104. From them we gather much collateral information relating to the shrines.

The Chronicle of Jocelin of Brakelond, monk of Bury, from 1173 to 1202, affords without doubt the most curious existing picture of old monastic life,—with all its jealousies, its difficulties, and its gossip. We need hardly refer to the use which has been made of it by Mr. Carlyle in his ‘Past and Present.’ Jocelin tells us that in the year 1198 the ‘glorious martyr Edmund’ thought fit to alarm the convent, and to teach it the more careful keeping of his body. This had been translated by the first Norman abbot in 1095, but the coffin or inner ‘theca’ was not then opened. In 1198 it occupied probably the position  
to

to which it had been removed a century before. Between the shrine and the high altar was a table on which two large waxen torches were constantly burning. On the vigil of St. Etheldreda, whilst the guardians of the shrine were asleep, a part of one of these torches fell, and set fire to the table. When the monks were at last roused they found the whole shrine wrapped in flames, which they only extinguished with difficulty. Much of the woodwork of the shrine was burnt, and the silver plates which covered it scarcely hung together. Only the golden Majesty (a figure of our Lord) in front of the shrine, with the jewels set in it, remained unharmed and 'fairer after the fire.' The brethren feared at first that the 'cup of St. Edmund' had been destroyed; but although its oaken case was entirely consumed, the cup itself was found unharmed amid the rubbish.\* Happily, says Jocelin, the great beam behind (ultra) the high altar had been removed to be recarved.† On this beam were placed the rood with Mary and John, a chest containing the shirt ('camisia') of St. Edmund, and many other relics—some of them suspended from the beam in small 'arks.' These of course escaped. Abbot Samson, absent at the time, returned to the monastery in great haste and grief; and told his monks in full chapter that this calamity had happened 'for their sins,' and especially because of their 'murmurings touching meat and drink.' He gave himself fifteen golden rings ('anuli') towards replating the shrine, and proposed that the convent, for the same end, should resign their 'pittances'—or extra dishes—for one year. The convent agreed; but the sacrist afterwards discovered that 'St. Edmund could well repair his shrine without any such aid,' and the monks were accordingly spared this unusual 'mortification.'

The abbot had before the fire been preparing for the elevation and enrichment of the shrine. Marble shafts for supporting a new base were already polished, and the work was now hastened. In the mean time it was determined to remove the shrine, and to place it temporarily on the high altar. Even such a

\* Water from the cup of St. Edmund was held to be of great service in all diseases of cattle.—Yates, 'Hist. of Bury St. Edmunds.'

† 'Contigit etiam, volente Altissimo, tunc temporis magnam trabem quæ solebat esse ultra altare sublatam esse, ut nova sculptura repararetur.'—J. de Brakelonda, p. 79. There was a similar beam at St. Alban's: 'Abbas Gulielmus . . . quædam structuræ nobilissimas circa majus altare construxit; cum quadam trabe, Historiam Sancti Albani representante, quæ totam illam artificiosam machinam [apparently the high altar with the shrine is thus indicated] supereminet. Quod quidem opus splendidissimum magister Walterus de Colecestria, non sine magno studio laborioso et labore studioso . . . perfecit.'—M. Paris, 'Vit. Abbat.' p. 1055.



removal as this called for much solemn preparation. The abbot, on the Sunday after the feast of St. Edmund (Nov. 20), proclaimed a three days' fast; and when the monks assembled in the church that night for lauds, they found a new shrine standing on the altar, covered on the outside with white deer-skins, fastened with nails of silver. The saint himself was reposing in his usual place. When lauds had been sung, the monks all received 'discipline.' Then the abbot and his attendants, clad in albs, reverently approached the 'loculus' or chest\* in which the body of St. Edmund was resting, and removed from it the linen and silken wrappers with which it was covered. When the chest appeared, it was seen that an angel of gold, about a foot in length, with a sword in one hand and a banner in the other, was fastened on the outside, above the breast of the body. Over it were the words—

'Martiris ecce zoma servat Michaelis agalma;'

and below was an opening in the lid of the chest through which former guardians used to put their hands so that they might touch the holy body. The chest was then raised, borne to the altar, and enclosed in the shrine. 'I helped to support it,' says Jocelin, 'with my sinful hand, though the abbot had ordered no one to approach unless called for.'

And now came a great disappointment to the monks. They thought that the abbot would have exhibited the chest to the people, and perhaps have opened it in the sight of the convent. The abbot wished, indeed, 'to see his patron,' but he determined that the examination should be private. Accordingly, choosing twelve brethren, while 'the rest of the house were asleep,' he withdrew the chest from the shrine and opened it. It was found 'filled with the holy body, so that hardly a needle could be introduced between the head or the feet and the wood.' Many wrappings of silk and linen were then removed, the last being of thin silk, 'like the veil of some holy woman;' and the body then appeared, wrapped closely in linen. The eyes and the nose, '*valde grossum et valde eminentem*,' were distinctly visible. The abbot did not venture to remove the linen—perhaps, indeed, it was impossible,—but taking between his hands the head (which was found, in accordance with the ancient legend of St. Edmund, miraculously reattached to the body), he blessed the hour in which the 'glorious martyr' had been born, and then prayed that he would forgive him who had dared to touch him—

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\* This 'loculus' was placed within the shrine, like the coffins of St. Cuthbert at Durham. At St. Alban's the loculus was really an inner shrine.—See *ante*.

'quod

'quod te tango, peccator et miser.'\* The body, as was usually expected in such cases, appeared flexible and incorrupt. Besides the abbot and his assistants, these things, says Jocelin, were witnessed by brother John of Diss, who, with some servants of the vestry, had managed to conceal himself in the roof of the church. The chest was finally reclosed, wrapped in linen, and over that in a piece of silken brocade, which had been offered at the shrine by Archbishop Hubert Walter. It was then replaced in the shrine, of which the panels were closed. After matins the abbot assembled the monks before the high altar, and told them what had been done. 'When we heard it,' says Jocelin, 'we sang with tears' (partly caused perhaps by grief at having been excluded from the great sight), "'Te Deum laudamus," and then hastened to ring the bells in the choir.'

Shrine, relics—even the great church of St. Edmund—have all passed away, and no opening or 'coign of vantage' remains, from which, like the adventurous brother John, we might obtain such a glimpse as would bring these things at all nearer to us. It is otherwise at Durham. There we can still see and handle not only portions of gifts made in most ancient days at the shrine, but even certain relics looked upon and used by St. Cuthbert himself. The great recorded examination of St. Cuthbert's body was made in 1104,—when the Norman cathedral, begun by Bishop William of St. Carileph, had been so far completed under his successor, Ralph Flambard, as to permit of the removal of St. Cuthbert's coffin to the shrine prepared for it. When the monks of Lindisfarne first raised his body from the grave, in 698, eleven years after his death, they found it, so Bede asserts, entirely incorrupt.† It had since undergone much wandering and many changes; and at the time of the removal in 1104—although the fame of no incorrupt saintly body, the 'caro carie carens,' as the chroniclers described it, had been more widely spread—there was some doubt of its continued preservation, or indeed whether any relic of the saint still remained in his coffin. A great company of Benedictine abbots had assembled at Durham to assist in the translation; but the day before that took place certain of the monks, with Turgot, the prior, at their head, were allowed to examine the coffin and to

\* 'Gloriose martir, sancte Ædmonde, benedicta sit illa hora qua natus fuisti. Gloriose martir, ne vertas michi in perdicionem audaciam meam, quod te tango peccator et miser; tu scis devocionem et intencionem meam.'—J. de Brakelonda, p. 84.

† 'Invenerunt corpus totum, quasi adhuc viveret, integrum, et flexibilibus artuum compagibus multo dormienti, quam mortuo, similius.'—Beda, 'Vita S. Cudberti,' cap. xlii.

set all doubts at rest.\* They found, we are told, 'the venerable body of the blessed father' lying on its side in a perfect state, with a great number of relics in the same coffin. These, no doubt, were the head of St. Oswald and the relics of St. Aidan and other early bishops of the Northumbrians, which it is distinctly stated were placed in St. Cuthbert's coffin when that was removed from Lindisfarne. The robes in which the body was wrapped are duly described. The Abbot of Sééz was then permitted to touch the body and to show it to those great personages who were waiting its translation. It was then carried in solemn procession round the new church, in the midst of a vast kneeling crowd, and at last reached its resting-place in the choir. There was some change when the 'nine altars' was built; but the shrine thenceforward occupied the same place until the dissolution in 1542, when there is an express record that the body of St. Cuthbert was buried under the platform on which the shrine had stood.† In spite of this record, however, and in the face of many difficulties, there was, it has long been asserted, a tradition to the effect that the 'treasure beyond gold or topaz,' the incorrupt body of the saint, had been secretly removed by certain of the monks, and concealed, until better times should allow of its reappearance, in some unknown part of the church:—

'Thore deep in Durham's Gothic shade  
His relics were in secret laid;  
But none may know the place—  
Save of his chosen servants three  
Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,  
Who share that wondrous grace.'‡

The tradition was preserved among the English Benedictines; but whatever amount of belief it had obtained ought to have been dissipated in 1827, when the tomb beneath the platform of the shrine was opened and examined. This was done in the presence and under the direction of the late Mr. Raine, whose very interesting and now scarce volume, containing a full account of his discoveries, we have placed at the head of this article. In a walled grave immediately under the centre of the platform appeared first the 'new coffin' made for the relics

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\* Of the details of this translation and examination there are two narratives,—one anonymous, printed in the 'Acta Sanctorum,' and evidently written by a contemporary; the other by Reginald of Durham, in his 'Libellus de S. Cuthberto.' Both are given at length by Mr. Raine.—Reginald's book has been printed for the Surtees Society.

† The statement is made by various persons, many of whom were Romanists.—Raine's 'St. Cuthbert,' pp. 174–180.

‡ 'Marmion,' canto ii. stanza 14.

on their interment in 1542. Within this were the remains of two other coffins; that added on the translation of 1104, and another showing, by the character and decoration of its fragments, that it was the same in which the remains had been placed at Lindisfarne in 698. Within this last coffin was found a human skeleton wrapped in robes which had once been of great richness. These robes, and many relics found among them, were carefully removed. The bones, including a skull found in the inner coffin—no doubt that assigned to St. Oswald—were reinterred in a new chest, and the grave was closed as before. There can be no reasonable doubt that these were the actual remains of St. Cuthbert. It is quite possible that the body may have been incorrupt when it was first disinterred in 698. Instances are known in which, from natural causes, human bodies have remained perfect for a considerable length of time. But it would seem that, probably long before the translation in 1104 (when only one or two persons were allowed to touch it), what passed for the incorrupt St. Cuthbert had been, in truth, a skeleton so shrouded and enveloped in robes as to give the appearance of an entire body. The cavities of the eyes in the skull of the saint had been filled with round artificial balls of a whitish colour; indicating, perhaps, that when first the actual body showed signs of collapsing, these balls had been inserted to give the full outline beneath the face-cloth, which no one was ever allowed to raise.

The relics taken from among the robes, and now preserved in the library, comprise, among others, a cross of gold of very ancient form, and set with garnets. It may well have been worn by St. Cuthbert in his lifetime; but it is more certain that a small portable altar—a square slip of oak plated with silver—is a personal relic of the saint. Only portions of the silver plating remain; and the oak beneath is inscribed with letters the form of which shows that the altar was coeval with St. Cuthbert. It was, no doubt, used by him; and, in accordance with a custom of that age, it may have been placed on his breast at his first interment. A very beautiful stole and maniple, embroidered with figures of saints and still in wonderful preservation, were doubtless the gifts to St. Cuthbert of the 'glorious Athelstan' when he visited the shrine (then at Chester-le-Street) either in 934 or in 937.\* So, too, may have been the robes

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\* In which year this visit was made is not certain. The Chronicle of Mailros places it in 934, when Constantine, king of Scots, 'broke the peace,' and Athelstan went against him with a great host. Simeon of Durham assigns it to the 'tenth year of Bishop Wigred,' or 937—the year of the great fight at Brunanburgh. The gifts which Athelstan then bestowed on the saint are enumerated in a charter (Cotton

robes in which the body was wrapped. The remaining fragments of these show that they were of Eastern, or perhaps of Sicilian, workmanship; and not (in spite of the water-fowl embroidered on them), as Mr. Raine suggests, manufactured expressly for the saint.\*

We believe, therefore, that Durham possessed the actual relics of St. Cuthbert, and that these are still reposing beneath the shadow of his own church. If the tradition of the removal of the body could have lingered in the face of such discoveries, it was effectually disproved by an examination made in 1867. The tradition, it was known, asserted that the body had been buried under the stairs of the bell tower. This place was carefully explored. No remains were found; and it was evident that the ground had never been disturbed since the construction of the tower.†

The remains of St. Cuthbert and those of the Confessor alone, of all the long line of English saints, still repose in their own churches, and on the very spots where they were anciently revered by crowding pilgrims. And it may be added that there is scarcely another of the greater saints dating from before the Norman Conquest, whose asserted relics, guarded and honoured as they were, can be shown by such direct evidence to have been authentic. Of the later saints—St. Thomas of Canterbury, St. Hugh, St. William of York, St. Thomas Cantilupe of Hereford—there is, of course, no question. But an examination of the earlier histories will give us good reason for pausing before we admit that the relics displayed in many a great shrine were, in truth, what they were declared to be. The two greatest shrines of Eastern England, those of St. Etheldreda and St. Edmund, are in this respect at least doubtful.

Far more is this the case with those exhibited at St. Alban's. We have seen that there is no very good evidence to prove

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[Cotton MSS., Claudius, D. 4; and Mon. Angl. i. 40), a translation of which is given by Mr. Raine ('St. Cuthbert,' p. 50). A stole and maniple occur among them, besides seven robes (pallia).

\* Mr. Raine supposed these birds to represent the eider-duck, which frequents the Farne Islands in great numbers, and was connected in an especial manner with St. Cuthbert. They were called 'St. Cuthbert's ducks' in the days of Reginald, who asserts that the saint, during his solitary life, tamed them, made them of use to him, and sometimes wrought miracles on their behalf. A Durham 'Bursar's roll' for 1380-1, mentions that 12*d.* was paid to a painter from Newcastle for painting 'one of the birds of St. Cuthbert' for the Reredos (Raine, p. 119). In the feretral office were 'pillows of Cuthbert down' (Id. p. 142).

† There were, it is said, two lines of tradition,—one descending through the Benedictines; another through the Vicars Apostolic (now the Roman Catholic bishops) of the district. It was the secular (or episcopal) tradition which asserted that the body had been buried in the tower. It is hinted that the Benedictine tradition does not agree with the secular.

that such a person as St. Alban ever existed. Still the tradition, traceable apparently up to the time of Germanus and Lupus (125 years after the Diocletian persecution), must be allowed its due weight. But the question of the relics introduces us to a region altogether 'supra historicam.' Nearly five hundred years after the death of the martyr, Offa of Mercia 'fell in sweven' as he lay on his bed in the city of Bath, and was warned by an angel to raise from the earth and to enshrine the relics of St. Alban. The place at Verulamium, where they had been hidden from the fury of the English conquerors, had long been forgotten,\* and Offa and his bishops were at last guided to it by a miraculous light. They found the relics in a wooden chest, which also included relics 'of all the Apostles and divers martyrs,' placed in it by Germanus.† It was in consequence of this dream and discovery that Offa, according to the questionable authority of the Life assigned to Matthew Paris, founded the monastery on the place of St. Alban's martyrdom, and provided a rich shrine for the precious relics. They can have been neither more nor less authentic than those of St. Amphibalus, a fellow martyr whose name is due to Geoffry of Monmouth, and who seems to have been manufactured out of the cloak—'amphibalus'—of St. Alban. His remains, together with those of nine other martyrs, were 'invented' in 1178; and when the shrine of St. Alban was brought out of the church to meet them it became so light that it seemed 'to fly rather than to be conveyed on the shoulders of its bearers;' whereas, on ordinary occasions, it was difficult even to lift it.‡

It is certainly, as Professor Willis has remarked, a suspicious

\* 'Fuerat namque locus, et memoria martyris post adventum S. Germani . . . omnino deleta' (M. Paris, 'Vita Offæ Secundi,' p. 983). 'Locus autem sepulchri et loci distincti cognitio, penitus delebatur' (id. id.). This was about the year 793. Bede, writing in 731, asserts that miracles were in his day wrought in the church of St. Alban ('H. E.,' i. 6). But even the locality of this church seems to have been forgotten. In 1257 a tomb was discovered at the east end of the great conventual church, which was held to be that in which St. Alban had been laid on the day of his martyrdom, and, of course, that in which his relics were found by Offa. (M. Par., p. 809.)

† Constantius ('Vita Germani,' quoted in Haddan and Stubbs, 'Councils,' p. 5) asserts that Germanus placed in the sepulchre of St. Alban 'omnium Apostolorum diversorumque martyrum reliquias.' This passage is the most direct evidence remaining to prove that such a person as St. Alban ever existed.

‡ Matt. Paris, p. 113. Some relics, said to be of St. Alban, are preserved in the church of S. Maria at Cologne. It is asserted that they were taken from the tomb by Germanus of Auxerre, and carried to Rome, whence they were brought to Cologne by Theophania, wife of Otto II., Emperor of Germany. But Constantius says nothing about the removal of any such relics. (See the 'Guardian' newspaper, Sept. 13 and Oct. 25, 1871.) If there was ever a real St. Alban, his remains probably still somewhere near Verulamium. The relics contained in fact are said to have been removed to Rome after the dissolution.

fact that the rebuilding of a church—sometimes the foundation of a new one—was often accompanied by the discovery of a saint's body, or by some especial marvel wrought before the ancient shrine.\* One of the most wonderful discoveries was that of the body of St. Ivo (the St. Ives of Huntingdonshire†), the resting-place of which was revealed to a certain smith (*cuidam fabro*) soon after the monastery of Ramsey had been founded, at the end of the tenth century, by Ædnoth and Ailwin—the ealdorman whom the Ramsey monks called the 'friend of God.' The existence of this St. Ivo is a pure fiction; and when he revealed his own tomb in a vision, he seems also to have added that he was a Persian bishop.‡ So, at least, he was held to have been at 'Ramsey the rich,' where his supposed relics were translated by Ædnoth, and doubtless, in Fuller's words, 'brought much grist to the mill.' Indeed a peculiar morality was gradually developed in the whole matter of relics. They were of so great value to the church which displayed them, and the belief in their miraculous powers had worked itself so deeply into the religion of the times, that it was held a good and pious deed to obtain possession of them in any manner—'*si possis recte, si non, quocunque modo.*' Thus Durham obtained the relics of the Venerable Bede by the stratagem of its monk Elfrid, who for many years visited Jarrow on the day of Bede's death (when his remains were exhibited), apparently for purposes of devotion, but really in hope of carrying off the relics. At last he succeeded, and Jarrow, without remedy, was left to mourn her loss.§ A favourite plan was to 'make heavy with drink' the keepers of the shrine, so that the 'pious robbers and faithful thieves'—as the successful foragers called themselves, the losers no doubt went more directly to the point—were able to make off with their spoil unsuspected. Thus when the body of Eadnoth, Bishop of Dorchester, killed in the battle of Assandun, was brought to Ely on its way for interment at Ramsey, the guards who protected it were made drunk, and the body, held to be that of a martyr, was secretly buried at Ely, and was afterwards raised to the dignity of a shrine.|| The historian, who reports this with approbation, also reports with far higher approval the translation or the 'faithful theft' of the body of St.

\* 'Archit. History of Glastonbury,' p. 24.

† The St. Ives of Cornwall was a different person. He was a Breton, and according to the hymn for his office a 'lawyer':—

'Sanctus Ivo erat Brito,  
Advocatus sed non latro,  
Res miranda populo.'

‡ See Haddan and Stubbs, 'Councils,' p. 31, note b.

§ Simeon Dunelm., cap. 42.

|| 'Liber Eliensis,' p. 189.

Withburga from Dereham, in Norfolk, to Ely. Withburga, like Etheldreda of Ely, was one of the many sainted daughters of Anna, king of the East Anglians. She was buried at East Dereham, where she had established a church and convent, and where she was venerated for many generations. At last Edgar gave Dereham to Ely, lately restored by Bishop Athelwold. Abbot Brithnoth determined to remove to the new church 'illud præclarissimum monile ecclesiæ' the body of Withburga; but he feared the men of Dereham, and proceeded with due caution. He arrived at Dereham with a body of armed followers, and invited the inhabitants to a great feast, at which he 'filled them with wine.' At night, when all had well drunken and were asleep, 'God's robber' (Dei prædo), as the abbot is called, 'ready for this holy sacrilege, this faithful theft, this supplanting of Jacob's blessing,' entered the church, opened the tomb, and carried off the body of Withburga. His armed men and clerks surrounded the carriage on which it was placed, rejoicing like conquerors over their prey. The men of Dereham awoke to find their treasure gone. Like the ark of God, they cried, it had been carried off by the Philistines. They roused the country with horn and clamour, and pursued in hot haste, but did not come in sight of the 'Philistines' until the relics of Withburga had been embarked on the Ouse at Brandon. The pursuers lined the river on either side, flinging darts and javelins at the 'robbers.' The abbot hardly escaped, and even the body of the saint was endangered. But, in spite of the tumult and continued attack, the abbot reached his own territory in safety. A great company of men and women poured forth from Ely to meet the new treasure; and Withburga, with the utmost joy and festivity, was placed in the church by the side of her more famous sister.\*

But however obtained and however doubtful its authenticity, the body of a saint, when once recognized, was a treasure of infinite value to the church which possessed it, and, in the case of the greater shrines, was a protection to the whole surrounding country. The saint knew how to care for and to defend his own. Reflecting the feudal and warlike character of the age, he was constantly regarded as a great baron, the head of his followers—a distinction which in some legends is given even to St. Peter and to Zebedee—a 'mighty baron' of Galilee, whose sons fished for pleasure and not for profit.† 'Monseigneur St. George' and

\* 'Liber Eliensis,' pp. 164-167.

† Freeman, 'Hist. of the Norm. Conquest,' i. 279. In the 'Romance of *Parise la Duchesse*' the combatants Milès and Berengiers swear to the truth of their statements on

. . . 'Ja chase del baron San Martin,  
Cet del baron San Gile, et del cor Saint Firmin.'—p. 24.



'My Lord St. James' more than once appeared on horseback in the battle-field, like the 'twin brethren' at the Lake Regillus, fighting for the Christians against the Spanish Moors. They wore full armour, and the surcoat of St. James was covered with scallop shells—the emblems which pilgrims carried from Compostella.\* So St. Edmund, when King Sweyne had demanded a heavy tribute from Bury, and threatened destruction to the church and town if it were not paid, took the defence on himself, and, just as Sweyne was beginning his march from Gainsborough, appeared to him in full harness, coming against him with a spear in his hand. 'Help,' cried Sweyne, 'fellow soldiers—Saint Edmund is coming to slay me!' And as the saint ran him through, he fell from his horse and died the same night in torments.† So, too, when Henry Earl of Essex, head of the great house of Mandeville, was fighting Robert of Montfort in wager of battle on an island in the Thames, near Reading, he beheld St. Edmund fully armed, his countenance fierce and threatening, floating in the air above the river, and attended by a certain Gilbert de Cerville, whose death Earl Henry had caused. Henry had made no gifts to the house of St. Edmund, and had even oppressed it. Hence the martyred king appeared at this moment of peril, took all strength from the earl, and caused his entire defeat.‡ King Edmund could assail his enemies with sword and lance; but other saints had their own protective weapons, which they were not slow to use. The three sainted Abbesses of Ely killed with the points of their pastoral staves a servant of Picot, Norman sheriff of Cambridgeshire, who had greatly troubled the men of St. Etheldreda.§ St. Cuthbert, when the Norman soldiers were advancing toward his holy territory, spread a thick mist over the earth, so that they were unable to cross the Tees; and when afterwards the Conqueror himself, returning from Scotland, visited Durham, and insisted on ascertaining whether the saint's incorrupt body really rested there, he was seized with a violent fever on the very day appointed for the inspection, rushed from the church, and, mounting his horse, never drew bridle until he had passed the bounds of the bishoprick.|| Fulke de Breaute,

\* A. de Morgan, s. a. 1225. (Luard's Ed., p. 34-5.)

† Freeman, 'Norm. Conq.,' i. 403. The story is told by Florence of Worcester.

‡ Jocelin de Brakelonda, p. 50.

§ Thomas Eliensis, ap. Wharton, 'Anglia Sacra,' i. p. 611.

|| Simeon Dunelm., cap. 54. Mr. Raine suggests that we may exclaim with Hubert in 'King John'—

'The king, I fear, is poisoned by a monk.'

'After this,' says Hegge, in his curious 'Legend,' 'the king had a reverend opinion of Saint Cuthbert.' It is certain that the church of Durham was much benefited by the Conqueror, whose charters are still preserved in the Treasury. But the whole story is legendary. See Freeman, 'Norm. Conq.,' iv. 520.

one of the fiercest of King John's 'robbers,' who had plundered the town of St. Alban's and killed a man at the entrance of the church, dreamt some time afterwards that a mighty stone fell like a thunderbolt (in modum fulguris) from St. Alban's tower, and ground him to powder. His wife persuaded him to ask the saint's forgiveness, and Fulke accordingly presented himself before the chapter of monks, without his upper garments, and holding a rod in his hand. He was absolved, and kissed all the monks. But he made no restitution, and died afterwards of a poisoned fish, suffering the vengeance of the martyr.\* Stories such as these, which might be multiplied almost without number, sufficiently indicate that, in those ages of storm and rapine, the dread of a saint's vengeance and the reputation of his power were of no slight assistance in protecting his halidom, and in producing that comparative peace which for the most part reigned in the neighbourhood of a great shrine. In fact, with a feeling which takes us back to the days of the Nials and Gunnars—when it was held that the old Northern hero rested in some mysterious half-life within the recesses of his grave mound—the shrine was regarded as the home of the Christian saint, from which he frequently emerged, and within which he was alive to the prayers and vows of his worshippers. A window in Canterbury Cathedral represents Becket issuing from his shrine in full pontificals to sing mass at a neighbouring altar. St. Edmund on one occasion was seen leaving his shrine in armour, and then returning to it with his sword drawn and bloody, as though he had smitten his enemies; and St. Alban, by issuing from and returning to his shrine, testified that his relics were safe in his own church, and not in Denmark or at Ely.† Spoliation of the shrine in which the saint thus rested, although, as we have seen, not altogether unknown, became a crime, the perpetrators of which could not hope to escape unscathed. Certain monks, who, obeying the wicked will of Bishop Nigel, ventured to take part of the gold and other metals from the shrine of St. Etheldreda, were, we are told, variously punished, one of them by an attack of gout—

\* Matt. Paris, p. 246, and *post*, p. 238, where the story is told with some variation. 'Utinam non adhuc conterat eum lapis iste in inferno plurimum formidabilis,' adds the historian. A singular fate befell one Herbert Duket, 'possessionibus Beati Albani infestus,' who, passing one day before the high altar (and therefore in front of the shrine), was suddenly reduced to the height and size of a monkey (*vix simiæ retineret quantitatem*), whereas before he had been a man of lofty stature. 'Ita quod nomini ejus cognomentum *Duket* per contrarium adjiceretur.' He was restored on promising to make satisfaction 'Deo et sancto Martyri.' (M. Par., 'Vit. Abbat.,' p. 1017.)

† Matt. Paris, 'Vitæ Abbat.,' p. 997. 'Ecce ego Albanus hic quiesco,' exclaimed the saint. 'Nonne me vidisti de meo feretro exire?'

'quem

'quem medici podagra græce nuncupant.\*' When Cœur de Lion was a captive in Germany, and the treasures of England were gathered for his ransom, the Abbot of St. Edmund's refused to sanction any stripping of the shrine. 'The doors of the church shall be opened,' he said; 'he may enter who will—he may approach who dares.' The justiciaries would not venture. 'St. Edmund,' they declared, 'displays his anger against many who are absent and at a distance. Far more angry will he be with those who are present, and try to take his coat from him.'

The saint was thus in a sense the head of his barony, and was represented by the bishop or abbot in whose church his shrine was erected. The followers of the feudal lord were the 'men of St. Cuthbert,' 'St. Edmund,' or 'St. Etheldreda;' and many privileges fell to their lot which could not be claimed by the men of more secular baronies. They were in an especial manner the guardians of the shrine. The men of St. Cuthbert's halidom, known as 'haliworfolc,'† resisted the 'ban' of their powerful bishop, Anthony Bek, and declared that they held their lands for the defence of St. Cuthbert's body, and were not bound to go beyond the Tyne or Tees for either king or bishop,§ —a claim which was certainly not insisted on, and which, on that border district, would have been at times full of danger. They professed to be descendants, or at least representatives, of the laymen of Lindisfarne, who, when St. Cuthbert's body was conveyed thence in 875 for fear of the Northmen, followed it through all its wanderings, and at length settled in the heart of ancient Deira. In time of war they rallied under the banner of St. Cuthbert, one of the most famous of those holy standards which belonged to, and were hung above, every great shrine. In the earlier Christian ages, the shrine itself, or some portion of the relics, was frequently carried in the 'host,' and stationed on some high ground overlooking the battle-field, where, like the uplifted arm of Moses, it might bless and influence those who fought for it. Thus the shrine of St. Wendreda was carried from Ely to the field of Assandun, where, with other relics, it was lost, and never recovered.|| On special occasions, relics were carried on the person of a great leader. William, at Hastings, wore round his neck a reliquary, containing certain of the saintly remains on which Harold had sworn his famous

\* Ric. Elien., ap. 'Anglia Sacra,' i. 626.

† Jocelin de Brakelonda, p. 71. 'Qui tunicam suam ei auferre voluerint.'

‡ i. e. 'Holy Ward Folk.'

§ Robert de Graystones ('Ang. Sac.,' i. p. 749).

|| 'Liber Eliensis,' p. 196.

oath.\* But the greater shrines were rarely moved, and the display of the actual relics was gradually superseded by that of the consecrated banner, specially belonging to the saint, and sometimes containing some lesser memorial of him. The great prototype of such banners was the 'Vexillum Regis'—the 'standard of the King' Himself—the supposed true cross of our Lord. At once a standard and a relic, it was frequently carried to victory in the host of the Crusaders, until, at the battle of Hittin (July 4th, 1187), it was taken by Saladin;† and its loss, heard with horror throughout Christendom, was one of the great incitements to the crusade in which the 'Athleta Dei,' Richard the Lion-Heart, won his brightest renown. St. Cuthbert had, doubtless, a banner from an early period; but after the battle of Neville's Cross (1346), when David King of Scots was defeated, some change was made in it. On that occasion the Prior of Durham had been warned in vision to fasten on the point of a spear 'the holy corporax cloth wherewith St. Cuthbert covered the chalice when he used to say mass,' and to display it on the Red Hills, close outside the city, and within sight of the battle-field.‡ The victory was mainly attributed to this relic; and it was afterwards fastened into the centre of a banner covered with white velvet, on which was laid a cross of red. This was the 'banner of St. Cuthbert,' which was carried against Scotland by Richard II. and by Henry IV., which waved over the men of the bishoprick at Flodden, and which, after the dissolution, was 'despitefully burned in her fire' by the wife of Dean Whittingham, 'to the open contempt and disgrace of all ancient reliques.' A somewhat similar fate, no doubt, befell the great saints' banners of Yorkshire—those of St. Peter of York, of St. John of Beverley, and of St. Wilfrid of Ripon. These were of great antiquity. The banner of St. John was carried into Scotland by Athelstan, who regarded himself as under the special protection of the saint; and on his return, victorious, offered on the altar of his shrine the sword he had wielded in the great battle of Brunanburgh. The three banners gave name to the 'Battle of the Standard' (1138), in which David of Scotland was defeated. On this occasion they were suspended from a tall mast, crowned by a silver crucifix and a pyx containing the consecrated host, and raised on a four-wheeled platform, like the 'carroccio,' or carriage, which bore the standard of so many Italian cities.

\* Freeman, 'Norm. Conq.' iii. p. 463, from William of Poitiers. A rib of St. Rumold was once, with the best results, fastened into the shield of a knight who was fighting for Mechlin, under the walls of the city. (Sollerius, 'Vita et Mirac. S. Rumoldi').

† Itin. Regis Ricardi, l. i. p. 15 (ed. Stubbs).

‡ 'Description of the Ancient Monuments of Durham.' (Raine, p. 107.)



Round this platform—the place of which during the battle is still known as ‘Standard Hill’\*—gathered the English host; and from it Walter l’Espece addressed the barons ‘with a voice like a trumpet,’ and Ralph, Bishop of Orkney, gave absolution to all who should fall in the coming fight. The Scots were broken and fled in disorder, and the victory was mainly attributed to the power of the saints whose banners rose in full sight of the combatants.†

In connexion with the chief shrine—sometimes in almeries ranged about the platform on which it stood, as at Durham; sometimes hung above it, as we have seen was the case at St. Edmund’s; sometimes in vaulted recesses beneath or near it, as at Winchester, where the vault beneath the platform of St. Swithun’s shrine is still called the ‘Holy Hole’—lesser relics of various descriptions were arranged, often in reliquaries of the utmost richness.

A complete list of the relics which surrounded the Durham shrine was made by the shrine-keeper in 1383, and has been printed by Mr. Raine.‡ Among many noticeable rarities, ‘griffins’ eggs’ frequently occur; and as the ‘green cope of St. Cuthbert,’ in which he was wrapped before his translation by Bishop Flambard, was ornamented with griffins, and as certain robes manufactured for Bishop Hugh de Puiset were profusely covered with them, it has been suggested that the griffin was in some special manner connected with St. Cuthbert.§ This may have been so. But the griffins’ (which were, in truth, ostriches’) eggs preserved in the almeries were frequently used as reliquaries, and were suspended near other shrines besides that of St. Cuthbert. They were brought by pilgrims and Crusaders from the East, and a certain mysterious character was assigned to them by Greek and Oriental Christians, from whom the use of them in Western Europe was adopted. Ostrich eggs may still be seen in some Greek churches.¶ They are said to symbolize at once faith and

\* Standard Hill is about three miles north of Northallerton. A farm near it is called ‘Scot Pits,’ from the burial trenches of the Scots who fell in the battle.

† Ailred of Rievaulx, ‘De bello Standardi,’ ap. Twysden, ‘Decem Scriptores.’

‡ Id. id. p. 121.

§ Two claws of a griffin were shown with the eggs among the Durham relics. ‘In the British Museum is a horn of the Egyptian ibex, more than two feet in length, and on its silver rim is engraved in letters of the 16th century, “Gryphi unguis Divo Cuthberto Dunelmensi sacer.” Casley mentions a cup (? sic) as being in the Bodleian Library, 4 feet long, with the same inscription.’ (W. H. D.) Longstaffe on Bp. Pudsey’s (de Puiset’s) buildings at Durham, in ‘Transac. of Archæol. and Archæol. Soc. of Durham and Northumberland,’ 1862.

¶ Tozer’s ‘Highlands of Turkey,’ i. 80. Three ostrich eggs filled with relics were among the gifts of Magnus of Sweden and his queen to the church of Wadstena, where was the shrine of the Swedish St. Brita, or Bridget.—Marryatt’s ‘Sweden,’ i. 305.

the

the constant attention of the Creator to the universe, according to a strange but beautiful fable that the ostrich hatches its eggs by gazing steadfastly at them: a story which Southey has used in 'Thalaba,' where Oneiza gazes at the 'chosen youth'—

. . . 'even with such a look as fables say  
The mother ostrich fixes on her egg  
'Till that intense affection  
Kindle its light of life.'\*

To complete the picture of a great shrine we must imagine it hung round with 'ex voto' offerings of wax or of metal, representing, according to a custom still followed in some Italian churches, either the persons themselves who had been miraculously cured, or had received some special favour from the saint;† or, more frequently, the arm, hand, leg, or other member restored to health, such as we see so often about the shrines of Belgium or of Brittany. In most cases such offerings and waxen figures can hardly have been attached to the actual shrine. They must have been hung on the surrounding piers, and in some instances have been suspended from the vaulting; whilst the great shrine towered in the midst, reflecting from its gilded and polished surfaces the blaze of waxen torches burning day and night around it.

The name of the local saint was always a favourite in his own district. Hence the many Cuthberts of the North, the Wilfrids of old Yorkshire houses, and the Edmunds and Audreys (the form which Ætheldrythe or Etheldreda took among the people) so common in Eastern England. The great saint of Canterbury stretched his influence more widely. It was owing to his national reputation that the name of Thomas—on which Southey has rung so many pleasant changes in 'the Doctor'—became so general, and was so variously applied. The Plantagenet Edwards were named from the royal Confessor. Henry III., who rebuilt his minster and translated his relics, gave his name to the son who succeeded on the English throne and became the greatest of his race. To the same king is due the restoration to the royal house of another saintly name, which had been borne by one at least of the worthiest heroes whose deeds are recorded in old English history. But Edmund, son of Henry III. and

\* 'Thalaba,' bk. iii. 24.

† In the church of S. Maria delle Grazie, near Mantua, many such large waxen figures are hung up. They are fully dressed. Among them are Charles V., Philip II., Pope Pius II., and the Constable Bourbon. Some are 'ex votos' from persons with the Constable's army. There were formerly similar figures in the church of the Annunciade at Florence, among which a full-length of Duke Alexander was moulded by Benvenuto Cellini. They were hung from the roof.—Valery, 'Voyage en Italie,' t. i.

Eleanor of Savoy (born on St. Marcellus' day, 1245), was not named in honour either of Edmund Ironside or of the sainted King of East Anglia. His 'patron' was Edmund Rich, Archbishop of Canterbury (1234-1240), who, after a life and episcopate of great excellence, despairing of his country, then groaning under that foreign yoke which was at last lifted by the war of the Barons, fled to the Cistercian house of Pontigny (where Becket had before him taken refuge), and died there (November 16, 1240). In 1246 this second St. Edmund was canonized by the Pope at Lyons; and his shrine, which it is said still contains his relics, occupies even now the place of honour in the church of Pontigny. Edmund (afterwards titular King of Sicily) was born and named in the year before the archbishop's canonization, but some time after his sanctity had been recognized.\*

Long before the religious changes of the sixteenth century the zeal for pilgrimages had greatly lessened. The 'scent of the morning air' made itself felt in that direction, as in so many others, before the great shrines were altogether removed; so that, for the most part, there was little strong feeling excited by the spoliation and destruction of the shrines, or by the appropriation of their vast wealth. We may well wish that, in many respects, the destruction had been less complete, and that we had followed the example of some other countries at least as eager for reform as our own. In Sweden many reliquaries are still preserved; and the silver shrine of St. Eric, the great patron of the country, occupies its ancient position on the left side of the altar in Upsala Cathedral.† But the change itself was inevitable. Whatever good had been bound up with the earlier reverence for saintly shrines had long passed away. The multitude of so-called patrons and protectors obscured all truth; and we are reminded of the old dramatist's noble lines:—

. . . 'Superstition  
Doth violate the deity it worships  
No less than scorn doth; and believe it, brother,  
The use of things is all, and not the store.  
Surfeit and fulness have killed more than famine;  
The sparrow with his little plumage flies,  
While the proud peacock, overcharged with pens,  
Is fain to sweep the ground with his grown train  
And load of feathers.' ‡

\* By the Pope, and apparently by Henry. But St. Edmund's enemies in England did all they could to prevent the canonization:—Matt. Paris, p. 556.

† Marryatt's 'Sweden,' ii. 153. The shrine was opened in 1699 in compliment to the Polish Ambassador, who kissed the relics one by one, and said some fine things to Olaus Rudbeck, who was present, about his 'Atlantica.'

‡ Ben Jonson, 'The Staple of News,' act 5, sc. the last.

- ART. II.—1. *Histoire de la Terreur, 1792–1794, d'après des Documents Authentiques et Inédits.* Par Mortimer-Ternaux, Membre de l'Institut. Vols. I.–VII. Paris, 1869.
2. *Tableaux de la Révolution Française: publiés sur les Papiers Inédits du Département et de la Police Secrète de Paris.* Par Adolphe Schmidt, Professeur d'Histoire à l'Université de Jéna. 3 vols. Leipzig, 1867–1870.
3. *La Démagogie en 1793 à Paris; ou Histoire, jour par jour, de l'Année 1793, accompagnée de Documents contemporains rares ou inédits, recueillis, mis en ordre, et commentés par C. A. Dauban.* Ouvrage enrichi de seize gravures, &c. Paris, 1868.
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5. *Royal and Republican France.* By Henry Reeve, Corresponding Member of the French Institute. 2 vols. London, 1872.

**F**RENCH Revolution-history (it was high time!) is being re-written. Professor Von Sybel, in Germany, is bringing to completion his comprehensive survey of the history of the Revolution Era in France, and the *contre-coup* of that tremendous explosion in Europe. The valuable work of M. Mortimer-Ternaux has been interrupted by his untimely death; but where it breaks off—at the fall of the Gironde—the publications of Professor A. Schmidt, of Jena, and of M. Dauban take up the thread of the history of the Terror, and effectively contribute, each in his way, to the picture of a great capital, and a civilized country, subjected to what M. Thiers has called the sombre and ragged rule of the multitude.

Professor Schmidt and M. Dauban are both literary investigators of that useful class, who make it their business to 'attend to the neglected and remember the forgotten.' The former takes precedence (at least in date, and singleness of scope) in a field of research in which both have been employing their time and pains very serviceably to future historians of the French Revolution, viz. in bringing under the light of publicity, for the first time, the reports of the police 'observateurs' (Anglicè, spies) kept in pay by the ephemeral holders of power, or at least of office, during its successive phases. Professor Schmidt's protracted labours in the reproduction of the police records of that period—



period—which had lain undisturbed ever since the epoch at which they were penned, in their dusty official cartons in the central Archives of France, formerly entitled ‘Archives of the Kingdom,’ afterwards ‘Archives of the Republic,’ to-day [1867] ‘Archives of the Empire,’ and on the morrow, we may add, of that day (1871) again ‘Archives of the Republic’ (who knows what new name to bear on the morrow of that morrow?)—will furnish materials of very substantial value to the future historian of the Revolution, and have already, we are told by Professor Schmidt, in the preface to his third volume, been characterized, to his lively gratification, as ‘precious’ by M. Mortimer-Ternaux, ‘the truly critical author of the “*Histoire de la Terreur*.”’

The two very curious and interesting volumes published by M. Dauban, entitled respectively ‘*La Démagogie en 1793 à Paris*,’ and ‘*Paris en 1794 et en 1795*,’ &c., are drawn, in like manner, from documents of the time, but of more miscellaneous character, and owe much of their entertaining quality to the somewhat indiscriminate variety of their sources. For our present purpose, we shall chiefly concern ourselves with those portions of them which, like the bulk of the contents of Professor Schmidt’s volumes, consist of the secret communications which paid ‘observateurs’ then, as at more remote and more recent periods, were in the habit of making to their patrons and employers in office of all they could collect by poking about in all quarters of Paris, of the state of popular opinion and feeling on men and things generally, and with special reference to the question which Revolution placed most in jeopardy—the daily question of *daily bread*.

The twofold character of French Revolutionism, from its birth-hour to the present day—that which renders its movements apparently endless in their recurrence as fruitless in their results—is one which seems, at first sight, self-contradictory—combining the most outrageous contempt for law with the most implicit submission to any and every ephemeral usurping public power, that does but assume the insignia, no matter how conferred, of legal authority. But the contradiction vanishes, when it is remembered that contempt for law was for ages a royal prerogative, and submission to the delegates of the lawless power of the Crown the habit of the people. Law, for ages in France, had neither supplied the sanction nor prescribed the limits of obedience; royal functionaries had acted as the delegated depositaries of absolute power; and when these became revolutionary, they did not lose their habit of lawless absolutism, nor did the subject masses shake off theirs of servile and implicit obedience.

obedience. The well-meant effort of the Constituent Assembly to decentralise and distribute public powers through every grade of official hierarchy, and every field of local action, only produced a multiplication of petty potentates, each doing what seemed good in his own eyes, and exerting himself, to the extent of his influence or impudence, to make all around him do what seemed good in his eyes likewise. Every petty municipal, newly entitled to tie a scarf on his shoulder, held himself therewith entitled to wield unlimited and irresponsible powers, so far as he could get unscarved citizens to obey them. And this habit of French functionarism of exerting a vigour beyond the law survives down to our day.

The two years' terror of 1792-4, like the two months' terror of 1871, was the work of a set of men who themselves acknowledged that they did not represent France, and of whom it may be affirmed, with equal certainty, that they did not represent Paris.\* Having seized power by surprise, they could only hope to keep it by terrorism. They had against them large—we can scarcely say *decided*—majorities in two successive Assemblies—first in the Legislative Assembly, afterwards in the National Convention—though the latter body was elected under the terrifying impression of the September massacres, planned and executed by the usurping insurrectionary Commune of Paris, its parliamentary or ex-parliamentary leaders in the background, and its subsidised satellites in the lowest dregs of the Paris populace.

The sovereignty of Paris, involving that of France, was usurped in a single night—that of the 9th-10th of August, 1792—by a knot of conspirators, calling themselves the commissaries of the forty-eight sections, which a recent decree of the Legislative Assembly had most suicidally constituted *en permanence*, and thus rendered just so many available rallying-points for perpetual commotion. The majority of the sections on that night, as M. Mortimer-Ternaux has shown by documentary evidence, elected no commissaries at all, and the remainder, with a few ardent revolutionary exceptions, were represented by a mere fraction of their members—knots of conspirators assem-

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\* 'The Jacobins,' says Von Sybel, in his 'History of the Revolution-Time,' vol. iv. c. 5, 'could not conceal this fact from themselves. "All France is against us," said the younger Robespierre in the Jacobin Club, on the 29th September, 1792; "our sole hope lies in the citizens of Paris." "Don't trust too much to that ground of hope," Desfieux warned the same audience. "Even here in Paris, it is only too certain that we should be beaten at every election made by secret voting." [The Jacobins, indeed, were themselves so sure of this, that they violently set aside the legal mode of taking the votes, whenever they could bring their mob force to bear on the elections.]

bling in the dead hours of night—a real electoral *coup d'état* against the constituent majority of the metropolis. The whole subsequent history of what has been called by popular French historians the ascendant period of the French Revolution is, in truth the history of the rapid and lawless development of the lawlessly usurped power of these eighty-two commissaries of the sections—who installed themselves, in the night of the 9th and morning of the 10th of August, 1792, in a room of the Hôtel de Ville beside that of the real Council of the Commune. In the morning of the fatal 10th of August, the legal Council of the Commune submitted to the usurped sway of these intrusive night-birds, who had nestled so near them—so far as to send a message at their dictation to the Commandant of the National Guard, Mandat, who had taken the military measures his duty demanded for defence of the avenues to the Tuileries. He received orders to withdraw the cannon he had posted on the Pont Neuf and the quays, and to present himself in person before the Council of the Commune. When he came, on reiterated summons from the legal authority which he supposed still existing, he found himself placed in the sinister presence of the intrusive commissaries, and by them was speedily thrust out to be massacred by their mob outside. As soon as these night-birds (some amongst them jail-birds) had put out of hand this preliminary piece of morning work, and got all they wanted of ostensible legal authority for crippling the legal force from the complaisant municipal council in the next room, they simply walked in and took their places—which, indeed, the latter (the legal Municipals) were already vacating. The usurping Commune of Paris, thus constituted, in contempt of law—law fresh from the mint of Revolution—are ‘damned to everlasting fame’ as the founders and inaugurators of the unparalleled *régime* branded by history as the Terror.

What manner of men were they who thus seized into their own hands the sovereign power of a great city and a great country? ‘When one runs through the list of these pretended Commissaries,’ says M. Mortimer-Ternaux, ‘what are the sort of names (such of them as were known at all) which meet our eyes? We find men of the worst and lowest description—“scribes of the kennel” as M. Michelet terms them, like L’huillier and Truchon, “*hommes de sac et de corde*,” such as Huguenin, the ex-clerk at the barriers, and Hébert, the ex-vendor of checks at the theatre doors—lazy and good-for-nothing workmen, like Rossignol, who became a not less *lâche* and good-for-nothing general—apostate priests, like Bernard and Xavier Audouin—Simon, the shoemaker, the future torturer and murderer

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of the royal orphan—Cailly, Lenfant, and Duffort, the future colleagues of Marat, Panis and Sergent in the September *comité de surveillance*; the rest totally unknown either to fame or infamy.’ And these were the men, who, in a night of fatal memory, held the destinies of France at their uncontrolled disposal!—who, and whose successors, held those destinies at their disposal for nearly two years, through their political chiefs in the National Convention and its Committees.

Such having been the Elect of the night of the 9th of August, 1792, and such their titles to seize the whole powers of government in a great city and a great country, the question suggests itself, in reviewing so strange an episode in civilised history: What sort of anarchy must have first crept over a nation’s mind, before such an anarchy could, for a time, overspread a nation’s life, and stiffen, by the cement of daily bloodshed, into a terrific tyranny?

It is an eternal truth, and a truth eternally lost sight of, that connivance with evil draws subjection to evil after it. The Girondists had called the Anarchists in aid of their own ambition; and their too protracted connivance with excesses, consummated at last by regicide, struck them with moral impotence to stem the rising tide of Anarchy against themselves. Of the rank and file of the party which finally triumphed it is said, we think truly, by M. Dauban,\* ‘Jacobinism is not, in its original essence, a homicidal frenzy, an insatiable thirst of blood; it is not in its nature precisely malignant (*méchant*); it is much worse—it is *bête*. The most stupid of men are precisely of all men the most dangerous, because, independently of the evil they may intend to do, they do, without intending it, the evil others in the background have an interest of their own to set them doing.’ And thus, between the *bêtise* of the popular masses, and the unbridled passions and unscrupulous aims of their leaders, Mirabeau’s prophetic words were verified, which must have seemed extravagant when they were uttered:—‘Vous aurez des massacres—vous aurez des boucheries—vous n’aurez pas même l’exécrable honneur d’une guerre civile.’

There is not in the history of mankind a more instructive example than that which is afforded by the internecine struggle between the Gironde and the Mountain, during the first nine months of the National Convention, of the unequal chances and predestined issues of a conflict in which, while on the one hand there is a clear superiority of mental and even of physical power, there is on the other a not less clear superiority of

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\* ‘Paris en 1794 et en 1795,’ &c. Introduction, p. xviii.



concert and organization, albeit concert in crime, and organization of anarchy. In the three successive national legislatures of the French Revolution—the Constituent and Legislative Assemblies, and the National Convention—the majorities might be said to be conservative—so far, at least, as sentiment and intention went—of the essential principles on which civilised society is founded. There was, indeed, a sad amount of presumptuous ignorance of the conditions of stability in a political system, foremost amongst which is that it shall not be attempted, in a country of old habits and traditions, to erect an entire polity *de novo*. There was an utter want of acquaintance with the art of conducting public business through parliamentary channels, an utter ignorance of parliamentary tactics or party discipline, a fatal want of consistent and effective leadership on the part of the men who made themselves the organs and mouthpieces of the majority, rather than of willingness to be led in the rank and file. But here was the worst consequence of the self-denying ordinance of the Constituent Assembly, re-adopted by the succeeding legislatures, which disabled the leading members of the national representative body from becoming Ministers, and therefore deprived that body of all responsible and steady guidance. In the first months of the National Convention, and under the recent impression of the anarchical outrages, of which the leading functionaries of the Commune were the agents, and the leaders of the Mountain in their own body the abettors, an energetic Minister could have carried any measures conservative of social order, which he should but have put in substantive shape and pressed as Cabinet questions. This was proved by the fact that the Conservative motions of individual members were invariably carried, but carried in no shape capable of practical execution. The Party of Order had as many heads as Hydra, but no directing head. The consequence was, that the Party of Order made ‘most admired disorder,’ and the Party of Disorder kept perfect working order in its own ranks. Their bond of union was the conscious solidarity of crime, the sense of implication in guilt and danger of punishment, the instinctive feeling that nothing could ensure impunity for the past but perpetual recurrence to fresh outrages and fresh terrorism. They had on their side the insurgent Commune of Paris confronting the legal Executive; the Jacobin Club confronting the National Convention; and the lowest Parisian populace, armed and finally subsidised at forty sous a day, to overawe the real public, whose sentiments from time to time found utterance, but failed to find means and instruments of effective action.

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In the Girondin Ministry, nominally reinstated in power after the 10th of August,—

'the attribute of *weakness*,' says M. Mortimer-Ternaux, 'was represented by Garat, one of those men of letters, without moral stamina or consistency, who, thanks to a certain facility of pen or fluency of speech, sometimes play for a moment, at epochs of revolution, a part out of all proportion to their real importance. Whether they are poets, publicists, or orators, matters not much. In verse or prose they adore the Divinity of the day, and prostrate themselves before the rising sun. They are never at a loss to find materials in their common-place book for dithyrambs or harangues to celebrate the triumph of the stronger party, and the proscription of their former friends and colleagues. The incense they can no longer offer to the minions of absolute monarchy they burn at the feet of the new idol, the People-King, and tune their lyres to celebrate the charms of the guillotine, just as they previously tuned them to celebrate the charms of Phillis and Chloris. Devoid of strong convictions, pliant to "pressure from without," submissive to all powers that be, which they eulogise by turns with the like *naïve* shamelessness, they are ready to embellish with all the tinsel of their eloquence the most execrable outrages, the most monstrous crimes. Such, in many respects, was the new Minister of Justice, Garat.\*

When Roland at length retreated before the rising storm from the Ministry of the Interior, Garat was made use of as an unobnoxious stop-gap to fill his place. Most fatally he filled it for his friends of the Girondin party, who put him there. After their fall, under the Jacobin insurrection of the 31st of May and 2nd of June 1793 (just as the Throne had fallen under the insurrection connived at by the Gironde on the 10th of August, 1792), Garat was still complaisant enough to remain in office as the Jacobin stop-gap, as he had previously been put in office as that of the Girondins.

\* Garat afterwards became a count and senator under the First Empire, having been successively Minister of Justice and Minister of the Interior under the Convention. He became also, in his character of *bel esprit*, a member of the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*. It has been surmised that the moral and political science he had chiefly studied must have been that which had taught him to cultivate cowardice as prudence, baseness as moderation, and dissimulation as reserve. The daughter of the well-known barrister and political historian, John Adolphus, in her lively and entertaining 'Recollections' of her father, makes the following mention of Garat in his later days (about 1820):—

'A remarkable French acquaintance made by my father was Garat, who, as Minister of Justice in 1793, delivered the sentence of death to Louis XVI. He was a quiet, gentle-mannered old man. He and his daughter joined a dinner-party at our house, and were much pleased with the English, and greatly enjoyed London. It seemed like a dream to see a man who had been so prominent in the tragedy of that dreadful Revolution sitting at the table of so pure a Royalist as the author of the "Biographical Memoirs," cheerful, simple, and agreeable in his manners and conversation, and recalling to the mind no trace of former days and dreadful deeds.'

The system of secret police—of ‘observation’—or, in plain terms, espionage of all that was said, done, or written, in the French metropolis—we scarcely need remind our readers, was no invention of the revolutionary era of 1789–92. So long back as the date of the royal ordonnance of 1667, by which the police of the city and vicinity of Paris was placed in charge of the lieutenant-general of that city, there was established under his authority not only a public but a secret police, represented by a larger or smaller number of agents, euphemistically entitled ‘observateurs.’ The functions of these ‘observers’ have varied under various régimes from that day to this, but have never gone out of use, least of all under the Second Empire. Under the old régime a host of spies was employed of all ranks; and the whole life and conversation of individuals were often subjected for years to the secret inquisition of one or more of these ‘observateurs,’ of whom many were domestic servants. These observers were specially set to observe men of letters, priests, ‘dames galantes,’ ‘filles publiques,’ and French refugees in foreign countries. Under their supervision also were placed the ‘Nouvelles à la main,’ or manuscript scandalous chronicles, which were circulated in the capital, and throughout the provinces, at rates of subscription from six to nine and twelve francs monthly. Under Louis XV. the police busied itself in penetrating all the scandalous secrets of Paris life for the amusement of the jaded voluptuary on the throne. The systematic violation of the secrecy of letters was regarded as a natural right of the Government, and the discoveries made by these disgraceful methods were doubtless often turned to the purposes of private vengeance, ambitious intrigue, and arbitrary power, with its ever-ready instrument of ‘lettres de cachet.’ These portentous warrants—sometimes of imprisonment which might be perpetual—were signed in blank, as a matter of course, by the monarch, and left to be filled up at discretion by his ministers, or his ministers’ lackeys, or those to whom his ministers, or his ministers’ lackeys, might give or sell them. More than 150,000 of these documents are said to have been issued under the sign-manual of Louis XV., 14,000 even under that of the mild Louis XVI.\* It need scarcely be asked in what school the Revolutionists learned their processes of arbitrary arrest and unlimited incarceration. They bettered the instruction indeed by massacre; but that was the only addition, unless in extended scale of operation, they could well make to the processes of lawless power.

\* It must be observed, in order to render the above figures credible, first, that a second ‘lettre de cachet’ had to be issued, to liberate prisoners *en Bastille* by a first; secondly, that the larger proportion of these royal mandates were not issued for imprisonment in the Bastille, but for exile from Paris.

The utter destruction of all that remained of the *prestige* of royalty — of 'that divinity which doth hedge a king' — by the otherwise contemptible (but unchecked) rabble-march on the Tuileries of the 20th of June, and the not less contemptible (but unresisted) rabble-siege of the Tuileries of the 10th of August—was accompanied by an entire revolution in the police of Paris, as in the administration of France:—

'The legal municipality,' says Professor Schmidt, 'was superseded by an insurgent Commune, which arrogated to itself all power, acknowledged no authority, and assumed into its hands the government of the whole of France. The police, the proper function of which was the maintenance of public order, the prevention or repression of crime, on a sudden itself became disorderly and criminal—passed in great part from the hands of the municipality into those of the sections, and from those of the sections into those of the clubs which domineered over them. During this monstrous metamorphosis it declared the city of Paris *en masse* in a state of suspicion, performed domiciliary visits in all directions, crammed the prisons with innocent victims, suborned and perpetrated the massacres of September, openly set at defiance the Legislative Assembly as afterwards the Convention, annulled the authority, co-ordinate with its own, of the Department, and paralysed the action of the ministerial government—the power of the executive Council of the State.'

Under such circumstances, secret police communications to the nominal Executive Power could have no more efficacy for the prevention of crime, or the preservation of order, than the impotent moralisings of a Greek tragic chorus. Accordingly, Roland, as Minister of the Interior and member of the Executive Council, gave up all hopes of doing anything with the police—which had, indeed, been wrenched from his hands—and set up as a counterpoise to the anarchical omnipotence of the Commune, clubs, and sections, what he called a 'Bureau d'esprit public,' for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge throughout France on political subjects. Such an idea was amiably characteristic of the Gironde, who never lost the illusion that murder and rapine, freed from the fear of law, could be restrained by words spoken or written. 'Madame Roland,' says Dumont, in his '*Souvenirs sur Mirabeau*,' 'was too fond of writing, and incited her husband also to scribbling without end. It was the Ministry of political penmen. A single good journal would have served the Girondins better than did all the swarms of scribblers subsidised by the Minister of the Interior, under the notion of enlightening the nation and forming public opinion.'

Public opinion, indeed, in Paris, as in the provinces—(all that deserved the name)—was already pre-enlisted on the side of Public Order. The problem was, to give legal organs and legal



force to it; and that problem the Girondins never fairly grappled with or worked out.

When Garat, on the fall of Roland, suffered himself to be pitchforked into the Ministry of the Interior, he often, and with great justice, complained that the National Convention neither bestowed power, nor confidence, nor *agents* on that Ministry; that it left, in fact, all practical power in the hands of the Commune, which had the usurped attribute of arbitrary arrests, and the armed force of the sections, at its disposal. 'All these exorbitant powers,' said Garat, in his conversations with the Girondins, 'were granted against kings; and why are they left in the hands of the Commune, now that there are no kings? You leave the Executive Council, composed of your friends, powerless; and you leave the Commune, composed of your enemies, all-powerful. Make haste to organize a Government, such as shall possess force and merit confidence.'

'But why,' Professor Schmidt asks, with not less justice, 'why did Garat, on this subject, confine himself to private conversations with one or other member of the Convention of his acquaintance? Why did he not make his well-founded complaints heard in the Convention itself?' Why, we would add, had not the Ministry the power of making itself heard there regularly? That arena was, most mischievously, left to 'independent members,' who have been described by a British Minister as 'members there is no depending on.' Had even a Minister with so little pluck and bottom as Garat possessed seat and voice as a Ministerial leader in the Convention, instead of appearing before it only when he was summoned, or only on some special and instantly-alarming emergency, is it possible he should have left to an independent member (Gensonné) to bring forward, unsupported, a motion for placing in the hands of the Executive Council the power of calling out the armed force, which it did not possess, which the Commune did possess, and used—we all know how? Is it possible that even a Minister like Garat should not have made a Cabinet question of such a motion?—a course in which he would have, most unquestionably, been backed by a majority in the Convention. As a substitute for the only effective constitutional remedy for the situation, which would have been supplied by the presence of Ministers in the House, Garat declared his opinion (as usual, without attempting to get it acted on) that the Executive Council had better be suppressed altogether, and the Convention take into its own hands, through its Committees, the execution of the laws and the disposal of the armed forces of the metropolis. The Girondins having then the majority in the Convention, and its Committees, might have  
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got the start of Robespierre, who established his tyranny on precisely the same basis. The Gironde left to the Mountain, as represented by Robespierre, to propose later the transfer of the whole powers of administration to the afterwards too-famous Committees, on the very substantial ground that 'a Government was needed, of which all the parts should be in contact; and that there had hitherto existed between the Executive power and the Convention a barrier which prevented that unity of action which formed the essential force of a Government.' From the date of that transfer, the seat of political initiative and executive action may be said to have been transferred from the anarchical absolutism of the Commune to the Terrorist absolutism of the Committee of Public Safety, wielded in effect by Robespierre.

We have seen that Revolutionary legislation had completely disabled the nominal holders of executive power in France, either for taking charge of public measures in Parliament, or for calling public force in aid of effective administrative action. They were neither in a position personally to press the passing of measures of public urgency, nor to secure the execution of such measures, even had they been passed. What was left them? A rôle unfortunately congenial to Garat's natural disposition—that of passive *observation* of the unchecked progress of anarchy towards tyranny. Garat organized what he called 'a system of observation for the departments and for Paris'—a pale reproduction of the system of secret police of Louis XV.—with the important exception of the *Cabinet Noir* at the Post-office. That department of *espionnage*, with all its persecuting and plundering opportunities, the Commune had taken good care to keep in its own hands.

Under these circumstances, Garat gave himself the sterile satisfaction of secretly organizing a corps of 'Commissaires observateurs locaux du département de Paris.' The object was to keep the Home Minister, by daily reports, *au courant* of all that was said and done in Paris. Garat's corps of 'Commissaires observateurs' consisted of at least seven. Amongst the reports of these observers, published by Professor Schmidt, the most original in character, and in all respects the most deserving of notice, are those of Citizen Dutard, extending only over the short period from April 30th to June 25th, 1793, a period including the last unequal struggles and final fall of the Gironde. Dutard had exercised the profession of an advocate at Bordeaux and Paris, and, it seems, had owed obligations to Garat's family. There is much good sense and evident good faith in Dutard's reports, and he seems to have done all that a humble friend could do to stir his patron to action. His reports afford ample confirmation

tion to every other trustworthy contemporary authority that there was in Paris, as well as in the departments, an enormous preponderance of force, as well as of opinion, ready to array itself against the Jacobin populace-tyranny. But that force was without organization, and without leaders. Revolutionary legislation, which had let all the administrative powers of the State drop into the hands of the populace, had helped the Jacobins to both. The Jacobins, therefore, triumphed.

The worst firebrand of civil discord—the only one indeed which could have kindled anything like intestine war in France in the first years of a revolution which had thrown to the popular masses the bait of material benefits partly real, partly illusory, from the overthrow of the old order of things—was the *religious* firebrand lighted by the Constituent Assembly in its civil constitution of the clergy, and hurled far and wide among the millions of adherents pure and simple to the Church (who had also, including the great body of the *curés*, been adherents of the Revolution), by the savage spirit of persecution with which the first mistaken measures of the first Assembly were followed up by the second, by the revolutionised Commune of Paris, and by the National Convention. Very vivid are the impressions communicated by Dutard's reports of the oppressive effects of the interdict attempted to be enforced by the Commune and the revolutionary committees of the sections on the popular religious fêtes and processions which had been customary in Paris from time immemorial. The Kings of France had always figured in the procession of the Fête-Dieu (Corpus Christi day), the greatest and most popularly-honoured annual solemnity of the Catholic Church in Paris. In 1791 this religious anniversary happened to fall on the days of Louis XVI.'s ill-starred flight to Varennes. The King's place in the procession was taken by the President of the National Assembly—at that time, by a curious freak of destiny, the Marquis Alexandre de Beauharnais.

'Who could have predicted at that time,' says M. Mortimer-Ternaux, 'to that simple member of the Assembly, separated from his colleagues in the procession only by an interval of a few paces (but whom that interval designated for the day as the representative of French royalty), that, sixty years later, his grandson should be invested with the imperial purple, and with sovereign power in France for himself and his heirs [?], by virtue of a constitution, the *ninth* in succession to that which the Constituent Assembly was then engaged in completing?'

'The Fête-Dieu is at hand,' Dutard writes to Garat, on the 25th May, 1793—

'Remember,

‘Remember, that it was at this time last year Petion, the popular idol, was pelted by the sans-culottes of Arcis for having put forth an ordonnance that people on that day should be free to work, or not to work, as they pleased. Remember that, at the same anniversary, the sans-culottes of Paris debated for some days whether they should not stone Manuel for having dared to print that they should be free to hang out tapestry from their windows or not.’

It was on that occasion Camille Desmoulins addressed to his friend the Procureur of the Commune the ironical caution—‘Mind what you are about, friend Manuel! *les rois sont mûrs—le bon Dieu ne l’est pas encore!*’

The fête-day recurred, in 1793, just on the eve of the final Jacobin movement against the Gironde, begun on the 31st May, and consummated on the 2nd June. The revolutionary municipals did their worst to prevent the usual processions and decorations. The Paris population generally, however, persevered, under difficulties, in honouring the day as heretofore. The processions, indeed, were shorn of all their official pride, pomp, and circumstance. The line of march was headed by no representative of the democratic supremacy of the moment. Only the priests led, and the people followed:

‘The countenances of the assistants plainly spoke their feelings. There was an involuntary contrast of things as they were with things as they had been—a sense of privation by the arbitrary abolition of the most splendid ceremony of the Church. I observed also,’ adds Dutard, ‘regret at the loss of the accustomed profits which this and other fêtes produced to thousands of workpeople. The people of all grades, and all ages, were silent, shamed, depressed. Some had tears in their eyes. The priests and cortège seemed well pleased with the reception given them.’

What results most clearly from the personal observations of the most intelligent of Garat’s secret police, is the warning example against pushing political animosities and resentments to such a pitch as to preclude united action against worse enemies in a common cause. A trivial enough instance of this ever-recurring French foible is afforded in the following report of Dutard to Garat, 30th April, 1793:—

‘Yesterday, in the Palais Égalité, a young man who, by his bearing [*par son moral*] seemed to me to be a *Brissotin* or an *aristocrat*, got into a quarrel with a Jacobin. The former had trod on the tail of the latter’s dog; and for this cause a serious affair was on the point of arising between them. The Jacobin had a long sword, the aristocrat none. The latter at first put a good face on the matter, but at last turned pale and apologized.

‘You will ask me how it could happen that a dozen Jacobins should have

- have intimidated two or three hundred aristocrats. [It may be observed that Dutard's "aristocrats," at this epoch, like Fréron's "*jeunesse dorée*" at a later epoch, seem to include everybody with a hat and coat.] *It is because the former have a rallying-point, and the latter have none.* It is because the aristocrats are still divided amongst themselves. All alike are open-mouthed against the massacrers ["*les tueurs*"]—some of the more reasonable wish to unite with the sound part of the Convention—but the majority resists. Their heads are still full of all the old quarrels—their tongues are still wagging against the Guadets, the Vergniauds, and so on.'

Dutard's reports supply some curious and amusing details of the sort of pressure from without which carried the too famous law of the maximum—a law which pretended to fix maximum prices for the first necessities of life. Ducos had argued in the Convention with convincing force (to instructed minds) that if you insist on fixing a maximum price for grain, you must fix it for everything else. He showed that the cause of the high prices of necessities was the excessive issue of assignats—which, being inconvertible into specie, necessarily became depreciated.\* To attempt to remedy this by fixing the price of corn and provisions was illusory; the only real remedy was reduction of the issues of paper. But the populace of Paris, and the patriotic women and girls of Versailles, thought otherwise; they invaded the Convention with all their charms on the 2nd May, 1793, and seemed to have formed the main body of the force which carried the maximum. 'The people,' says Dutard, 'has witnessed with satisfaction the sort of victory gained by the women of Versailles yesterday; but the Jacobins, for their part, do not mean to remain content with that victory.'

'The Versailleses evacuated the hall of the Convention about six o'clock, and traversed the length of the Château [of the Tuileries] as far as the *Grande Allée*. All the groups in the gardens dissolved in an instant—men, women, old, young, aristocrats, and Jacobins—it was who should run the fastest to see the Versailleses pass. I was

\* Another cause of high prices of agricultural produce, since the outbreaking of the Revolution, was the considerable decrease of agricultural production, owing to the successive sweeping measures of confiscation. The state and communal management of the confiscated landed property of the Church and the emigrants was so wretched, and their cultivation so crippled, that before the end of 1792 it was estimated that a twentieth part of the land previously under cultivation lay as good as waste. Those lands which came into the possession of petty holders without skill or capital thrived accordingly. The general derangement of the whole rural economy rendered it more and more difficult to supply from home—except the wants of Paris and the other great towns of France: and in 1793 and 1794 the frantic administration of the Terrorists (see *Gouverneur Morris*) laid outlays also on the American and other foreign commerce in French ports, which might to some extent have supplied the revolutionary deficiency of home production.

really

really quite ashamed to see people *comme il faut*, of all ages, of all ranks, scampering through the mud, and jumping over the puddles which had been formed by the rain that had fallen. And all to see a hundred or so of women walk in procession with a battered drum at their head.

'On reflection I felt ashamed to let myself be left behind, and ran like the rest. A pretty Versaillaise, who had observed that I had something about me that looked like gaiety, seized hold of my arm, saying—"If you are not an aristocrat, you will come along with us." The challenge was tempting; so I fell into the line of march, and accompanied them as far as the barrier. At the *Pont Tournant* [which formerly connected the Tuileries gardens with what is now the Place de la Concorde] we found the sides of the road crowded with men and women. I started the cry of *Vive la République* near a hundred times over (I play the fool pretty well when I set about it). But what was my surprise to find that the word struck a chill into all round me, and that none of these people—not even the blackguards of the street—echoed it!

'Arriving at the Champs Élysées, we passed a public-house with an awning outside it. Under this awning about sixty persons had assembled for shelter from the rain. Of the sixty, forty at least had the air of aristocrats. At this point I amused myself by setting my *sans-culottes* by the ears with the *gens culottés*. These good people looked rather like dogs when, to provoke them, you crook your fingers in guise of claws. They half-grinned, but never could be got to cry "*Vive la République!*"—" *Vivent les sans-culottes!*"—" *Vivent les gens de Versailles!*"

'We halted at the barrier, all carrying branches of trees. I forgot to mention that a flag preceded us, bearing in large and legible characters the inscription—"We bring you a decree fixing the price of corn." Here then we halted, and fell into each other's arms promiscuously. I received a hundred compliments and invitations to come to Versailles, and for my own share kissed at least sixty citizenesses.

'I returned in company with a baker's daughter, about sixteen years of age. She talked to me all the way of nothing but the sittings of the Jacobins. "My papa goes to every sitting of the club almost, and mamma is much pleased when papa has other business, for then she goes instead. I think it very hard (*je suis très-privée*) that I mayn't too. Things can't go on this way very long—we will wait just a little longer—but if the *côté droit* [at that epoch Girondin] don't convert itself, it may get the worst" (*ça pourra bien aller mal pour lui*).'

Sternly menaced for sweet sixteen! And the menace was too soon verified; and thus did Versailles send its States'-girls to bully the squeezeable Convention—to press on them the reluctant passing of the *Law of the Maximum*—the Law of Famine, which, if it fed nothing else, daily fed the guillotine.

Let



Let it be owned, that the direful depreciation of the assignats furnished too fair an excuse of the popular pressure for the maximum. But the effect of decreeing maximum paper prices for the first necessities of life was simply that those selfish *accapareurs*, the farmers and graziers, withheld their supplies of corn, cattle and forage from Paris. They uncivically declined to supply money's worth for fixed prices in worthless paper. Thence the protracted scarcity, notwithstanding the most lavish municipal and State subsidies to provision Paris. It was a state of siege, self-inflicted, without besiegers. Thence the spectacle of those long-suffering *queues* at the bakers' and butchers' shops, which Paris has seen renewed so recently under German pressure from without. Thence the hungry readiness to follow the monomaniac Marat's murdering and plundering counsels; thence, from the unsatisfied rage of hunger, the thirst for blood. The successful demagogues of the day always made it an article of charge against their last precursors that they had conspired to starve Paris. And at every fresh *fournée* of victims, whether aristocrat or Jacobin, the Political Women always promised themselves that they should have cheap bread.

The precious regimen of *assignats*, tempered by a maximum, produced a state of things which drove the working class to desperation. The flight from Paris of a large proportion of the wealthier classes, who had been the most considerable employers of labour and purchasers of its products, completed their misery. Evidence on these points abounds in the secret police reports before us. A report of Dutard, 2nd May, 1793, gives the following instance:—

'A sturdy locksmith, one of those blunt discoursers who have a good deal of dry humour, said:—I work in iron; if any one will prove to me that I can live on iron, I shall be satisfied; but as it is, if the *gros bourgeois*, if the rich proprietor, refuses me bread, I shall say to him, "B —, I don't care a fig for your assignats—what I want is bread; I give you iron, I give you my labour, on condition you give me, not assignats, but bread."'

Some nine months later—that is to say, in the thick of the Terror (February, 1794)—we find the following passage in a report of another police 'observer.' It must be admitted that these reports, in the strict sense of the word, may be termed 'trivial'—the materials for them are picked up for the most part in the public thoroughfares—but they are not the less illustrative of the sort of life-in-death of the dismal epoch before us:—

'A group of workpeople, amongst whom were carvers and gilders, were complaining that they had been a long time out of work. "How should we have work," said they, "when all the rich, whether patriots  
or

or no, are clapped in prison, and the only workpeople now who can get a living are those employed by the army-contractors?" "That won't last long," replied another; "there is a commission to inspect the cases of those who have been unjustly imprisoned; and as soon as they are released you will see they will find employment for the hands of the poor."

The Paris workpeople had some five months to wait—till the fall of Robespierre—for the first partial realisation of their modest hopes for the good of trade by the liberation of rich customers from wholesale incarceration. Poor people! they lived and died before the enlightened days of that new economic science which has demonstrated, with such cogent logic, that rich customers are no good to trade—that '*demand for commodities is no demand for labour.*'

Nothing more true, throughout the long dismal monotony of the Two Years' Terror, than M. Dauban's remark that the one word 'HUNGER' explains horrors inexplicable without it. We would only add one epithet to that sad substantive—*Ignorant Hunger*. It is remarked in the posthumously-published Continental journals of the late Mr. Nassau Senior, that England is the only country in Europe in which the visitations of cholera were not ascribed by the people to poison scattered about broadcast by some or other of their betters. The distinction is a happy one—confuting of itself many assertions one often hears of the deeper popular ignorance, and wider chasm between classes, in England than elsewhere. In Paris, during the dismal years of the Terror, 'a people mad with mistrust and misery'—we again cite M. Dauban—'credits all capital charges, applauds all capital executions. It asks for bread—they throw it carcasses. Its wrath is wild as its sufferings are sharp—and when did ever famine listen to reason? If the people is being famished, it is being famished purposely—it is being betrayed. Death to the monopolists! death to the traitors! The monopolists are the rich—the bourgeois—the peasants: the traitors are their own chiefs, civil and military. The history of reiterated political ingratitude and political iniquity—the history of wholesale slaughter, sacrificing alike innocent and guilty, old and young, friend and enemy—and, lastly, those who drew the proscription-lists themselves—has never hitherto had its true name given it—the HISTORY OF FAMINE.'

It so happened that the policy which in a manner forced itself on the men who wielded the Terror, was a policy precisely congenial to the nature of its pre-eminently Representative Man. That man may be regarded as the very incarnation



tion of revolutionary 'Preternatural Suspicion' \*—of seemingly sincere disbelief of any possible Public Virtue but his own, or that of his most obsequious and unwavering *suites*. It was early predicted of him, on his first undistinguished appearances in the Constituent Assembly—"Cet homme ira loin, car il croit tout ce qu'il dit." Robespierre profoundly believed in Rousseau's apocryphal political gospel of the 'Contrat social.' But, above all things, and all men, he profoundly believed in Maximilian Robespierre. As that latter belief of his was never partaken by men of more liberal culture or more genial temperament, Robespierre had the stimulus of irritated self-love, as well as 'Preternatural Suspicion,' to make him feel quite in his element as denouncer-in-chief of victims to the political justice of the Paris populace. There was no moral reason either in his temper or theirs, why the process of 'épuration,' whose crucible was the guillotine, should not have gone on, so long as that populace and its chosen chief believed in its efficacy. The physical obstacle to the indefinite duration of the Terror, was that the number of heads available for its daily consumption was, after all, limited, and that every member, even of the passive 'Plain,' in the National Convention, was beginning to ask himself how long his own head was safe on his shoulders.

There is nothing more clearly demonstrated, as we have already remarked, in the intelligently written portions of the police reports before us than that there existed, at any moment previous to the complete establishment of the Reign of Terror, available forces amply sufficient, had they been brought into action, to have driven the Terrorists back in discomfiture into the obscure haunts from whence they issued. Months after the 10th of August, months even after the 21st of January, the available effective force was never wanting—had there existed anywhere authority and energy to muster and lead it—to have formed an Army of Order fully able to put down Mob Rule.†

The

\* Carlyle.

† The 'Papiers posthumes' of the unfortunate Rossel—martyr to the Communal cause, of which he frankly acknowledged himself to have been the dupe—contain the following striking and unsuspecting testimony to the same posterous state of things in the Paris of 1871 as in the Paris of 1792-3, viz. the shameful subjugation of preponderant moral and physical forces under rabble-rule, through mere lack of leaders, union, and organization:—

'Il y avait dans Paris, au 18 mars (c'est un compte dont je sais l'exactitude), soixante bataillons révolutionnaires; il y avait quatre-vingt-dix bataillons entièrement conservateurs. Le reste était partagé, et incapable d'avoir une action décisive. Les quatre-vingt-dix bataillons conservateurs étaient plus anciennement formés, mieux équipés, mieux armés que les révolutionnaires; ils étaient également nombreux, ils étaient mieux commandés et plus disciplinés. Seulement ces indignes citoyens

The *tourbe révolutionnaire* by which Paris, in 1792-3, passively suffered itself to be disarmed, man by man, and house by house, was certainly and consciously inferior—not only in intellectual but in physical force—to the great body of the comparatively instructed and possessed classes, whom Danton, Robespierre, and the rest, set themselves systematically to lay prostrate under the heel of a jacobinised proletariat.

The character of Danton he that runs may read, if he will read it in the original and authentic records of the man Danton's own words and deeds. Human nature has been said to have much of the beast in it, and some of the devil. It may be said of Danton's nature that it had more of the animal and less of the diabolical, while Robespierre's, if less of the former, had more of the latter. Danton had nothing of the atrabilious temperament or political fanaticism requisite to have made him a sincere zealot of proscription and massacre. He let loose both indeed deliberately over the length and breadth of France. But it was simply to preserve his populace-leadership in Paris. Populace-leadership in Paris meant prolonged enjoyment for Danton—first, of bribes from the Court to avert risings of the populace; secondly, of the lion's share of public plunder after their triumph.

The first appearances of Danton in Paris politics stamped the reckless and truthless demagogue. He was elected a member of the Council-General of the Commune in September 1790 by the section of the Théâtre Français. Five months later, in February 1791, he contrived to get himself elected into the Council-General of the Department—a body instituted as a sort of Conservative Senate, to keep the democratic Commune in check. Here Danton found himself in a minority of one for the most part. On the 18th April of that year, Louis XVI., wishing apparently to ascertain by experiment whether he was, or was not, a prisoner in his own palace, set out *en carrosse* to pass a few days at St. Cloud, whereupon arose a furious *émeute*, and the royal party were forced back to the Tuileries, notwithstanding all the efforts of Bailly and Lafayette to coax the mob and clear the way.

On the 28th April, Danton denounced to his Section (that of the Théâtre Français) the conduct held by Lafayette and Bailly on the 18th. This denunciation was placarded by the Section

citoyens ont l'habitude de s'en remettre à l'armée et à la police, qui sont chargées de se faire tuer pour l'ordre. Mais il y a des moments où la police est sur les dents, où l'armée ne comprend pas bien de quel côté est son devoir, ou si son devoir n'est pas de rester tranquille. A ces moments-là, le pavé de Paris est au premier occupant.' ('*Rossel—Papiers posthumes recueillis et annotés, par Jules Amigues, Paris, 1871.*)

all over Paris, and Danton's part in the matter was brought formally before the Department. The Report (published for the first time by Professor Schmidt) of the sitting of the Council-General of that body on the subject demolishes the falsities and fanfaronnades which had found their way into history from the Paris journals of that day, prompted and inspired by Danton. Those journals \* had asserted that

'Lafayette and Bailly solicited the Department to proclaim martial law, and authorise firing on the people. BUT DANTON WAS THERE. He prostrated them at once [*il les a terrassés*]; he pulverised the demand with the thunders of his popular eloquence. He carried the rejection of the resolution for martial law. Lafayette left the room full of rage.'

At the above-mentioned meeting of the Council-General of the Department a formal declaration was drawn up—first, that, on the 18th April, *two* sittings had been held of that body. At the first of those sittings, which was being held at the moment when the mob round the palace were putting their veto on the excursion of the King to St. Cloud, *M. Danton was not present*. [For the very sufficient reason that he *was* present at the Tuileries, and taking part with the mob, at the head of his battalion of the National Guard.] Secondly, that it was false that, at that sitting, any demand had been made on the part of the Mayor of Paris (Bailly) or the Commandant-General of the National Guard (Lafayette) to be authorised by proclamation of martial law to fire on the people. Thirdly, that the second sitting had taken place after the King had given up his intended excursion. At that sitting, at which M. Danton was present with other members, nobody had asked for any order or authority to fire on the people; and as the assemblage had by that time dispersed, there remained no motive for any such application. Danton made a lame explanation, and the matter dropped.

Danton has been described as a Mirabeau *en moins grand et en plus laid*. But Mirabeau had the genuine aristocratic virtue of abhorring, in his heart, revolutionary disorder and violence, though he lent his tongue, at some critical moments, to promote or palliate them. Mirabeau's main effort went to bridle Revolution before it should irrecoverably convulse France—Danton's to unbridle Revolution till it should elevate and enrich Danton. That effected, he was the sort of revolutionary lion that would willingly have lain down with the lamb. Land and beeves—*domus et placens uxor* (the second)—as well as a certain

\* Camille Desmoulins' 'Révolutions de France et de Brabant,' Fréron's 'Orateur du Peuple,' &c.

self-indulgent good-nature in the man himself, and a clear and acute perception of the hollowness of the ochlocratic bubble he had been blowing—were rapidly converting Danton, in his last days, into something as like an easy-going Conservative country gentleman as any one in France could well be in *An II.* of the Republic one and indivisible. But he reckoned without his host. The wakeful and vindictive malice of Robespierre had been roused by the lenient velleities and the ill-concealed contempt of Danton for the *âneries* of the great Jacobin Incorruptible. And whom Robespierre spited he never failed to strike down—till his last fatal failure.\*

That a worthless, possessionless, brainless minority—Mr. Bright's true 'residuum'—could ride roughshod over all that had sense or substance in Paris, and throughout France, during the eighteen months or two years of the Terror, was owing, as we have already indicated, simply and solely to organization on one side, want of organization and isolation on the other. The scoundrels who had scent of blood and plunder were banded, and, fatally for France, badged with the insignia of municipal office; the honest working men and substantial citizens were scattered unofficial units. They had lost the protection of the old royal government, and did not know (till they came to feel) all that was involved in the experiment of cutting an old kingdom to pieces, in order to stew it into a new Republic.

'There is not the slightest doubt,' says M. Dauban, 'that if the citizens of Paris who were then under arms [on the 2nd of June, 1793, which completed the fall of the Gironde] had been informed of the courageous stand which was being made for hours in the Convention by Lanjuinais, Isnard, and others

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\* A shrewd observer, Gouverneur Morris, has left the following observations on the fall of Danton, which occurred during his stay in France. They read curiously at the present day from their at least partial variance with the revolutionary mythology of which eminent pens have made Danton the hero. But they transmit impressions which must be supposed to have been current in France at the time Morris wrote them down for the information of his official chief, Edmund Randolph:—

'Danton always believed, and what is worse as to himself at least, always maintained, that a popular system of government for this country [France] was absurd; that the people were too ignorant, too inconstant, and too corrupt to support a legal administration; that, habituated to obey, they required a master; and that, even had they been educated in the principles of freedom, and joined to the energy of sentiment the force of habit, yet, like ancient Rome, they had reached the period in which Cato was a madman, and Cæsar a necessary evil. His conduct was in perfect unison with those principles when he acted; but he was too voluptuous for his ambition, too indolent to acquire supreme power. Moreover, his object seems rather to have been great wealth than great fame. He has fallen at the feet of Robespierre.'\*

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\* 'Life and Writings of Gouverneur Morris,' by Jared Sparks, vol. i. p. 42.



against the conspiracy, the day of the 2nd of June would have had a very different termination. Blood would have flowed, doubtless—but how much blood would have been spared!—how much shame would have been spared to the French name—nay to human nature itself!

The superior order of the Paris workpeople, as well as the *bourgeoisie*, belonged, and felt they belonged, to the classes interested in preventing public confusion. The reports, already cited, of the police 'observer' Dutard, give some curious instances of the feelings prevailing amongst those classes just on the eve of the decisive Jacobin triumph over the Gironde—a triumph which nothing prevented from being decided the other way, but the sad fact that the friends of Order were isolated, and its foes combined; that the party still in nominal possession of power—the Gironde—had no conception of a practical line of action, or no nerve to strike into it; while the party in pursuit of power, *per fas aut nefas*, had at least those faculties for its attainment and remorseless exercise.

'Yesterday,' writes Dutard [28 May, 1793], 'I was at the Montagne Ste. Geneviève, at a bookbinder's—a very honest and very industrious man. He had formerly been of the Jacobin party himself—that is to say, he loved above all things liberty and the Revolution. I have often had conversations with him before, but I never found him so reasonable as I did yesterday. I ought to observe that work is beginning to fail him—he has been struck by the current rumours and newspaper announcements that the faction would level all conditions. This honest man is not rich, but he has a modest apartment of his own, comfortably furnished—his workshop and an *avant-boutique* which contains his merchandise. He has two little children, and, to save the expense of servants, he does his cooking himself since his wife is dead. He possesses *force assignats*, and perhaps some *louis*. He spoke to me yesterday pretty much in the following terms—"M. Didot is richer than I, but if they would give me his fortune to-morrow I would not take it; and if, on the other hand, they proposed to take it away from him to give it to some one else who had nothing, I should oppose that too, because I feel that M. Didot owes his fortune to his labour, to his industry, economy, &c. Let those who have nothing do as M. Didot has done—as I have done, though I have little—let him work to get something. Is it not scandalous that they want to substitute for the bourgeois, *avocats*, &c., all the common workpeople employed on the church of Ste. Geneviève? Is it by people of that sort they mean us to be governed in future?"

'Another true *sans-culotte* with whom I supped yesterday, near the Cour St. Martin, who had nothing but his daily labour to live upon, held pretty much the same style of reasoning. His wife, whose ruling passion is to *lie soft*, and put as many as four mattresses on her bed, said to me—"Ma *foi*, they say that, to be a true *sans-culotte*, one should

should lie upon straw. At that rate I never shall be a true sans-culotte, for I love my bed hugely. Let others keep what they have—I mean, for one, to keep the little I have. I should like to see a stinkard [*un puant*] come and ask me to part with it! *Tiens*, they have combed off our small lice, and clapped big ones on instead, which bite much harder. The former were plump, comfortable, and kept quiet; these they now give us are meagre, eager, and would gnaw the devil to the bone. *Par exemple*, everything is grown too dear; it is no longer possible for the poor to live.” I wish you could have heard how this good lady tackled a sans-culotte commissary, who came to demand an extraordinary contribution. “*Veux-tu me . . . le camp?*—if I take the broomstick to you I’ll show you the difference. You’re a good one to come here asking money! Where did *you* study law—under a cabbage-leaf eaten bare by the caterpillars?” “Ah, ah!” cried the husband, laughing to split himself, “so the Père Duchesne is learning to *whistle* in prison!”

Unluckily, the Girondin Committee of Twelve, who had plucked up spirit enough to put Hébert and Dobsent in prison, could not contrive to keep them there, under the timorous and time-serving ministry of Garat. It may be sadly feared that our friend the sans-culotte and his wife, who liked so much to *lie soft*, found their next lodging at the Conciergerie for *lèse-Jacobinisme*, after the 2nd June had finally decided that the *puants* were uppermost, and should thenceforth lay all well-doing and well-to-do citizens under contribution to pay them forty sous a day for keeping them in daily terror.

The following passage affords additional illustration of the description of persons from amongst whom the *tourbe révolutionnaire* were chiefly recruited:—

‘Among the *classe enragée* there exists a sort of men who have no kind of prudence in the conduct of their own affairs. When they have 50 livres, they spend 50 livres; when they have only 5, they spend only 5. So that, spending habitually pretty much all they have, they save nothing—they accumulate nothing. Since the revolution this class has suffered greatly, and it is this class which fills the galleries of the popular societies, makes motions, collects groups, &c. At this day, what is the situation of these people? They have nothing—they have divested themselves by degrees of every article of furniture which flattered them with the notion of *some* fortune, of *some* possession. With what chance of a favourable or patient audience can you now propose to give these people *laws*? The staid and orderly man—the *modéré*, in a word—seems to them an oppressor. For they know well that, in any settled state of things, the man in decent circumstances, decently dressed, whose wife has gold ear-rings, a watch, a silver key-ring, a showy necklace—that all these individuals will enjoy a position of social superiority over those who are reduced to a state of destitution. Many of these people are in debt to their

baker, their butcher, their wine-dealer—nobody any longer will give them credit. They have wives they are tired of—children who are crying for bread, while their father is at the Jacobin club or the Tuileries.'

There is the true morbid anatomy of Revolution. The Desperate, at such epochs, soon shove aside, soon polish off (if the phrase be permitted), the earlier easy-going Revolutionists who have aught to lose:—

'These political *raisonneurs*,' writes Dutard, 'these habitual haranguers at the Café Caveau, whenever they come my way, I pull them down from their high horse, by saying, "Where's your sabre? You have not got one? Well, then, hold your tongue!" Yesterday, a petit-maitre was saying, "They won't take away my arms, for I never had any." "Don't boast of that," said I; "there are forty thousand folks like you in Paris might say the same thing, and it does the good town of Paris little honour."'

The suburban auxiliaries of the *tourbe révolutionnaire* about that epoch are ominously described by the same observer as follows:—

'All the rabble in the environs run up to Paris at the first beat of the drum, in hopes of doing a lucrative stroke of business in one way or other. I have seen, within these few days, swarms of people attracted by the scent of game to Paris from Versailles, Neuilly, St. Germain-en-Laye, &c.

Soon after the decisive 2nd June, Dutard writes:—

'I called at the shop of a *marchand de vin*, where I stayed half an hour. His wife, whom I have always known as a *patriote enragée*, was declaiming against the Revolutionary Committee. The arbitrary disarmings, arrests, &c., have considerably disgusted her. Her husband besides finds himself taken for an aristocrat. "*C'est une infamie!*"'

On the 8th June, Dutard writes as follows:—

'In one of the groups of the Palais-Égalité a fellow in the uniform of the National Guard, but with his hair cut short round his head (which led to a surmise of other recent discipline), audacious in bearing, of visage pale and haggard, eyes sparkling with the fires of discord, sabre at side, and pair of pistols in belt, was declaiming vehemently on the anticipated arrival of ten thousand Bordelais, said to be on their march to Paris to claim their arrested deputies [the Girondins]. "*Ils n'en sauteront pas moins le pas,*" exclaimed this *spadassin*. "I too am a Bordelais, and it is by these Bordelais themselves they will be escorted to the scaffold." [The sinister prediction proved only too true: the provincial *faibles* invited to Paris to protect the legislature were speedily Jacobinised by the clubs and committees organized to oppress it! "Yes" preceded this worthy, recurring to the September massacres, "all my concern is that they did



did not last longer. But *ça recommencera*—only wait some fifteen days or so.” The monster’s language was visibly repudiated by those who heard it. But their tongues remained mute. After that, don’t tell me *fear* is not the ready accomplice of every ruffian who would deprive his country of its liberty. Don’t tell me that a people thus sheepish is not ever on the verge of losing that liberty.’

13th June :—

‘The wife of a perruquier of my acquaintance, a woman of some wit and amiability, said to me—“Servants are vile creatures! I never hated them so as since this revolution. They come here daily tattling, and telling all sorts of tales of their masters. I have known some of them who had received benefits from those very masters, some who were receiving them still. It is all one—nothing stops their tongues . . . .”

‘Two or three priests were returning from a sad office. The first of them happened to knock with his silver cross against a porter carrying a load,—“*Eh bien, toi!*—where art thou coming to with thy cross?” “*Chut!*” said his comrade: “*c’est le bon Dieu!*” “*Bah!*” was the rejoinder, “*le bon Dieu!* *Il n’y a plus de bon Dieu!*” “*On parle de Dieu,*” said a woman, “*mais Dieu est de l’aristocratie.*”

In the sitting of the Convention of the 25th August, 1793, a deputation of teachers and school-children was admitted to the bar. One of the latter acted as spokesman. This precocious protopostle of secular education demanded for himself and his fellows that they should be preached to no longer in the name of a *soi-disant Dieu*, but should receive instruction in the principles of equality, the constitution of 1793, and the Rights of Man. The demand was graciously received, and promptly acted on. It was not only decreed that the Constitution should be taught in the schools (a Constitution, by the way, the coming of which into actual operation had been adjourned by the same authority *sine die*, or so long as ‘revolutionary government’ should continue to be deemed necessary), but the memory of school-children was loaded with the principal productions of the patriotic eloquence of the time.\*

‘*C’est le peuple bête qu’on remarque partout,*’ says the same police-observer.

‘Now that they see things are not going as they had imagined, their self-love is strangely wounded, their ambition desperate. For it is to be remarked that every single individual amongst the people, since the revolution, has, according to his condition, constructed for himself his own little *château en Espagne*. What a contrast to what they looked for before, when they now look behind them! They seem to say to you—“We had been promised such great things, we

\* Dauban, vol. i. p. 350.

were all to be happy—AND WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN, WERE IT NOT FOR THE TRAITORS. I should have acquired independence. I should have acquired perhaps fortune: and, instead of that, I have run through the little I had. What shall I do to get it back?" &c.'

Take the following darker development of what we may term Disappointed Revolutionism:—

'These executions,' says Dutard, with frightful coolness, 'serve to CALM the resentment of the people for the ills they experience. It is there they wreak their vengeance for all they have themselves suffered. The wife who has lost her husband, the father who has lost his son, the tradesman who has lost his trade, the workman who pays so dear for everything that his wages are reduced almost to nothing—can only be brought to bear patiently the ills they experience by the sight of human beings more unhappy even than themselves, and in whom they have been taught to believe they see their enemies.'

The Political Women, above all—the terror of the *weaker sex* in the galleries of the Convention and the Jacobin Club—made their shrill voices heard (many of them, doubtless, had children at home crying in vain for bread) in demand for more and more convictions and executions, in delight at every new *journée* of their former favourites sent to the guillotine.

'The great art of demagogues in all ages,' observes M. Dauban, 'is to divert the multitude from the sense of its own privations by exciting its jealousies and resentments. Thus it won't do to say to it that the scarcity it suffers proceeds from the insufficiency of the harvest—from the excessive drought, or excessive humidity—from some natural cause, in short. The suffering people would not rest content with any such simple explanations. It suffers; therefore it is strongly disposed to distrust or detest all whom it supposes more at ease, or less badly off than itself. It is exasperated; therefore, like the angry child, it must needs find something to break in pieces. The demagogues eagerly compete to furnish it some object on which its fury may wreak itself, and even, in their precipitation to court its favour, are ready to offer up one another to its vengeance.'

'Near the Champs Élysées,' says one of the Police Reports before us [25th March, 1794], 'a journal was being read in which mention was made of Chaumette [then under arrest, who had been one of the most prominent ringleaders of the Commune]. Almost all the women, who stopped to listen, said—"Oh, as for him, I shall go to see him guillotined; he is a rascal, who, with all his fine speeches, wanted to starve Paris."'

'Hébert,' says M. Dauban, 'had urged the execution of the Girondins, the execution of the Queen, by publishing in his *Père Duchesne*, "Bread has been found in the sewers; meat has been thrown in the river; the conspirators and their abettors seek to starve the people. Their death will be followed by the return

return of plenty and prosperity.” The very same language was held in turn against Hébert himself,—it is the only language that can be held with any effect to a famished and ignorant democracy.

‘The report has been current,’ says another of the police “observers” before us, ‘that a commissary of police had found in Hébert’s house nearly a hundred pounds of salt pork, which, in spite of the remonstrances of the *Père Duchesne*, he had caused to be sold to the people, at the rate of 15 sous the pound, at the house door . . .

‘The hawkers were crying in one of the suburbs the arrest of the *Père Duchesne*. “He too is a traitor, then,” said some sans-culottes, male and female; “*allons vite!*—let him be led to the guillotine. *Ah, les coquins! ah, les scélérats!*” they exclaimed, “let them be brought out—let them perish! It has been rightly said,” they added, “that it is only Saint Guillotine can save us.”

‘In the *Marché du Faubourg Antoine* a fruit-woman distributed 6200 eggs. There was a legion of women marketing, each of whom got some. No untoward incident happened, though there was no guard on duty, and the citizennes made the remark that “since the *Père Duchesne* smokes his pipe no longer, market-women fall out less among themselves—they don’t . . . fisticuffs at each other, as they did a week or so back.

‘It was reported to-day [19th March, 1794] that more than 50 cart-loads of butter and eggs had come in to provision Paris. “See,” said a good woman, “since these rogues have been taken up, provisions abound. *Oh! pour le coup, nous pouvons dire que cela va.* Would it not be as well,” added this Political Woman, “to make a clean sweep of the members of the Commune altogether; since there is reason to believe that they are all implicated more or less?” “Oh certainly,” said a citizen, “it would be well to put them all under arrest provisionally. . . .”

‘In all the groups in the National Gardens, nothing was talked of but provisions, and the scarcity of provisions was exclusively ascribed to Hébert and his clique.’

The ‘observer,’ *Pourvoyeur*, writes as follows on the 19th February, 1794:—

‘A citizen in a group, this evening, said it was not just that the restaurateurs should be suffered, notwithstanding the dearth of meat, to have half an ox, a calf, or a sheep in their larders, while fathers of families could get nothing to put in the pot for their sick wives at home. This citizen demanded that no restaurateur should be suffered to have more meat by him than any other man. If he wants to give his customers something to eat, let him give them beans or potatoes. Plenty of honest citizens at this time are obliged to put up with such Lenten entertainment.’

Bacon writes on the 22nd February:—

‘A fruit-woman at the *Porte St. Denis*, who was detected in the possession

possession of some eggs and some pounds of butter, occasioned a concourse of women, who were on the point of strangling her as an *accapareuse*.\*

'The section of the "Indivisibilité" sent deputations this evening to the popular societies to announce to them that there were subterranean passages at the Hôtel de la Force, through which were driven live oxen, calves, sheep, &c., for the supply of the prisoners. Similar statements were made at the section of the "Droits de l'Homme" respecting the prison of the Carmes. "That's the way we are made game of," said some women near me; they give meat to the rich prisoners, and to us *pauvres diables* they give nothing at all. What do we want with all these aristocrats in the prisons? These wretches, who starve Paris, ought they not to have been brought to the guillotine by this time?"\*'

No one could possibly grudge the guillotine to the Chabots, Chaumettes, and Héberts. But the honest artisans and workpeople of Paris, as we have already partly seen, did grudge to the guillotine the throats of their innocent and opulent employers and customers. Bérard, one of the police 'observers,' at present under our review, honestly reports as follows to his official employers (22nd February, 1794):—

'It is the observer's duty to state the feelings and opinions of the people about the arrests. The people applauded, so long as the arrests were confined to suspected persons and rich "egoists;" but now that merchants who provided the means of subsistence for numbers of workpeople—now that fathers of families become the victims of ill-

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\* History, it is said, never repeats itself. Does it not? Compare the passages above cited with the following, which we translate from the useful little reprint entitled 'Les Clubs Rouges,' of the 'Journal des Débats' reports of the sittings of the popular societies in Paris, during the German siege of 1870-71:—

'DEMOCRATIC CLUB OF THE RUE CAPEL, 25TH NOV. 1870.—The citizen Walach denounced the luxury of certain members of the clergy, while the people of the poorer quarters are dying of hunger. There are individuals who gorge themselves, while others want bare necessities. "Some of these, I know," said the speaker, "have four dishes of meat at their dinner." *Mark of astonishment and indignation.* "Yes, I have seen, this very day, one of those guttlers singly swallow three dishes." *Never the guillotine.* The orator next denounced the *bourgeois*, who have walked up their collars, after having filled them with loaves of the malthus, and *monstres* of all sorts. *Cries of indignation—Il faut les guillotiner!*"

'CLUB OF THE MAXIMILIEN, LA VALLÉE, 11TH JAN. 1871.—A citizen, name unknown, claiming to be a member of the National Guard, spoke as follows:—"They have closed the *cafés* and *bars*, and do you know why? Because they have been selling the old shoes, hats, and other rare animals for the weight of gold to the speculators of the *Paris-Bourse*, to feed the stock-market and the *millionnaires* who speculate on the misery of the people. We—the *citoyens*—as they don't get on, we who are left with our 50 sous a week, with a bundle of potatoes and a loaf of bread for 2 francs!" The speaker then said he knew a *bourgeois* who, employed by the employees of the *Rue de la Harpe*, had sold this miserable *bourgeois* and a girl, while the ambulance appeared with its *cochons* and *chats* on its back, *l'ambulance*."

humour,

humour, personal animosity, and pretended patriotism—the people which feels that it is systematically sought to deprive it of those who enabled it to subsist, murmurs loudly against the violation of all republican laws and principles. “What is become,” asks one, “of that Commission, which was to liberate from imprisonment those who are detained unjustly?” “Don’t you see,” replied another, “that it was only to pacify and delude us that it was made believe that some such Commission was about to be named? If it existed, we should see who are those it releases from prison; but, on the contrary, ever since the day it was announced, we see a hundred and fifty or two hundred individuals arrested daily.” “Poor people,” exclaimed a third, “it is only to trick and tease you that they are always making believe they are about to resort to milder measures. It is only to tear you more completely to pieces. What they want is civil war; and we shall have it. No meat, no vegetables, no tradespeople, no rich, to feed or employ the poor!”

Latour-Lamontagne reports (23rd February, 1794):—

‘From all points of the Republic nothing is heard but complaints of the arrest of the most sincere patriots. No citizen who employed his fortune in the relief of the people, or his talents in their instruction, ever long escapes the inquisitorial researches of these new despots, who do not choose to permit the people to be relieved or instructed. If the Convention [poor Convention! in the fell grip of Robespierre and his Committee of Public Safety] does not make haste to detect and frustrate their criminal manœuvres, one sole resource—one sole consolation—is left to the man of good will, the man who is really penetrated with the love of his country. That resource is to seek a glorious death from the Austrian sword on the frontier, rather than endure the chains forging for us at home.’

Moncey reports (24th February, 1794):—

‘In the Café Hottau, on the Terrasse des Feuillants, many citizens were talking of the Revolutionary Committees of Paris—saying that the *intrigants*, who have been named members of those Committees, do incredible mischief by molesting and arresting better patriots than themselves. “The Revolutionary Committee of the section of the Montagne,” observed a citizen, “is one of those which ought to be purged; for I know three individuals in that Committee who are at the bottom of all the vexations practised by it, and who have continually caused good citizens to be imprisoned from private spite, rather than to serve the public cause.” “What are the names of those three members of the Committee of whom you speak?” asked a citizen. “Their names,” he said, “are Degoust, *coiffeur*, Forté, and Joubert; and I expect, if their conduct were closely examined, plenty of things would come out against them. As these three persons have plenty of words at command, and the other members of the Committee are good easy folks, they are always sure of carrying a majority with them.” “These are the sort of people,” said my indignant citizen, “who should be denounced at  
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the bar of the Convention, for the liberty and honour of good citizens are too precious to leave at the mercy of men of that description.”

Le Breton reports (1st March, 1794):—

‘Yesterday, on the Place de la Révolution, I came upon a pretty considerable group of men and women, compassionating the fate of two individuals about to be guillotined, and I heard them say, “Oh, my God! when shall we be tired of all this bloodshed?” Another answered, “When we shall have no more criminals.” A third struck in, “The death of a man is no great matter.” Another rejoined, “If people are to be guillotined for their thoughts, what multitudes must be caused to perish!” Lastly, some one said, “Don’t let us talk so loud. We may be overheard and nabbed” (*pincés*).’

Pourvoyeur reports (2nd March, 1794):—

‘This afternoon, on the Place de la Révolution, while a number of persons were being guillotined, a citoyenne exclaimed “*Quelle horreur!*” Several citizens, who heard her, took the citoyenne to task for her exclamation. “What do you mean by such words? Are you sorry conspirators should be punished?” “No,” she replied, “but I meant to say how surprising it is that, so long as all this guillotining has been going on, *cela ne corrigéât pas les autres.*”

‘The people observed, on seeing some peasants mount the scaffold, “How is it these *scélérats* have let themselves be corrupted? If they were rich or noble, one would not be surprised they should be counter-revolutionists, but in this class one expects to find good patriots. The law is just,” they said, “it strikes the rich and poor without distinction.”’\*

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\* ‘Two-thirds of the victims,’ says Von Sybel, in his ‘History of the Revolution-Time,’ ‘sent by the Paris Revolutionary Tribunal to the scaffold, between the 22nd Prairial and the 9th Thermidor, were peasants.’—

‘It happened sometimes that in villages composed, say, of a dozen households, all the heads of those households belonged to the *Comité Révolutionnaire* of the place, and set themselves to exercise a jealous surveillance over each other. The greater number of them valued their new position, first for the pay attached to it, but secondly and specially for the opportunities it afforded of crushing every one against whom they happened to have a grudge—the hated relation, the troublesome neighbour, the importunate creditor or trade-rival. In this way the Terror, which at first directed its blows only against nobles, clergy, and rich *bourgeois*, now made them felt far and wide amongst the lower classes. A good third of French territory had changed hands in the great confiscations, and the overthrow of all old hereditary rights and customs had extensively excited the passions of envy and covetousness in the hearts of the peasantry. The new possessors of the soil, who had first been greeted by the ruling party with acclamations, very soon found themselves looked at askance from all sides. The government viewed them as having become landowners on too large a scale, the poorer peasantry drew unfavourable comparisons between them and the old proprietors. None of them could well fail to have private enmities or political enemies. Hence it happened that, during the last months of the Terror, the *guillotine* de la loi chiefly descended upon the necks of the new class of peasant proprietors.’

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This *Pourvoyeur*, observes M. Dauban, might well be called *Purveyor* to the guillotine. 'The rich require a scarecrow,' he says—the guillotine. Elsewhere, 'People are asking each other, How many have been guillotined to-day?' The work, they say, must go on quicker. 'Faudrait que cela aille plus vite que cela.' In another place, 'The people say one guillotine is not enough for Paris; there ought to be at least four.'

For the credit of humanity—even in the grade of paid police-spies—most of these 'observateurs,' beginning with our friend Dutard, are of a less sanguine complexion. 'One or two of these observers,' says M. Dauban, 'are Jacobins, almost all are *modérés*.' Bérard describes courageously the prevailing public distress, which he does not hesitate to ascribe to a bad public policy. Latour-Lamontagne (a man of letters this one, and favourite of the Muses, author of a piece entitled '*Le Montagnard à Bordeaux, scènes patriotiques en vers libres*') declares himself against the Hébertists and Terrorists, against the multiplied executions inflicted on persons of all ages and both sexes. His tone contrasts strongly with that of *Pourvoyeur*. Bérard is, in like manner, a *modéré*, who blames the increasing frequency of executions. Perrière much affects the moralising style, lays himself out for piquant anecdotage and vivacity. We may add, after reading more of his Reports than deserved reading, that he is a thoroughly mean creature, who, with all his moral essaying, takes kindly to the task of delator of the vague crimes that sent myriads to the scaffold at the dismal epoch before us.

Let us now place on the scene, for a single instant, a model juror of the Revolutionary tribunal and his '*chaire épouge*'—such was this worthy's epistolary orthography in addressing his probably not worser half. Trinchard, a joiner, who sat as juror for eighteen francs a day in that court of infamy, 'seems,' says M. Dauban, 'to have regarded all the accused with that sort of curiosity, pure and simple, which attracted the *prolétaires* of Imperial Rome to the Coliseum on the days when the Christians were to be thrown to the wild beasts.' It never seems to have entered into Juror Trinchard's head that persons *accused* could be *acquitted*; and he invited his friends, before the trial, to come and see them condemned. Citizen Trinchard was desirous to treat his '*chaire épouge*' to the spectacle of a number of persons of distinction to be sentenced on a particular day. Twenty-one of the ex-members of the Parliaments of Toulouse and Paris—Thouret, Déprémenil, Lechapelier, Lamoignon de Malesherbes and his whole family, were to be brought in one day before this illiterate and insensible brute and his colleagues. Trinchard

writes



writes as follows, proposing the party of pleasure to his '*chaire épouse*':\*—

'Si tu nest pas toute seulle, et que le compaignon soit a travailler tu peus ma chaire amie venir voir juger 24 mesieurs tous si deven président ou conselies au parlement de Paris et de Toulouse. Je t'ainvite a prendre quelque choge aven de venir parcheque nous naurons pas fini de 3 hurres.

'Je tembrasse ma chaire amie et épouse.

'Ton mari,

'TRINCHARD.'

Never, surely, were Tragedy and Farce brought into such shocking contact—*flebile ludibrium*! On the one hand, all that was venerable and illustrious in the old age of Malesherbes, all that was interesting in youth, sex, and innocence in two generations of his descendants: on the other, this civic brute Trinchard and his '*chaire épouse*,' whom he invites, 'if so disposed' (to borrow Mrs. Gamp's phrase), to see 'ces mesieurs,' and he might have added 'ces dames,' tried for a crime sufficient to secure condemnation—their moral and social superiority to their accusers and judges; and whom he counsels to *take lunch* before she comes to witness her spouse's more than ordinarily distinguished day's tale of murders.

How the decemvirs of devastation and massacre, judicial and extra-judicial, were lodged, our readers may be amused to learn from the following description given by M. Dauban, from a writing of the period, of the *salons* in the Tuileries appropriated to the sittings of the *Comité de Salut Public*:—

'All the corridors which led to the place of sitting of the Committee were sombre, *tristes*, and strongly contrasted with their saloons themselves. Those who could penetrate so far were astonished and dazzled by the change of scene. The floors were decked with the most splendid carpets from the looms of the Gobelins, marbles and gilt bronzes were reflected from every side in magnificent mirrors, sumptuous clocks and glittering girandoles adorned the mantelpieces. It was here that delegates from revolutionary Committees came to communicate information and receive orders—it was here that members of the Convention came humbly to solicit missions in the departments. The national representation was entirely absorbed in the Committee. The Convention had become a place merely for the formal proclamation of public measures. The twin Committee, "*de Sécurité Générale*," however, attracted the greatest crowd of suppliants. It was continually besieged by families in tears, and repulsed them with brutal ferocity. Nothing was done there without having first taken the orders of the *Comité de Salut Public*.'

\* 'Archives de l'Empire,' carton W. 500.

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throughout all Europe into ague-fits—*Jacobins* and *Jacobines*—not without something like violence and something like outrage—and we pulled down the Deity Marat from the Pantheon, to throw him into the sewer.’

‘What a contrast,’ says Von Sybel, ‘between July 1789 and 1794!’ At the former epoch, the democratic party had stood at the head of all France, and had at its back the boundless hopes and resolute will of the vast majority of the nation. *Now*, that party was divided and demoralised by its internal discords, while it had made itself, by the fearful abuse of its power, an object of universal abhorrence. Through all Paris, and soon through all France, the cry went forth with daily swelling strength and vehemence, that now was the reign of Force, and Robbery, and Murder come to an end. A multitude of newspapers, the interdict on whose appearance was taken for granted to have been annulled by the 9th Thermidor, hastened to anticipate by energetic manifestoes the views of the people. The *suspects* were already being daily released by hundreds, the Maximum was everywhere set at nought, the exemplary punishment of the great criminals, the tyrants of France during the last two years, was loudly called for. Meanwhile, the government, still Jacobin in its *personnel* and proclivities, after as before the 9th Thermidor, durst take no pronounced part, whether in repression or furtherance of the national reaction.

In the Convention, Fréron, with the newborn zeal of a renegade, moved that the Hôtel de Ville, *that Louvre of the tyrant Robespierre*, should be razed to the ground. He was more wisely answered, ‘*Punish crime, but do not demolish monuments.*’ M. Dauban hereupon remarks, ‘*C’était un progrès.*’ When M. Dauban published his two very curious volumes, the Hôtel de Ville was still standing, though with its entire interior Haussmannised ‘into something rich and strange.’ The Tuileries, too, had long been amnestied for the sittings within its walls of the National Convention and the Committee of Public Safety. The old Palace of the Kings of France, the old Hall and head-quarters of her municipal and political demagogues, now alike lie low. Who will invent a new pleasure of destruction for the Paris populace? or who will construct for France a government, or seat of government, fireproof and Revolution-proof?\*

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\* We gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity to recommend to our readers Mr. Henry Reeve’s interesting and instructive *Essays on ‘Royal and Republican France,’* which we have had the opportunity of reading in a collected form since the preceding article was in type.

- ART. III.—1. *A System of Logic, Ratiocinative, and Inductive.* By John Stuart Mill. Seventh edition. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1868.
2. *Dissertations and Discussions.* By John Stuart Mill. Second edition. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1867.
3. *Examination of Sir W. Hamilton's Philosophy, and of the principal Philosophical Questions discussed in his Writings.* By John Stuart Mill. Third edition. 8vo. London, 1867.
4. *Principles of Political Economy, with some of their applications to Social Philosophy.* By John Stuart Mill. People's Edition. London, 1871.
5. *Utilitarianism.* By John Stuart Mill. Fourth edition. 8vo. London, 1871.
6. *On Liberty.* By John Stuart Mill. People's Edition. London, 1871.
7. *Considerations on Representative Government.* By John Stuart Mill. People's Edition. London, 1871.
8. *The Subjection of Women.* By John Stuart Mill. Third edition. 8vo. London, 1870.
9. *Auguste Comte and Positivism.* By John Stuart Mill. Second edition. 8vo. London, 1866.
10. *Inaugural Address delivered to the University of St. Andrew's, February 1st, 1867.* By John Stuart Mill, Rector of the University. London, 1867.
11. *The Senses and the Intellect.* By Alexander Bain, LL.D., Professor of Logic in the University of Aberdeen. Third Edition. 8vo. London, 1868.
12. *The Emotions and the Will, completing a Systematic Exposition of the Human Mind.* By Alexander Bain. Second edition. 8vo. London, 1865.
13. *Mental and Moral Science. A Compendium of Psychology and Ethics.* By Alexander Bain. London, 1868.

**I**T is a safe prediction, that there never will be an age without a philosophy. Nature, from her infinite storehouse, pours out and exhibits before our eyes and senses an unceasing stream of phenomena; touching us in various ways, some being more, some less, apprehensible by our understandings. Those parts of this phenomenal world which we can apprehend clearly, either by pure natural faculty or by laborious research; those trains of images which we can summon up before our senses and minds at will—before our senses (it may be) by the help of telescopes and microscopes and the divers appliances of mechanicians, before our minds through the yet more subtle instrumentation

mentation of language, which wraps up in a small compass innumerable untold, yet not therefore necessarily vague, associations; these are the subjects of the Sciences. Science is absolutely lucid; whatever is not absolutely lucid is not scientific. But it so happens that Nature does not grant us everything in this absolutely lucid manner; she gives us here a line and there a line; we lay hold of one solid acquisition in one quarter, another in another quarter; but between these solid acquisitions stretches the void and dark inane. There is not one Science, but there are Sciences. With this, however, we cannot be content. Of nothing are we more certain than that the universe is one, and not a collection of many isolated parts; we seek, therefore, as far as is possible, to survey it in the light of this harmonious unity. Through all the sciences, through all those facts which, though not rolled up and systematized in any nameable science, we yet know and are certain of, through all those vague fields of knowledge in process of formation which flicker before our uncertain eyes, we seek to pierce with the power of a secure, single, fundamental principle. It may be that our endeavour will be in vain; it may be that chance, or our own incapacity, or perhaps something still more deeply-rooted in the being of man, will prevent us, now or even for ever, from attaining to the clear understanding of the universe as a whole. Yet, even if success cannot be guaranteed to us, though a full success may even be discernibly impossible, still the effort must be made. What we cannot attain, we may approximate to; what we cannot comprehend with our intellects, we may represent by symbol and analogy; and experience may confirm to us the essential truthfulness of our symbol.

The effort here described is Philosophy. Philosophy is 'the effort to attain universal knowledge'—meaning by universal knowledge, not the knowledge of every individual fact, but of principles adequate to the explanation and even to the prediction (were time allowed us) of every individual fact. Should universal knowledge, in this sense, be ever attained, Philosophy would then be merged into Science, and would become Science. There would then not be many Sciences, but one Science. Philosophy would then have died, though it would have died by an euthanasia. Like a Roman emperor, it might suffer apotheosis; and, immortalised at one stroke, be forgotten for ever among the workings and ways of men.

Now there is at the present day a class of persons who tell us that the change here indicated is already taking place—that Science is about to supplant, if, indeed, it has not already supplanted, Philosophy. We certainly should have no sort or  
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kind of objection to this prediction, or affirmation, being proved true. We desire to know clearly, and not ambiguously; in reality, and not through symbols. We have no preference of darkness to light, nor would we choose for a moment to dwell in the obscure places of speculation, did those parts which are light and luminous contain in themselves the manifest solution of the whole.

If, then, we are compelled to believe that these persons, whether they call themselves Positivists or by any other name, are in error in supposing that Philosophy has met with its consummation and termination, this is not because we do not prefer the clearness of Science to the darkness of Philosophy, it is because we cannot but see clearly that Science has not yet in the least got to the bottom of all things; that no thorough-going fundamental principle, such as we have described, has up to this time been attained by it.

Will this be disputed? Will it be said that there is good and sound reason for taking any hitherto discovered scientific principle as the basis of all things, to which all things must have reference, itself being referable to nothing beyond itself? Let the point be considered. The two deepest scientific principles now known, of all those relating to material things, are the law of gravitation and the law of evolution. That these principles will be extended beyond the provinces to which they are now applied, and even very widely beyond, is probable. But can any one now say, or even guess with the faintest ground of likelihood, what is the connection between these two principles? which is the deeper of them? which has to be derived from the other as subordinate? or, if they are co-ordinate, from what still deeper law do both take their origin? We say, with great confidence, that no answer at the present day can be given to these questions. The law of gravitation, and the law of evolution, while both acknowledged as true, are seen by us as independent, and not as connected, truths. Further; let us extend our view, and take in mental science. Here we find a well-ascertained and very comprehensive principle—the law of the association of ideas; and connected with it the logical law, which Mr. Jevons calls the ‘substitution of similars.’ Has any one, we ask, any sure and trustworthy means of connecting these laws even with the law of evolution?—and yet that would be a simple affair compared with the task of connecting these psychological laws with the law of gravitation; for the law of evolution does at any rate appear largely in mental science, whereas the law of gravitation seems absolutely remote from it. Lastly, how vast the field is of things utterly inexplicable! Those who  
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look at the matter truly will see that the broadest scientific laws are but as lines of light in a depth of darkness, and lines of light, moreover, which have their termination and end.

So long as this is the case, Philosophy must continue to exist. And it has three functions:—

First. It has the demonstration of the inadequacy of Science; of the infinite unknown; the exposition of those lines of thought where we feel that there is something discoverable, but what it is we as yet know not.

Secondly. It has the task of originating suggestions respecting these unknown, but discoverable, principles; suggestions which may hereafter take the rank of acknowledged scientific truths.

Thirdly. It has the task of arranging the different elements of reality, taken in their broadest aspect, in the order of causation. This is a task which Science, in each of its narrower fields, can perform with accuracy. Philosophy, having the whole known universe as its subject, can do it but partially and vaguely by comparison; still herein lies her greatest aim, the aim which includes all other aims, and one which, in so far as it can be carried out, does really introduce into our knowledge that harmony which, both for the knowledge itself and for the sake of action, is so needful.

We have been thus particular in defining the real nature of Philosophy, before proceeding to Mr. Mill, because our main criticism upon him relates to his deficiency (as we consider it) in the philosophic faculty, and we are anxious that the true bearing and extent of this criticism should not be misunderstood. He is undoubtedly a highly distinguished thinker, and has produced a number of remarkable works upon various subjects. If this were the whole of the popular impression respecting him, or if his own aims did not extend beyond the limits of each of those great subjects on which he has written—psychology, logic, ethics, politics, political economy—there would be no occasion, except for some personal friend or admirer, to discuss Mr. Mill's views in their entirety. Each of the separate subjects on which he has written would then best be treated singly, and his arguments on each defended or attacked without reference to the others.

But this is far from being the case. Mr. Mill is regarded by an influential school of disciples as the main pillar of a philosophical system. He himself thinks that he possesses a solid basis of definite principles, underlying and supporting all his separate speculations, and moreover that these fundamental principles are complete and exclusive. What other philosophers call their fundamental principles, he attacks, as illegitimately so called: he



he is highly polemical. It is no wonder that he is severe on those who, like Plato, seem to walk in mystery, when he feels himself to have a perfectly clear commonsense guidance in the most difficult matters. Not that Mr. Mill supposes himself to have the key to the system of the universe; he makes no such pretensions; but he conceives that he has an universal scientific method, explicable in terms, which will in the end bear him right and prove the road to universal knowledge.

We cannot attribute to the scientific method which Mr. Mill upholds a value nearly so great as that which he claims for it. Not that we think the propositions in which he sets it forth entirely untrue; but there are many true propositions, the importance of which is greatly overrated by their advocates. This is what Mr. Mill, in our opinion, does; he enunciates principles as fundamental which have no true claim to be considered such. The full view, the whole view, is what he fails in; the great capacity of his mind is exerted on subjects which remain as isolated after his treatment of them as they had been before; they are not welded together nor harmonised; the hand of the philosopher is still needed in respect of them.

We propose to discuss as fully as our limited space will allow the several branches of knowledge which Mr. Mill has handled in his writings, and to show the weakness which we hold to exist almost invariably in his treatment of their more fundamental parts. But there are a few preliminary observations which it is necessary to make.

First, it may be thought that to attack the fundamental principles of a writer is to attack everything that he has written; since if the foundations are unstable, the superstructure must be unstable too. Doubtless this is the case; but there is a great difference between what a writer supposes to be his fundamental principles, and that which is really deepest in him. Mr. Mill has been brought up in a system, and the formulæ of that system are in a manner sacred to him. But he writes for the most part from his natural good sense; and what he thus writes is generally sound. It is only when he thinks it necessary to prop up his spontaneous beliefs by artificial supports that he introduces a large quantity of unsound material.

Secondly, we do not attack Mr. Mill's principles in the sense in which he attacks what he supposes to be the principles of Descartes and Kant. We do not hold, as Mr. Mill does, that there are two sects of philosophers,—one radically right, the other radically wrong. We see, indeed, that some philosophers are more material in their theories, others less so; but in this fact, taken by itself, we see no sign of discord. The infinite encom-

passes alike the material and the spiritual philosopher. We cannot deny the title of philosopher to such a thinker as Mr. Herbert Spencer, who does genuinely bind together different and hitherto alienated subjects of thought by a clear and wide, though neither an all-comprehensive nor a spiritual, hypothesis, the principle of evolution. We are not impugning an entire sect or side in Philosophy, when we affirm Mr. Mill himself to be weak in respect of first principles. His first principles seem to us not to serve for what first principles should serve, the harmonizing of all the elements in his writings; they are an abnormal addition.

Thirdly, we cannot help calling attention to the fact, that Mr. Mill professes to follow a school, as a weakness in itself. The sum of things—the universe—does not present itself to any two persons in precisely the same aspect. Finite things may, but not the infinite. Descartes does not follow Plato, nor does Kant follow Descartes; they are different, but not discordant. Neither should we consider Locke as discordant from these, though in his contentious polemical spirit he thought himself to be so. What Locke positively thought, he enunciated in words more sober than the Platonic theories but less comprehensive, and such as need not be set up either in rivalry or in antagonism to Plato. And when Mr. Mill proclaims himself a Lockist,—

‘*Addictus jurare in verba magistri,*’

he does an injustice to himself, and no honour to Locke.

Lastly, it may be asked whether it is of much use to demonstrate error in Mr. Mill’s principles, if his results (as is frequently the case) remain unimpaired, because not really resting on these principles? To this we reply that the persuasion of the soundness and sufficiency of Mr. Mill’s first principles has exercised a narrowing influence upon English philosophy, as was the similar persuasion in the case of Locke. The great thinkers of former ages have suffered an unjust disparagement. Even science, and the entire tone of literature, have not escaped injury; for the leading topics of Mr. Mill’s works have been treated by many subsequent writers in a superficial spirit, under the impression that since the foundation of these subjects has now been laid once for all, the succeeding work can be done without any very deep probing and analysing. Few dispositions, in our judgment, are so destructive in their results to science as such a belief.

Let us begin with Mr. Mill’s psychology. His primitive assumption is, that there are two radically divergent schools of psychology; and that all which has to be found out is, which of the two schools is right. He does, indeed, call them two  
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different *philosophical* schools; but he would appear to hold psychology to be the basis of philosophy; at all events, the radical difference between the two schools, in his judgment, is a psychological difference. Here is the latest and most elaborate passage in which he expounds his views:—

‘On the ground of simple psychology, the distinction between the two philosophies consists in the different theories they give of the more complex phenomena of the human mind. . . . Speaking briefly and loosely, we may say that the one theory considers the more complex phenomena of the mind to be products of experience, the other believes them to be original. In more precise language, the *à priori* thinkers hold that, in every act of thought, down to the most elementary, there is an ingredient which is not given to the mind, but contributed by the mind in virtue of its inherent powers. The simplest phenomenon of all—an external sensation—requires, according to them, a mental element to become a perception; and be thus converted from a passive and merely fugitive state of our own being, into the recognition of a durable object external to the mind. The notions of Extension, Solidity, Number, Magnitude, Force, though it is through our senses that we acquire them, are not copies of any impressions on our senses, but creations of the mind’s own laws set in action by our sensations; and the properties of these ideal creations are not proved by experience, but deduced *à priori* from the ideas themselves, constituting the demonstrative sciences of arithmetic, algebra, geometry, statics, and dynamics. Experience, instead of being the source and prototype of our ideas, is itself a product of the mind’s own forces working on the impressions we receive from without, and has always a mental as well as an external element. Experience is only rendered possible by those mental laws which it is vainly invoked to explain and account for. . . . We are now touching the real point of separation between the *à priori* and *à posteriori* psychologists. These last, also, for the most part acknowledge the existence of a mental element in our ideas. They admit that the notions of Extension, Solidity, Time, Space, Duty, Virtue, are not exact copies of any impressions on our senses. They grant them to be ideas constructed by the mind itself, the materials alone being supplied to it. But they do not think that this ideal construction takes place by peculiar and inscrutable laws of the mind, of which no further account can be given. They think that a further account can be given. They admit the mental element as a fact, but not as an ultimate fact. They think it may be resolved into simpler laws and more general facts; that the process by which the mind constructs these great ideas may be traced, and shown to be but a more recon-dite case of the operation of well-known and familiar principles.’—*Dissertations and Discussions*, vol. iii.

Is it not clear that, between the beginning and the end of this passage, there is a complete change of front?—an operation

which is dangerous in other transactions besides warfare. Mr. Mill begins by saying, that the difference between the two schools lies in the fact, that the *à posteriori* philosophers hold the more complex phenomena of the mind to be products of experience, while the *à priori* philosophers believe them to be original. More precisely, he says, the *à priori* philosophers hold that 'in every act of thought there is an ingredient which is not given to the mind, but constituted by the mind;' and he enlarges upon this belief of the *à priori* philosophers in terms to which we can take no exception. Of course, then, it is implied that the *à posteriori* philosophers believe nothing of the kind! But on a sudden it appears that on this point, which Mr. Mill has selected as the central difference between the schools, the *à posteriori* philosophers hold very much what the *à priori* philosophers hold. They also 'for the most part acknowledge the existence of a mental element in our ideas.' Has not, then, the difference on this point broken down? It can only be saved from breaking down by the hypothesis that the mental element in our ideas, which the *à posteriori* philosophers acknowledge, is not in any true or peculiar sense a mental element; but the *à posteriori* philosophers only call it so as a convenient abbreviated expression; that it is capable of being analysed into simple sensation. Does Mr. Mill say this? He markedly abstains from saying it; indeed, his language is quite inconsistent with his saying it. 'The materials *alone*,' he tells us, 'are supplied to the mind;'—whence it follows that the 'ideal construction,' spoken of by him as complementary to the 'materials,' must be purely mental.

Mr. Mill's first distinction then breaks down. Nor is it of any avail that, refusing as he does to affirm that the mental element in our ideas is analysable into simple sensation, he tries to go as near this assertion as he can, and makes a new distinction between the two schools on the ground that the one seeks to analyse the mental element in our ideas, the other affirms it to be impossible to do so. This distinction, in the first place, is entirely a new one, and not an explanation of the old. In the next place, it is not true. Every philosopher analyses as far as he can; every philosopher finds a limit where his analysis must stop. Does Mr. Bain analyse Intellect into Sensation, or Emotion and Will into Intellect? Not at all; he lays down these four constituents of human nature as coexistent and independent. We may remark that, in this very classification, Kant had in great measure preceded him. On the other hand, we think it very hard, considering the many subtly-reasoned pages which

Kant

Kant gave to the analysis of the human understanding, that it should now be declared that he did not analyse at all.

It is, no doubt, an obvious fact to any reader of the two last-named thinkers, that Kant lays down a great many more ultimate unanalysable constituents of the intellect than Mr. Bain does. But the reason is equally obvious; Kant is looking for the ultimate constituents of the intellect; Mr. Bain is not looking for them, at least not primarily. Kant is a philosopher; Mr. Bain is an inquirer in a special science. The difference between them lies in their aims, not in their opinions. We speak of the general tenor of Mr. Bain's work, not of exceptional passages; his task has been to continue that special science of psychology, of which Locke was the unconscious founder.

We will quote yet another passage from Mr. Mill's essay on Mr. Bain; a passage which shows him to be aware of one of the weaknesses of the school to which he belongs. We quite agree with Mr. Mill that this weakness is not necessarily inherent in the school, but is more or less accidental; at the same time we think it penetrates deeper than he allows, and that he himself is not free from it:—

‘Those who have studied the writings of the Association Psychologists, must often have been unfavourably impressed by the almost total absence, in their analytical expositions, of the recognition of any active element, or spontaneity, in the mind itself. Sensation, and the memory of sensation, are passive phenomena. The mind, in them, does not act, but is acted upon; it is a mere recipient of impressions; and though adhesion by association may enable one of these passive impressions to recall another, yet when recalled, it is but passive still. A theory of association which stops here, seems adequate to account for our dreams, our reveries, our casual thoughts, and states of mere contemplation, but for no other part of our nature. The mind, however, is active as well as passive; and the apparent insufficiency of the theory to account for the mind's activity, is probably the circumstance which has oftenest operated to alienate from the Association Psychology any of those who had really studied it. Coleridge, who was one of these, and in the early part of his life a decided Hartleian, has left on record, in his “*Biographia Literaria*,” that such was the fact in his own case. Yet no Hartleian could overlook the necessity, incumbent on any theory of the mind, of accounting for our voluntary powers. Activity cannot possibly be generated from passive elements; a primitive active element must be found somewhere; and Hartley found it in the stimulative power of sensation over the muscles. . . . Mr. Bain has made a great advance on this theory. . . . He has widened his basis by the admission of a second primitive element. He holds that the brain does not act solely in obedience to impulses, but is also a self-acting instrument; that the nervous influence which, being conveyed through the motory  
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nerves, excites the muscles into action, is generated automatically in the brain itself, not, of course, lawlessly and without a cause, but under the organic stimulus of nutrition.'—*Ibid.*, p. 119.

The general drift of this passage is excellent; but there is an unfortunate ambiguity at the very point where Mr. Mill was bound to be most distinct. When he says that the brain is a 'self-acting instrument,' does he, or does he not, hold that this spontaneous action is exhibited in the most characteristic functions of the brain, those of intelligence and perception? Is the percipient mind receptive and passive merely, or is it active as well? Locke took the former alternative; he did not merely omit to recognise the activity of the mind in perception, he denied it; he compared the mind to a piece of white paper, on which external phenomena leave their impress. Does Mr. Mill agree with Locke? From the commencement of the above passage it might be inferred that he did, yet from its general tenor we cannot believe that he really does so; at any rate, it is a perfect mystery to us how any one can affirm a spontaneous activity in the brain, and then say that the brain is purely passive in its principal functions. And if Mr. Mill does hold so singular a hypothesis, he at least suggests not the slightest reason for holding it.

The plain truth, plain not merely to philosophers or men of science, but to any man of unbiassed common sense, is that experience is not a simple, but a compound. The senses are not mere pieces of white paper for outward phenomena to draw their scrawls upon; nor, on the other hand, are they active agents exploring an inert world; but they are the habitual energies of the soul meeting the equally steady forces of the external world, and brought into equilibrium with them. Thus the sense of sight is a subtle mental or nervous force capable of meeting the waves of the luminiferous ether, apprehending them, retaining them, and lastly individualising them as red, green, or blue. How can the mind be styled passive in such a process? Seeing is an art quite as much as singing is an art; and it is an art, too, which is learnt by infants, as any one may observe any day, and learnt, as all arts are learnt, through numerous experiments and failures. The same waves of luminiferous ether fall on the retina of an infant of a day old as on the retina of a full-grown man; but the former does not discern objects, the latter does; why? because the infant has not yet gained the power of appropriating, selecting, and combining the waves which correspond to the different colours. The flood of sensation is a chaos to him; he cannot establish that equilibrium, that steady and permanent reciprocity

reciprocity between his own faculty and the impinging forces, in which definite perception consists; on the contrary, unexpected waves of light continually strike upon his nervous system, and he is quite unable to arrange them or organize them. He is like a novice at cricket who does not know from which direction the ball is coming, and cannot meet it.

There is one more point in the basis of Mr. Mill's psychology to which we must allude. This is, his definition of 'matter' (in his Examination of Sir W. Hamilton) as the 'permanent possibility of sensation.' The definition is one of which we do not wish to disparage the merit; it certainly expresses in a very brief and perspicuous manner one of the most fundamental qualities of matter. But what puzzles us is this; that in the very same volume (and let us say, in one of the finest passages of it, the passage in which he justly blames Hamilton for thinking it possible that science should extinguish the feeling of admiration in man) he speaks of it as not impossible that Matter should be proved to be the absolute origin of Mind. Now in the chapter following that in which he had defined Matter, Mr. Mill had defined Mind; and his definition is, a 'permanent possibility of feeling;' to which he adds that this permanent possibility of feeling has in it that 'inexplicability' which always surrounds an ultimate fact, inasmuch as the feeling is aware of itself as past and future. Now if Mind be an ultimate fact, as Mr. Mill here says, how can it possibly take its origin from Matter? for that would imply that it is not an ultimate fact. Or even waiving this, what kind of an image or theory is this—a *possibility* of sensation being the absolute cause of a 'possibility of feeling which is aware of itself as past and future'? Mr. Mill must surely have some difficulty in explaining to himself his supposition that Matter is the absolute origin of Mind.

When Mr. Mill leaves the philosophical side of psychology, and comes to the scientific view of it, he shows a far juster apprehension than in the other case. One suggestion we may be permitted to make to him and to Mr. Bain in this relation. It appears to us that the psychologist ought to make far more experiments on the faculties of actual living beings, whether animals or the different races of men, than is commonly done. Psychologists have usually observed and experimented merely upon themselves, a kind of experimentation which is indeed the necessary groundwork of the science, but which is by no means fruitful when taken by itself alone.

We now come to Mr. Mill's logic. After frequent and long perusal, we cannot be induced to regard the first book of his  
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elaborate treatise on the subject as other than a most confused and intricate collection of materials. Of the Introduction we do not speak; that is able and good. But the first book is a series of observations on language, somewhat loosely put together. Now, if reasoning really be a function of language, then let language be thoroughly and systematically analysed before the subject of reasoning is approached. But then let us not merely have the noun analysed (which is all that Mr. Mill does with any approach to completeness), but also the verb, the copula, the adverb, the adjective, the conjunction, the preposition. If, however, reasoning be not a function of language (as we hold), then let reasoning take the first place, and language be introduced afterwards, so far as is expedient. Mr. Mill does not assert that reasoning is a function of language, he merely says that language is 'one of the principal instruments or helps of thought'; *therefore*, he argues, it is expedient to begin a work on Logic with 'a few general observations' on language. And he appeals to the 'established practice of writers' as justifying him in this course, and as absolving him from the necessity of being 'particular in assigning his reasons' for pursuing it. In spite of which, he does immediately assign his reasons with great particularity. Every part of this procedure is a weakness. It is a weakness to appeal to the 'established practice of writers' in a question of rigid scientific method; it is a weakness, after having declared it unnecessary to give reasons, to proceed to give them very elaborately; and the reasons, when given, are the weakest part of the whole. Mr. Mill says, 'Would any man set up as an astronomical observer without having learned to adjust the focal distance of his telescope?' We ask, will Mr. Mill find for us an astronomical treatise which begins with 'a few general observations' on telescopes? Astronomy begins with the study of the stars; and logic begins with the study of reasoning. A professor of astronomy must know a great deal about telescopes; and a professor of logic must know a great deal about terms and their varieties. But the question is, what are we to begin with? what is the foundation? As to the other reason which Mr. Mill gives for his procedure, namely, that without examining into the import of words it is impossible to examine into the import of propositions, all that need be said in answer to this is, that when Mr. Mill comes actually to examine into the import of propositions, his analysis is in no way dependent on anything that he has advanced concerning the import of words.

The fact is, that what Mr. Mill does not venture definitely to assert, he does nevertheless tacitly assume: that language is the  
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real basis of reasoning. His desire for perspicuity overpowers his resolution to go to the root of the matter. Names, he sees, are at any rate something definite; ideas are too frequently indefinite. Therefore Mr. Mill resolves to take names for his basis, except in the single case that he allows the 'idea of an individual.' 'General names,' he says, in his essay on Berkeley, 'do their work without the aid of general ideas.' We will show, from Mr. Mill's own account of the matter, that this is not the case. And though we are treating of his 'Logic,' we will quote from the above-named essay on Berkeley ('Fortnightly Review,' Nov. 1871), because, as is always the case with Mr. Mill, the later writing is much superior in perspicuity and force to the earlier.

'A name,' he says, 'though common to an indefinite multitude of individual objects, is not, like a proper name, devoid of meaning; it is a mark for the properties, or for some of the properties, which belong alike to all these objects; and with these common properties it is associated in a peculiarly close and intimate manner. Now—though the name calls up, and cannot help calling up, in addition to these properties, others in greater or smaller number which do not belong to the whole class, but to the one or more individual members of it which, for the time being, are serving as mental types of the class—these other ingredients are accidental and changeable; so that the idea actually called up by the class-name, though always that of some individual, is an idea in which the properties that the name is a mark of are made artificially prominent, while the others, varying from time to time, and not being attended to, are thrown into the shade. What had been mistaken for an abstract idea, was a concrete image, with certain parts of it fluctuating (within given limits), and others fixed, these last forming the signification of the general name; and the name, by concentrating attention on the class-attributes, prevents the intrusion into our reasoning of anything special to the individual object which in the particular case is pictured in the mind.'

The above is true enough so far as it goes. But let us examine a little more closely than is done in the above extract, how comes it to pass that the attention of the mind is concentrated on the class-attributes? Mr. Mill says it is the work of the *name*; the *name* calls up the class-attributes before the mind. We quite concede that this does actually happen, when once the name is formed. But we contend that, before the formation of the name, and in order to the formation of the name, the mind must have, and has *in itself* a power of concentrating itself on the class-attributes. And even after the formation of the name, we contend that the mind may without any assistance from the name concentrate itself on the class-attributes, though we grant  
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that the name, like all symbols, is a material help in the process. Hamilton designated this concentration of the mind on the class-attributes by the term *conception*; and the class-attributes, when contemplated by the mind, he termed a *concept*. No one argues that the concept or *general idea* (to use the older phrase) can be an object to the mind by itself, without those other accidental properties which, as Mr. Mill expresses it, 'are thrown into the shade,' but still more or less present to the attention. When we think of a cow we think of a white cow, or red cow, or dun cow, though we do not specially regard whether it be white, red, or dun. What is here argued is, that the concept or general idea cannot be considered merely as a function of the name. Mr. Mill says it can; he maintains that the word 'concept' is merely a clumsy way of expressing the 'signification of the class-name.' We say that no general name could ever have been invented unless the class-attributes had been first conceived in the mind as the foundation of the name, and the reason why it was wanted. We further assert that there may be a concept or general idea without any general name corresponding thereto, and that this does constantly happen in all general reasonings. If a chess-player conceives of a certain relative position of the bishop and knight on the chess-board, without however supposing them placed on certain definite squares of the board, that relative position is a general idea to which no name corresponds. If a violin-player reflects that a certain mode of holding his bow will produce a disagreeable sound on the instrument, that mode of holding his bow is a general idea for which no name can be found. The fact is, a general idea must be in very frequent use before those who use it feel the necessity of finding some means of communicating it to each other by language, and so invent a name for it.

We have tried to go down to the bottom of this matter of the relation of language and thought, and not to seek to involve Mr. Mill in merely superficial entanglements. Else such entanglements are not wanting in the chapters that we have been criticizing. It is, for instance, a very fast-and-loose way of dealing with the distinction between general and individual names, which at p. 27 Mr. Mill declares to be fundamental, when on p. 30 he states of a certain kind of names that it is 'of no moment' to which side of this fundamental division they are considered to belong, and that 'perhaps the best way of deciding the question would be to consider these names as neither general nor individual, but to place them in a class apart.' A more characteristic kind of confusion belongs to his use of the word *attribute*. His first definition of *attribute* is as follows:—

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'From what has already been said of Substance, what is to be said of Attribute is easily deducible. For if we know not, and cannot know, anything of bodies but the sensations which they excite in us or in others, those sensations must be all that we can, at bottom, mean by their attributes; and the distinction which we verbally make between the properties of things and the sensations we receive from them, must originate in the convenience of discourse rather than in the nature of what is denoted by the terms.'—*Logic*, vol. i. p. 69.

We are at a loss to understand how it can be 'convenient' to introduce into discourse a distinction which has no counterpart in reality. And when Mr. Mill says that attributes are 'at bottom' the same as sensations, the question arises, what kind of exception or qualification does he intend by the words 'at bottom'? It must, we venture to think, be a very wide qualification that shall reconcile the definition given in the above passage with the definition given at p. 111, where he writes:—'We make propositions also respecting those hidden causes of phenomena which are named substances and attributes.' If an attribute be the 'hidden cause' of phenomena, how can it at the same time be a sensation? The two statements seem to us wholly irreconcilable.

The true distinction between a sensation and an attribute, a distinction of which Mr. Mill in parts of his long disquisition on the subject shows some inkling but no clear knowledge, is this; an attribute is a sensation, *plus* the connection which the sensation has with the object from which it emanates. This connection is, it is true, frequently a thing unknown; we do not know why gunpowder has the property of explosiveness; we do not know why a rose affects us with the sensation of red; but can it be maintained that there is not a real connection in these cases between the thing and the sensation? That we do not know what the connection is, does not lessen the importance of our recognising a connection. The truth is, Mr. Mill is anxious to banish the unknown from the region of science; this is why he tries so hard to ignore the difference between sensation and attribute. And it is for the same reason that he seeks to make it appear that all propositions are propositions respecting phenomena. A phenomenon being, *ex vi termini*, that which is apparent, that of which no part is hidden, if it can be made out that all our ordinary knowledge is knowledge of phenomena merely, it will seem that we have secure and absolute possession of a certain territory, outside of which, indeed, the vast Unknown stretches its illimitable tracts, but inside of which all is perfect and indefeasible light. But this is no true representation: the Unknown penetrates the known; we can scarcely devise a proposition that  
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does not involve something of the unknown in it. The most common things have an infinite number of unknown qualities. By abstract thought we do indeed artificially eliminate the unknown elements, and in some few instances (of which mathematics is the most prominent instance) reach to propositions which are absolutely comprehensible and absolutely true. But in the concrete world this is never possible.

The second and third books of Mr. Mill's 'Logic' are far superior to the first. Here, for the first time, he attempts genuinely to grapple with the problem of reasoning; and he gives a solution, which we cannot indeed accept entirely, but to which we must allow great merit. He does, in effect, set up Induction as the sole universal form of reasoning, in opposition to those who affirm that the Syllogism is the same universal form. In our view, the Syllogism and Induction are two aspects of the same complex process, in one of which stress is laid on one element, in the other on another element. It is agreed on all hands, that we argue from the known to the unknown. The question then is, Is that known thing from which we reason a particular fact, or a general idea? Mr. Mill, taking what he supposes to be the common-sense view of the matter, lays down particular facts as the basis of all reasoning. Nay, so far does he go, that he declares that general ideas need not form any part of the process of reasoning whatever; according to him, they have only a kind of tenant-right in this domain; directly they put in a claim to absolute possession, though it be only over a subordinate part of the territory, he brings a summary suit of ejectment against them. Ordinary people, he says, much more often reason without the aid of general ideas, than with them. 'It is not only the village matron who, when called to a consultation upon the case of a neighbour's child, pronounces on the evil and its remedy simply on the recollection of what she accounts the similar case of her Lucy. We all, where we have no definite maxims to steer by, guide ourselves in the same way.' This, which Mr. Mill accounts the general process of reasoning, he calls Induction.

Great credit is due to Mr. Mill for having enforced, against the syllogistic logicians, the important and essential part which facts take in influencing our reasonings. It is absolutely futile to imagine that any new truth can be got at simply by general ideas. Facts—impressions on the sensorium—these are what give us novelty, new life, new intelligence. It is not by remaining in the old ruts that we can advance in knowledge.

Nevertheless, to eliminate general ideas entirely from the reasoning process, to account them as non-essential to it, is as great an  
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error as to account novel fact and novel impression non-essential to it. The process consists of the two combined, as a deeper psychological analysis will show.

It is characteristic of the whole school to which Mr. Mill belongs, beginning with Locke himself, that they consider the apprehension of a particular fact by the human intelligence as a matter which needs no explanation whatever. If Locke had been asked how it was that we saw a tree or a rock, he would hardly have understood the question. 'We see it; what more can you require?' he would have said. The difference between ourselves and a polypus or a jellyfish, in that we see it and they do not, he would not have felt himself called upon to account for.

Nevertheless, the perception of a fact is a process requiring quite as much explanation as the apprehension of a law. The purely vacant mind can, strictly speaking, apprehend nothing; the reminiscences of earlier impressions are indispensable helps, if we would perceive anything whatever, even were it placed before our eyes. If we go far enough back in the history of the mind, we come to a stage in which it is unconscious—absorbed in itself—in which no fact has hitherto stood before it as a fact, apart from the silent slumber of its being. Nature, which by influences from all sides stirs and wakens the mind from this slumber, cannot yet waken it all at once; she cannot make the perception of external things a quick or sudden process. The slow perennial current of impressions all tending in the same direction, which at first is a novelty, becomes at last a law; the mind which at first received the impression sluggishly and imperfectly, at last springs forward to meet it, and moulds itself in the form almost before it is struck. A complex fact must many times, so to speak, have impinged upon the mind, and the different elements of it have long been familiar to the mind as general conceptions, before it can be apprehended by the mind and remembered as a fact.

It is this struggle of the novel particular fact with the previously held general impression, or capacity for impressions, that Mr. Mill forgets to set down as the primary fact of reasoning. The particular fact has to make good its entry into the mind, and to reconcile itself with the total system, before it can be apprehended as a fact. By the time it is apprehended as a fact, it already comprises many laws. When the 'village matron' refers to the case of her Lucy, the current of her intelligence has already comprehended that case, not merely as a particular fact, but as containing a new orbit wherein free motion for an intelligence is possible. We grant the particular fact remains,  
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localised in time and place. All we say is, that it is not merely a fact; from the moment it is apprehended, it is modified by the mind, which forgets (though it cannot change) some of the elements, and retains the rest as generalised maxims.

Mr. Mill would certainly have not missed this, if his devotion to *terms* had not so misled him as to make him think a general conception impossible except where it is expressed by a general proposition. And to conclude, we may put the whole matter shortly thus: the case is not that ten thousand facts enter the mind first, and then, as a final result, a recognised law; but fact and law enter the mind inseparably and simultaneously.

We are happy in not differing from the general opinion as to the excellence of those parts of Mr. Mill's third book, in which he draws out and illustrates the principal rules of inductive reasoning. But we cannot think that this excellence is in any way found in those parts where he attempts to define those ultimate conceptions which are so invariably assumed in our thoughts, that it is difficult to get to a stratum in which they are not found, and from which they may be surveyed in their entirety. His disquisition on the nature of a 'cause' is eminently unsatisfactory. He begins, in a manner very frequent with him, by saying that he does not intend to analyse the idea of a cause ('Logic,' vol. i. p. 358); after which he consistently plunges into the analysis with the greatest energy:—

'I premise,' he says, 'that when in the course of this inquiry I speak of the cause of any phenomenon, I do not mean a cause which is not itself a phenomenon; I make no research into the ultimate, or ontological cause of anything.'

No one required Mr. Mill to make any research into ultimate causes. But he may justly be required to consider how many causes within his knowledge are purely phenomenal. Our contention is, that in almost every instance some part of that thing which we speak of as the cause is non-phenomenal—that is, unknown by us—that is, it presents no image to our understandings. A doctor goes to visit a man ill of a fever, and catches the fever. It may be perfectly correct, in ordinary parlance, to speak of his visit as the cause of his catching the fever; but it is not the full and entire cause; of the entire cause we only know some, probably the least important, elements. And therefore, however true it may be that the doctor's visit has been the cause of his catching the fever, no 'invariable sequence' (which is Mr. Mill's definition of cause and effect) is capable of being laid down in the case. The same doctor may go and visit another patient ill of the same fever, under circumstances apparently precisely

cisely similar, and not catch the fever. Doubtless, the circumstances could not have been precisely similar in the two cases, but the differing elements were non-phenomenal.

Conversely, it is very curious, that perhaps the most remarkable instance of invariable sequence known, the sequence of day and night, is not an instance of cause and effect. Mr. Mill has to get over this instance, but he does it by a leap direct to the other side of philosophy :—

‘When we define the cause of anything,’ he says, ‘(in the only sense in which the present inquiry has anything to do with causes) to be “the antecedent which it invariably follows,” we do not use this phrase as exactly synonymous with “the antecedent which it invariably *has* followed” in our past experience. . . . It is necessary to our using the word cause, that we should believe not only that the antecedent always *has* been followed by the consequent, but that, as long as the present constitution of things endures, it always *will* be so. And this would not be true of day and night. We do not believe that night will be followed by day under all imaginable circumstances, but only that it will be so *provided* the sun rises above the horizon. . . . This is what writers mean when they say that the notion of cause involves the idea of necessity. If there be any meaning which confessedly belongs to the term necessity, it is unconditionality. That which is necessary, that which *must* be, means that which will be, whatever supposition we may make in regard to all other things. The succession of day and night evidently is not necessary in this sense.’—*Logic*, vol. i. p. 370.

This passage, as coming from Mr. Mill, is a very surprising one. Who has laid down so strongly as he that nothing is necessary, nothing unconditional? He thinks it possible (*Logic*, vol. ii. p. 104) that ‘in distant parts of the stellar regions’ the law of causation itself may give way, and things may consequently happen by pure chance. If this is possible, what is impossible? What can be laid down as ‘necessary’ or ‘unconditional’? Or if by ‘unconditional’ he means merely ‘conditional on the continuance of the present constitution of things,’ or ‘on the endurance of the ultimate laws of nature’ (though we do not admit his right to use the word ‘unconditional’ as synonymous with either of these expressions), who shall say what is intended by those vague phrases, ‘the present constitution of things,’ ‘the ultimate laws of nature’? Are we never entitled to affirm causation, unless we are prepared to affirm positively what the ultimate laws of nature are?

Indeed, the very phrase ‘invariable sequence,’ if pressed in this rigid way, is vague. Who shall say how many instances of a sequence must be observed, before we are entitled to affirm that it is invariable?

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We must not, however, be misunderstood. We are not saying that Mr. Mill, either in his definition of cause and effect as 'invariable sequence,' or in the explanations with which he accompanies it, is talking quite and entirely beside the mark. He intends something, we are aware; but that something is distorted, in his view, from the first, and the distortion continues throughout.

'Invariable sequence' is, in our opinion, not the definition of cause and effect, but the test that causation is present. The true causal nexus is, in our opinion, what Mr. Mill says it is not, a deep and mysterious tie; but we grant that even where we are most without a clue to the real character of this tie, it is still a matter of the highest interest to ascertain those phenomenal sequences which form a part, but only a part, of the chain of causation. This is what inductive science does; but the causal sequences with which it deals usually fall short of being invariable owing to their admixture with so much that is unknown. If everything was phenomenal, or, in other words, if everything was known to us, then, doubtless, causation could be analysed into invariable sequence—though then, indeed, the 'sequence' would itself be replaced by a more absolute tie, inseparable co-existence. Mr. Mill is so far right, that the more invariable any sequence is, the more sure we are that it has an intrinsic foundation in nature, and that, therefore, it is a true instance of causation. If we consider this, the case of day and night will present no perplexity to us. A real causation is involved here, as in other instances of invariable sequence; not that day is the cause of night, but that day and night are joint effects of a common cause, namely, the revolution of the earth on its axis.

We say that causation is a deep and mysterious tie; but to show that we are not using the word mysterious simply as a synonym for any knot which may be rather difficult to unravel, it will be expedient to enter into a more full account of the point at issue. We have already remarked how rare it is to find a cause in its entire purity. What is loosely called the cause of a phenomenon, in general includes many elements which are not causal, and excludes some which are really causal; as when we say that rainy weather or wind causes the barometer to fall, or that the application of a spark to gunpowder causes an explosion. In neither of these cases do we get near to the heart of the matter; it is plain that many links in the causal chain are wanting. If we want to ascertain accurately what a cause is, we must get as perfect an instance of it as possible. And the more perfect the instance we get, the more it will be found that there  
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is a certain inevitability in the causal nexus—an inconceivability that the thing should be otherwise than it is. We will give three instances of this. The first is one already touched upon—the revolution of the earth around its axis, and the mutual position of earth and sun, form in themselves the absolute cause of day and night. When once we understand and consider attentively the character of the solar system, it is seen to be implied in this character that day and night succeed each other on the earth. The sequence is inevitable. The second instance is the law of gravitation. Every particle of matter attracts every other particle, with a force varying inversely as the square of the distance. This causes the motion of the sun, moon, planets, and stars; at the same time the attraction is wholly unintelligible, except as involving the motion; so much so that some persons have affirmed that the attraction is nothing at all but an abbreviated mode of expressing motion in its accelerations and slackenings. This, however, cannot be maintained; the force of attraction does naturally connect itself with phenomena very different from motion, with feelings of effort that we experience in ourselves; doubtless it was from hence that the idea of material attraction originally suggested itself; and though there is, indeed, a very wide gulf between these feelings and the attraction of gravitation, yet the connection is too naturally made for it to be possible to annihilate the idea of attractive force as something intrinsically different from, though not independent of, motion. The third instance is one less perfect than the two given above, but, perhaps, worth noticing. It is this; that our passions, anger, jealousy, &c., are truly inconceivable without those manifestations which are their results, but which are certainly not identical with them. We do not mean that any given manifestation is a necessary result, but that some manifestation is so.

Is there anything of unlikelihood in the supposition that, if we knew the whole train of sequences that occur upon the application of a spark to gunpowder, the explosion would be seen to follow with the same inevitability (so that the contrary should be literally *inconceivable*) as that with which day and night follow the revolution of the earth on its axis?

The inevitability that we speak of, introduces a distinctly new element from the invariability which Mr. Mill speaks of. It of course involves invariability; but the converse is not true; there are sequences that (as far as our observation goes) are invariable, respecting which it cannot be said that they are plainly inevitable. And if it be asked what further account can be given of this inevitability, it can only be answered that the reason of it

lies in the mysterious depths of Nature, in those depths which can be felt indeed, but not intellectually surveyed.

Before leaving Mr. Mill's "Logic," there are two other questions treated of in it, each going down to very fundamental principles, on which it will be well to make some remarks. The first is the question, What is the source of the certainty with which we hold mathematical axioms? Why, for instance, cannot we think it possible that two straight lines shall, under any circumstances, enclose a space? Mr. Mill says, for the same reason that we cannot think it possible that any lobster may fall in with shall have a backbone; because, among many cases observed, there has been no such instance. However, it is not, in the strict sense of the word, impossible (though, certainly, in the highest degree improbable) that some lobster may some day begin to develop a backbone; and, in a similar way, Mr. Mill argues that, however improbable, it is not quite impossible, that in some world remote from this terrestrial existence two straight lines may actually be seen enclosing a space; and that likewise in the same world two and two may, in the daily experience of its inhabitants, be equal to five; and that a variety of equally curious events may happen, of which, in this vulgar state, we have no notion. But there is a difference between the two cases. When we speak of a lobster acquiring a backbone, our words have a meaning; there is an idea which corresponds to them. But when we speak of two straight lines enclosing a space, there is no idea corresponding to our words; and we submit that, though philosophy is privileged to dwell in the ideal, it is not privileged to talk nonsense. We are aware that an eminent (though not very philosophical) disciple of Mr. Mill has endeavoured to show that we do not talk nonsense in speaking of two straight lines enclosing a space; that there is an idea attaching to these words. Here, we confess, he has the advantage of us. Such is the dullness or perversity of our intellect, that, directly we think of two straight lines, no consideration in the world will make them (to our imagination) enclose a space; while, on the other hand, if we think of two lines enclosing a space, one, at least, of them always will go crooked. Perhaps in some future and better æon the case will be otherwise. Then, doubtless, all circles will be square, and all triangles cubical.

We advance with some hesitation the following theory on one of the most curious points in speculative philosophy. That the following remarks amount to a proof of it, we do not pretend; but it is the only explanation we can conceive adequate to the facts

facts, and we think we may clear away one preliminary difficulty. The whole subject requires to be deeply analysed.

In our opinion, all the propositions of mathematics are identical propositions; and if this is so, no further reason is required for the certitude with which we hold them. But then it requires explanation, why, if they are identical propositions, we do not assent to them the moment we understand them. And the explanation we assign for this fact lies in the enormous amount and complexity of the concrete forms from which the simple elements with which mathematical science is concerned have to be abstracted. It will be worth while to show how great the extent of abstraction in mathematics is.

All mathematical science has for its subject measurement. To measure, is to compare efforts of our own; to compare the labour, the pains, we take in doing one thing with the labour, the pains, we take in doing another thing. All the phenomena of the universe are alike in this (and it is the only respect in which they are all alike), that to do anything with respect to any one of them involves labour on our part. It is labour to walk three miles along a turnpike road; it is a greater labour to walk to the top of Mont Blanc. Of course there are causes in the nature of things which make the latter labour greater than the former; but these causes we can only know through their effects in us. Now, be it observed that in the example just given there is no precise measurement; neither is it precise measurement to say that one apple is much bigger than another apple, nor to say that one house has taken much longer to build than another house. It is a great advance in the faculty when we attain to precise or numerical measurement; as, for instance, to say that one piece of land is twice or three times the size of another piece of land. Beasts, and even the lower races of mankind, have singularly little power of numerical measurement; but in an unprecise way they measure instinctively, as we do. Now, how does the power of precise or numerical measurement arise? It arises out of the rougher faculty of unprecise measurement. Supposing that instead of feeling that of two efforts one is decidedly the greater, we find it really impossible to say which is so, then the two efforts are in themselves indistinguishable, however unlike they may be in the surrounding circumstances. Supposing, for example, that in carrying our eye along a log of wood, and a piece of stone, we find the trouble of moving the eye (which, though small, is perceptible) to be neither greater nor less in the one case than in the other, these two efforts will then be indistinguishable to us; and if we find many cases of such indistinguishability, we shall want

a word to express the idea ; we shall call it equality.\* When men have become accustomed to the idea of equality, they will in time begin to find that an effort, judged to be equal to another effort, is sometimes repeated ; they will want a word to express this repetition of an equal effort ; they will call the effort so repeated double of the effort with which it is compared. And in time the idea of efforts twice or three times the magnitude of other efforts will arise ; hence come the measurements of space and the science of mathematics.

Now be it observed, that the very notion of equality involves the abstraction of all sensuous elements from our cognition. It follows, that in all mathematical science every sensuous element has to be excluded, or, as Mr. Mill would put it, 'thrown into the shade.' Let it be considered how vast a degree of abstraction this is, and how many are incapable of it. But mathematical science proceeds to an even higher degree of abstraction than this ; for there are many different kinds of measurement, and we abstract some while attending to others. In measuring an angle, we ignore the length of the lines that contain it. Considering how often men contradict themselves in abstract arguments, it is no wonder if they fail to recognise identical propositions in the intricate forms of mathematics.

The only remaining topic in Mr. Mill's 'Logic' that seems to call for remark is the concluding book, which concerns the Logic of the Moral Sciences. There is very little in the contents of these chapters to which we take any exception ; and we agree with Mr. Mill that human nature can be scientifically studied, and that human actions are determined by causes, which it is well worth our while to discover. We agree, that is, as far as a very large part of human nature is concerned. But to the entire amenability of human actions to scientific law we cannot assent ; and that for a reason which Mr. Mill ought to allow, namely, the originality always latent in the nature of man, and often openly manifesting itself. By an original man we mean a man whose actions are not determined by any previously ascertained law ; otherwise his actions, though under no outward constraint, would not be original. Some, indeed, may suggest that this originality is merely apparent, and means no more than our ignorance of the motives which impel the original man. But to this we cannot assent, as, we suspect, Mr. Mill would not either ; that flood of feeling and energy, which is our nature, and which underlies all acquired habits, does seem to us veritably drawn from the infinite source of life, and to transcend all calculation.

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\* This point of the analysis is due to Mr. Herbert Spencer.

We come to Mr. Mill's ethics. There is no subject in which he has naturally a greater original insight—none in which his formal systematization is of so feeble a character. It displays Mr. Mill at his best, and at his worst. We will give a specimen, first, of his best style—one of many similar passages occurring in his writings:—

‘There are, no doubt, in all countries, really contented characters, who not merely do not seek, but do not desire, what they do not already possess; and these naturally bear no ill-will towards such as have apparently a more favoured lot. But the great mass of seeming contentment is real discontent, combined with indolence or self-indulgence; which, while taking no legitimate means of raising itself, delights in bringing others down to its own level. And if we look narrowly even at the cases of innocent contentment, we perceive that they only win our admiration, when the indifference is solely to improvement in outward circumstances, and there is a striving for perpetual advancement in spiritual worth, or at least a disinterested zeal to benefit others. The contented man, or the contented family, who have no ambition to make any one else happier, to promote the good of their country or their neighbourhood, or to improve themselves in moral excellence, excite in us neither admiration nor approval. We rightly ascribe this sort of contentment to mere unmanliness and want of spirit. The content which we approve, is an ability to do cheerfully without what cannot be had, a just appreciation of the comparative value of different objects of desire, and a willing renunciation of the less when incompatible with the greater. These, however, are excellences more natural to the character, in proportion as it is actively engaged in the attempt to improve its own or some other lot. He who is continually measuring his energy against difficulties, learns what are the difficulties insuperable to him, and what are those which though he might overcome, the success is not worth the cost. He whose thoughts and activities are all needed for, and habitually employed in, practicable and useful enterprises, is the person of all others least likely to let his mind dwell with brooding discontent upon things either not worth attaining, or which are not so to him. Thus the active, self-helping character is not only intrinsically the best, but is the likeliest to acquire all that is really excellent or desirable in the opposite type.’—*Representative Government*, chap. iii.

These remarks, if we are not mistaken, are not obvious at once, but yet true; and few can read them without being the better for them. When, however, Mr. Mill turns from the enunciation of his own ethical experience to the formation of an ethical system, the result is as illogical an one as any that ever proceeded from a man of his ability.

He begins by announcing himself the defender of a previous system—the Utilitarian system. To our mind, defence of any system,

system, as a whole, is poor work. Special attacks against a system may be rebutted, doubtless; but this rebutting of attacks ought to be carefully kept separate from the enunciation and development of the system itself. A system must stand on its own legs or not at all.

It was, therefore, to be looked for from Mr. Mill that he should, in the first instance, explain accurately what Utilitarianism is, letting this exposition of its real nature stand as the main evidence of its truth; then, if he had thought any misconceptions of it prevailed to a degree worth counteracting, he might have shown in what these misconceptions consisted; whereas what he does is to plunge at once into the *defence*—his *exposition* is in the highest degree broken and obscure.

In our judgment these words, ‘the Utilitarian system,’ ‘the greatest happiness principle,’ are by no means so intelligible as is often supposed; and we should be especially obliged to any one who would put this last-named principle in a concise form for us. Is it,

‘To act for the greatest happiness of all living beings is the way to promote the greatest happiness of oneself?’

This, we take it, is in the main the way in which Bentham would have defined the principle, had he been pressed for a definition; though we are not aware of any instance in his works in which the principle is defined as a proposition. It is certain that Bentham wished to abolish the words ‘ought,’ ‘duty,’ ‘right,’ ‘wrong,’ from the vocabulary of ethics; and though many utilitarian thinkers, after abolishing the words, reintroduce the idea under the form of ‘ultimate end,’ ‘sanction,’ and other such terms, Bentham certainly tried with unusual zeal to abolish the idea entirely. For example, he defines Virtue as ‘the sacrifice of a smaller to a greater interest.’ So likewise he would not admit the word *selfish* as conveying a disparaging sense. ‘I am a selfish man,’ he said, ‘as selfish as any man can be; only in me selfishness has taken the form of benevolence.’ It is clear that this use of the word deprives it of all signification. If all men are ‘as selfish as they can be’ (as Bentham implies), the word *selfish* does not serve to distinguish one man from another.

But what we have specially to observe is, that Mr. Mill’s definition of the greatest happiness principle differs *toto cælo* from any that can with the smallest probability be ascribed to Bentham; whether the exact terms in which we have expressed the principle are the words that would have been chosen by Bentham or not. Mr. Mill says:—

‘The creed which accepts as the foundation of morals, utility, holds that actions are right in proportion as they tend to produce happiness,

happiness, wrong as they tend to produce the reverse of happiness. By happiness is intended pleasure, and the absence of pain : by unhappiness, pain, and the privation of pleasure.'—*Utilitarianism*, p. 10.

Here we have 'right' and 'wrong' in all their full-blown vigour. We ask, whose is that 'Utilitarian system' which Mr. Mill is defending? If it is not Bentham's, whose is it? If it is Bentham's, how comes Mr. Mill in his fundamental definition (his book contains no other equally clear) to use words which it was the first object of Bentham to repudiate? It may be thought that Mr. Mill may, somewhere in his treatise, have defined the words 'right' and 'wrong;' and had he indeed defined 'right' as 'that which is for one's own interest,' and 'wrong' as 'that which is against one's own interest,' the shade of Bentham would, we doubt not, have been filled with joy at the sight of so worthy a follower. But this definition, which it would have been so easy to give had Mr. Mill really held it, is precisely what he does not give. He is, on the contrary, highly indignant with those who think that Utilitarianism bids men seek *their own* happiness.

Utilitarianism, then, is not so simple a theory as its advocates suppose. It must not be thought that we deny or overlook the amount of valuable thought which is to be found in the works of utilitarian writers. But it is one thing, to think usefully on any subject; another, to enunciate a perfectly true system. It is this latter merit alone that we must refuse to acknowledge in the utilitarian writers.

Let us try to analyse the matter more deeply. Bentham gave as the basis of his whole system the axiom, 'It is impossible that any man can desire or aim at anything but his own happiness; whoever pretends to do otherwise is a fool or a liar.' This proposition, whatever offence may be taken at it, is unquestionably the clearest, and the most difficult to refute, of any that have been advanced by any writer calling himself utilitarian. Evidently it is no principle concerning the 'greatest happiness of the greatest number.'

There is, however, a very obvious objection to this proposition of Bentham's. What men really desire is not an abstract happiness, but certain concrete things which will make them happy. They do not isolate this feeling of happiness, and consider everything else the means to it; the feeling of happiness is anticipated by them in the desire of the desired thing, but is not set apart as the true end, to which the desired thing is only the means. We are speaking not of what ought to be, but of what is; this is the actual experience of men.

Mr. Mill would, perhaps, answer the above remark in this way.



way. He would say, that men certainly now appear to desire concrete things; but that this is because the concrete things have by long experience become associated in their minds with the feeling of happiness which they occasion. People who like to have a good dinner seem to desire the delicacies which make up the good dinner; but the actual eatables are only means to an end, which end is the pleasure that has been found by experience to arise from eating them. And it is quite true that some elements in the concrete things are very loosely connected with the feeling of desire, and of the pleasure which corresponds to the desire. An epicure might possibly like a blue salmon as well as a red salmon. But we confidently affirm that it is impossible to eliminate all the concrete elements. In the instance chosen above, the peculiarity of the tastes of the different kinds of food is certainly an essential part of the desire, and is inseparably combined with the pleasure; take it away, and you take away the desire itself, the pleasure itself.

Bentham's proposition must then be modified. Men do not desire an abstract happiness. They desire concrete things; but it is quite true that all attainment of a desired object is characterized by a certain strain of feeling which is called happiness, and which is a common element in all such cases; and this feeling of happiness is prospectively anticipated in the desire. Only, the feeling of happiness is not the whole ultimate object of the desire.

This modification of Bentham's view has for its result the modification and enlargement of his whole system of ethics. Bentham, considering that men desire happiness only, naturally thought that the whole business of ethics was to answer this question: How can a man procure for himself the greatest amount of happiness? in, and through, what course of action is the greatest happiness attained? He considered, and very truly, that men do not know the answer to this question by the pure light of nature; that many desires, in the satisfaction of which they anticipate happiness, do not really bring happiness; and that therefore a scientific view is necessary, which shall warn men against these delusive desires, and confirm those other desires which really give the happiness which they promise. This is the Benthamic ethics; and the scientific nature of it is, the correction of impulsive desire by the calm consideration of the expected happiness.

Bentham reasoned quite correctly in supposing that such a scientific research was both possible and needful. It is unquestionable, that we do constantly restrain our instinctive wishes by the thought, 'This impulse has on former occasions brought  
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me not happiness but unhappiness.' Only, this is not the whole, nor is it the centre, of ethics. For after all our reasonings concerning future happiness, we still must and do return to this question as the centre of all, 'What do I truly desire the most?' This is the real question which ethical philosophy has to answer. Be it observed, the question is not simply, 'What do I desire?' nor even, 'What do I desire most strongly at the present moment?' both of which questions could, perhaps, be answered without much difficulty, though the answer would be different at different times. But the question is, 'Seeing that my desires differ at different times, and that some are superficial and transient, and others deep and lasting, what, taking the whole sum of my nature into consideration, is that which I wish for the most?' To interpret one's own nature truly in this respect is a most important matter, and at the same time no easy task. For the nature of man has elements which slumber, as well as elements which are awake and active; as we may see in comparing the child with the youth, and the youth with the man. When we seek to know what we really desire the most, we must listen not merely to desires which possess us with their full heat, but to those which are just stirring in their first faint dawn. Nor can we refuse to admit in thought the possibility that our whole intelligible nature, in the height of its present existence, is but superficial compared to those profound depths of which we are now, but shall not always be, unconscious. And this question, 'What do I desire the most?' is very different from the question, 'What is the greatest happiness that I can attain?' Any reference to happiness must refer to the happiness of our past experience, otherwise the question is without meaning; but the question, 'What do I desire the most?' extends beyond all past experience to a living present fact. Of course this does not imply that our desires are not very largely influenced by our past experience, still they extend beyond it.

It is then the object of Ethics to conduct a man from the superficial to the deep consideration of his own desires. At the same time, it is impossible to deny that such deep research takes a man beyond the bounds of his individual nature. Sympathy is innate in man; we desire a thing because another desires it, and without any other reason. And as we sympathize with our fellow-men, and desire what they desire, so we have an instinctive wish to be in harmony with the Eternal Law of the Universe, and with the Eternal Desire or Will that embodies itself in this law. This, indeed, is the most permanent of the desires of man; an assertion which experience proves, but the proof of which we cannot here enter upon. And hence Duty, which in  
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its strict definition is obedience to the permanent desires of our own nature, as opposed to those which are transitory, is seen to be identical with obedience to the Eternal Moral Law, the Will of God, that harmonizes all the desires of man. In every aspect, Duty curbs and limits (though without abolishing) the vehement transitory desires, and points to the eternal; hence having that mark which Kant denoted as the 'categorical imperative.' When we say, I *ought* to do this; we mean, I desire, and yet I do not desire; but I desire with that in me which is permanent and eternal.

We have taken Bentham, and not Mr. Mill, as the starting-point of the remarks that we have made on abstract Ethics. This could not possibly be helped; for Bentham, though we hold that he is mistaken, is very powerful in this line. Mr. Mill is carried away by his feelings, and no one can clearly understand what he calls his system. In fairness, however, we must add, that Mr. Mill's ethical insight is far more varied and profound than that of Bentham.

We come to those parts of Mr. Mill's writings which are either directly or indirectly political; and first to his 'Essay on Liberty.' Of the second, third, and fourth chapters of this work it is difficult to speak too highly. The fifth is comparatively unimportant. Mr. Mill has but slight success in the details of practice, just as he has but slight success in the subtleties of abstract speculation. His strength lies in the ground intermediate between these two—in the broad conceptions which are neither traced back to the fountainhead, nor forward to the final issue, but which are based on reality, and therefore strong. Of his first chapter we shall speak presently; but it will be as well to say a few words in reference to the three intermediate chapters, which are the substance of the book.

Mr. Mill thinks the men of the age wanting in fibre, in active choice, in vigour of individuality. He thinks them timidly subservient to the opinions and habits of their neighbours, passive, subject to nervous fears of the society around them, and of unknown powers beyond. It is unquestionable that the world at all times contains a very large number of persons in whom this temper predominates. Whether in the present age and in this country their number is greater than usual, is difficult to determine. But it must be admitted, that wherever men act for a common purpose on a large scale, there the action of each individual must to a great measure be framed on a model, and the opportunity for the spontaneous outflow of his impulses is diminished. The complex commercial, manufacturing, and social systems of these days necessarily restrict the time during  
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which each individual can be himself alone ; nor do they only restrict the time, but also, by implanting the habit of working by rule, they diminish the power of working with freedom. For these reasons, it seems hardly possible that there should not be a want of free impulse in the men of the present day. But however much this may be true, still, as Shirley says, 'there is no armour against fate.' It is a slow process to modify a temper grounded on the broad nature of things ; and there are many things which we can only lament, knowing that any attempt suddenly to alter them must be premature, and because premature, harmful.

Again, work by rule, though it must be accompanied with a certain plainness and homeliness, is by no means always a sign of want of strength. For solidity of character, an Englishman of the present day is probably by no means inferior to an ancient Athenian. Nervous fear of individuality is quite another thing ; but whether this is in excess at the present day may fairly be doubted.

Again, in so far as it is individuality of opinion on which Mr. Mill insists, that is a matter on which there are two sides. With the great means of intercommunication existing among mankind, it must be very rare for anyone to find himself absolutely alone in an opinion. It may be thought a solitary error of a very few to hold, nowadays, that the sun goes round the earth ; but we remember a gentleman lecturing a few years ago in support of this thesis, and confuting, to the entire satisfaction of his audience, a senior wrangler who advanced the opposite view. Almost all modern opinion gathers into cliques ; and it is an excellent thing to give force to the individual against the clique which surrounds him. But is society at large too influential in matters of opinion ? We think not. On the contrary, it appears to us that when men deal with the opinions of others beyond their immediate surroundings, they seldom show them sufficient respect. And we may be permitted to observe, that the greatest transgressors of all in this respect are the followers of Mr. Mill himself. So rich, they think, is the mine of truth contained in the volumes of the Master, and of those whom he has honoured with his recommendation, that when they deal with those outside the sacred circle, the roughest treatment will suffice.

The above observations are not written in any spirit of antagonism to the principal parts of the 'Essay on Liberty,' but merely as limiting the application of it. But to the first chapter, in which Mr. Mill seeks to raise his work to the category of abstract speculative truth, our objection is rooted and unquerable.

querable. We quote the passage in which he enunciates the 'principle' that he conceives himself to have established :—

'The object of this Essay is to assert one very simple principle, as entitled to govern absolutely the dealings of society with the individual in the way of compulsion and control, whether the means used be physical force in the form of legal penalties, or the moral coercion of public opinion. That principle is, that the sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number, is self-protection. That the only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others. His own good, whether physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant. He cannot rightfully be compelled to do or forbear, because it will be better for him to do so, because it will make him happier, because, in the opinion of others, to do so would be wise, or even right. These are good reasons for remonstrating with him, or reasoning with him, or persuading him, or entreating him, but not for compelling him, or visiting him with any evil in case he do otherwise. To justify that, the conduct from which it is desired to deter him, must be calculated to produce evil to some one else. . . . It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say that this doctrine is meant to apply only to human beings in the maturity of their faculties. We are not speaking of children, or of young persons below the age which the law may fix as that of manhood or womanhood. Those who are still in a state to require being taken care of by others, must be protected against their own actions as well as against external injury. For the same reason we may leave out of consideration those backward states of society in which the race itself may be considered as in its nonage.'—*Essay on Liberty*, chap. i.

Mr. Mill's exceptions form a very large class. Often as we have seen it affirmed that human law is the highest product of human reason, the passage just quoted is the first in which we ever saw human law put forward as the source of reason—at any rate of a general principle of reason. It is unjustifiable, Mr. Mill says, to coerce a youth of twenty-two for his own benefit; it is justifiable to coerce a youth of twenty with the same object. Supposing any man were to assert that the age of maturity should be fixed lower or higher than the present legal age, how would Mr. Mill deal with the question? Is it not clear that the very point he would have to consider is this, at what time of life a youth begins to be able to take care of himself? Mr. Mill's boasted principle has, in ordinary matters, been acted upon for ages, and embodied in law; but it is very strange that he should appeal to this law as the ultimate foundation of his principle. We say, he appeals to existing law as the foundation of a speculative principle. This is clear; for Mr. Mill's principle is, not that you may not coerce any person for his or her own benefit, but

but that you may not so coerce any person above the age of twenty-one. In fact the discussion, as a question of principle, is absurd. There are points in which a child ought to be left to decide for itself; there are possible conditions in which men up to any age may be coerced, simply for their own benefit. For instance, a surgeon will in general consult a patient as to whether he wishes an operation to be performed; but it is conceivable that the benefit resulting from the operation may be so certain, that the surgeon ought to perform it, even though the patient refuses his consent. A great responsibility lies on such decisions; but they are decisions that have sometimes to be made.

Similarly, when the question is whether a forcible external government ought to be imposed on a people for the benefit of the people itself, the whole point of the question here is, does the people under mention belong to 'those backward states of society in which the race itself may be considered in its nonage'? Who shall decide? Are the Melanesian savages in this class? are the negroes? are the Hindoos? are the Russians? are the Irish? We think we could point to writers who would deny it of every one of these races; we think we could point to writers who would affirm it of every one of them. Nay, would not, according to Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Ruskin, the English themselves come under this category? What test does Mr. Mill give us to distinguish the races who are still in their nonage from the races who have attained to riper years? The only distinguishing mark he gives us is contained in the following sentence: 'As soon as mankind have attained the capacity of being guided to their own improvement by conviction or persuasion, . . . compulsion . . . is no longer admissible as a means to their own good.' That is to say, when you can persuade men to improve, it is better not to use force. So obvious a remark is almost a truism. But how does Mr. Mill know that even civilized nations may not sometimes be unwilling or unable to adopt what is really for their improvement? We are not aware whether he considers the consolidation of Germany a benefit to mankind or not; but, at any rate, it is not uncommonly held to be so, and it is an example of a measure of great magnitude that could hardly have been accomplished without the exercise of some little despotism.

It is singular that after the assertion of this 'very simple principle' in his first chapter, Mr. Mill, in his second chapter, deserts it altogether, and proceeds to discuss the liberty of propagating opinions—an act which is evidently not individual, but social.

The 'Representative Government' is the most excellent of Mr. Mill's works. It is full in design and execution; on the whole, remarkably sober in judgment—abstinent from controversial brilliancies.

brilliances. It may seem rather the task of an *advocatus diaboli* to find out faults in it. Nevertheless there is one not unimportant point in which we are at discord with it.

We dissent from Mr. Mill's conclusion, in the second chapter, that the temper which conduces to Order (or Permanence) in the state, and the temper which conduces to Progress, are the same in kind and differ only in degree—Progress denoting a greater degree of the temperament. We think, on the contrary, that though in a perfect statesman these two tempers will be harmonized and appear as one, yet in themselves they are radically divided. True, a great many good qualities, which Mr. Mill enumerates, 'mental activity, enterprise, courage,' are as conducive to Order as to Progress, and to Progress as to Order. But it does not follow that every good quality is equally conducive to the two. A hopeful disposition, for instance, is more conducive to Progress than to Order; it may even overthrow Order in aiming at Progress. Mr. Mill would say that that is not true Progress which consists in the overthrow of Order. But why not? Sound permanent progress it will not be, certainly; but it will be progress as far as it goes, and, which is still more to the point, it is sure to be the ideal of progress to those members of the community who are more hopeful than sagacious. Nothing is more certain than that a state cannot endure too rapid a succession of even beneficial measures of reform. Every such measure loosens the political structure, which needs a certain time to settle into the new shape. Every reform needs a large amount of thought and care in the practical carrying of it out; and a nation has not an unlimited supply of thought at its disposal. This is the case, then, in which considerations of progress will not of themselves suffice to do the best for a state. It is necessary to bring in the consideration of what amount of progress the state will bear—a consideration which pertains distinctively to Order, or Permanence. It is true a far-seeing mind will, in a case like this, combine the two dispositions, and produce a result which is at once the greatest amount of Order and of Progress. But less far-seeing minds will not be able to do this; and hence the equilibrium of the state will demand, that as some minds specially aim at Progress, so others should specially aim at Order—since if one or the other class of minds unduly predominated, it would loosen or harden the body politic beyond what was expedient. A good many people have drawn from these observations of Mr. Mill's the not illogical deduction, that the most superior minds are those who recommend the greatest number of abstractedly desirable changes with the utmost possible vehemence; and it is not out of place to show that this principle is not a true one.

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It is noticeable that the only other weak point in the 'Representative Government' is the chapter in which Mr. Mill enters upon practical administrative details—that, namely, in which he advocates Mr. Hare's system of voting. We are not rash enough to predict that Mr. Hare's system, or one similar to it, will never come into force in England; but we are quite certain that it will not come into force at one step—the leap from the present system to so widely different a method can only be accomplished by theorists of unexampled agility, certainly not by so slow-going a nation as the English. It is out of place, in discussing so absolutely a premature device, to lay any stress upon the minute details of it. And this is what Mr. Mill does.

In Mr. Mill's 'Logic,' in his 'Essay on Liberty,' and in his 'Representative Government,' we recognise clearly a considerable quantity of pure gold, though mixed in each case with somewhat of a less worthy material. In his 'Political Economy'—the last of his important constructive works to which we now come—we can discern nothing of the highest value, though it doubtless contains large quantities of material for thought. The ambitious theorems in it are all, in our opinion, failures; the large suggestions are onesided and insufficiently examined; and of the rest, little is absolutely original. Like Mr. Mill's other works, it extends the science of which it treats into fields of a vague vastness, far beyond the grasp of a single thinker. It is the only work of Mr. Mill's of which we should say that it is, in general, distinctly and greatly overrated.

How strange, for example, is it that Mr. Mill, in his treatment of the subject of land tenure, should devote four chapters to the discussion of peasant proprietors, metayers, and cottiers, and not give a single line to the description of the system customary in England! A comparison, in which one of the things compared is entirely ignored, is surely an unsatisfactory foundation for an opinion. The style of an advocate, not of a judge, is discernible in every line of the four chapters here spoken of.

Why, again, does he so elaborately and admiringly discuss Fourierism and Communism, when he is not prepared to state one single point, or name one single country, in which he would at present support these systems?

But we must examine his abstract theories, which have been our subject all along.

The principal of these is that elaborate paradox in the first volume, which he puts forward as one of the fundamental propositions of political economy—the proposition that 'a demand for commodities is not a demand for labour.'

To a limited extent, and only to a very limited extent, there  
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is a truth in this proposition. If by labour he meant the labour of those who are called 'the labouring classes,' *i.e.*, those who endure physical toil, then the person who buys an article directly from the labourers gives them more than the person does who buys it from a middleman who has employed the labourers. In the former case, the labourers get the whole sum paid for the article; in the latter, the middleman intercepts a certain portion of it. This, however, is not what Mr. Mill means. His statement is, that the buying of commodities does not tend in any degree, however slight, to the sustenance of the labourer. Not a penny of the purchase money, he says, goes into the labourers' pocket; it might as well have been thrown into the sea, for all the good it does in that quarter. This is the proposition which we dispute.

The proposition, that a demand for commodities is not a demand for labour, is very like the proposition that steam does not move a railway train. The steam will not move the train without the intervention of wheels and cylinders and pistons; and the demand for commodities will not be followed by the employment of labour, without the intervention of a certain amount of intermediate machinery, which is in the hands of the manufacturer or capitalist. But that the demand for the commodities is really the moving force which causes the employment of labour may be seen by this, that if the customers of any trade discontinue their custom, the workers in that trade must lose their employment. Suppose that all persons who buy lace were to cease buying it, and put their money instead into a strong box at home (or, which would more probably be the case, were to let some article of commerce lie unused and idle, by the sale of which the lace would be purchased), would not the lace-makers be immediately thrown out of work? and who would be the gainers by it? Of course, if the buyers of lace did not put their money in the strong box, but bought something else with it, or employed labour on their own account, then somebody would be the gainer; but this is merely changing an old demand for a new one. Mr. Mill's proposition affirms that the demand for commodities may entirely cease, and the demand for labour continue unaltered. It is truly monstrous to say such a thing. When a person demands labour, does not this mean that he demands the commodities which labour produces? When a man demands a commodity, does he not *ipso facto* demand the labour which produces the commodity? It is quite impossible to sever the two. Mr. Mill would, we suppose, admit that if I get A to make me an umbrella, and A gets B to help him, giving B a part of the profits, I have been the cause of employment

ment not merely to A but to B. And what difference is there between this case and the case in which A has a reasonable expectation that I shall apply to him for the umbrella, and therefore, with B's help, makes it beforehand?

Let us hear Mr. Mill. Take one of his illustrations :—

‘A consumer has been accustomed to buy velvet, but resolves to discontinue that expense, and to employ the same annual sum in hiring bricklayers. If the common opinion be correct, this change in the mode of his expenditure gives no additional employment to labour, but only transfers employment from velvet-makers to bricklayers. On closer inspection, however, it will be seen that there is an increase of the total sum affixed to the remuneration of labour. The velvet manufacturer, supposing him aware of the diminished demand for his commodity, diminishes the production, and sets at liberty a corresponding portion of the capital employed in the manufacture. This capital, thus withdrawn from the maintenance of velvet-makers, is not the same fund with that which the customer employs in maintaining bricklayers; it is a second fund. There are, therefore, two funds to be employed in the maintenance and remuneration of labour, where before there was only one. There is not a transfer of employment from velvet-makers to bricklayers; there is a new employment created for bricklayers, and a transfer of employment from velvet-makers to some other labourers, most probably those who produce the food and other things which the bricklayers consume.’

A strange oversight; the two funds exist in the case when the customer buys the velvet quite as much as when he does not buy it. Mr. Mill forgets the fund which the customer transfers to the velvet-maker in exchange for the velvet which he purchases. We are wrong: he does not absolutely forget it; he remembers it after he has written the argument in which it is ignored. Then, of course, he tries to save his case; but it is essentially a desperate one. This is how he plunges into the depths of the abyss :—

‘It may, no doubt, be said, that though the money laid out in buying velvet is not an addition to capital, it replaces a capital; that though it does not create a new demand for labour, it is the necessary means of enabling the existing demand to be kept up. . . . The premises of this argument are not denied. . . . It is perfectly true that if I expend 1000*l.* in buying velvet, I enable the manufacturer to employ 1000*l.* in the maintenance of labour, which could not have been so employed while the velvet remained unsold; and if it would have remained unsold for ever, unless I bought it, then by changing my purpose, and hiring bricklayers instead, I undoubtedly create no new demand for labour. . . .’

But, Mr. Mill implies, the velvet will be sold in any case, whether the customer in question buy it or not. He entirely forgets that one of his two funds (in the case when the consumer

does not buy the velvet) is derived from the fact that the velvet is not made at all! 'The velvet-maker,' he has said, 'diminishes the production, and sets at liberty a corresponding portion of the capital employed in the manufacture.' Clearly, if the velvet is to be sold, it is a necessary preliminary that it should be made. Briefly and simply, the two funds mentioned by Mr. Mill exist in both cases, and in both are employed in the maintenance of labour. Suppose the customer buys the velvet: there is the capital which the velvet-maker pays to his workpeople for making the velvet; and there is the capital which the customer transfers to the velvet-maker in exchange for the velvet, and which the velvet-maker then uses in the employment of labour either in his own trade or otherwise. Suppose the customer does not buy the velvet; there is the capital set free by the velvet-maker from his manufacture, as no longer wanted in it; and there is the capital which the customer (now no longer a customer) employs in hiring bricklayers.

Let us take one more of Mr. Mill's illustrations:—

'The proposition for which I am contending is in reality equivalent to the following, which to some minds will appear a truism, though to others it is a paradox: That a person does good to labourers, not by what he consumes on himself, but solely by what he does not so consume. If instead of laying out 100*l.* in wine or silk, I expend it in wages or in alms, the demand for commodities is precisely equal in both cases. In the one, it is a demand for 100*l.* worth of wine or silk; in the other, for the same value of bread, beer, labourers' clothing, fuel, and indulgences; but the labourers of the community have in the latter case the value of 100*l.* more of the produce of the community distributed among them.'

'Wages or alms!' Who gave Mr. Mill leave to interpolate the latter word? It is purely out of place in the consideration of commercial transactions, and we shall take the liberty of omitting it. To proceed: Mr. Mill does great injustice to mankind if he thinks that the initial proposition of this paragraph can be a paradox to any person of ordinary sense. But it is very strange that he should consider it as equivalent to the proposition that a demand for commodities is not a demand for labour. Is it impossible that a person should pay wages to labourers for something which he intends to consume on himself? For instance, to use an illustration of Mr. Mill's own, if he gets labourers to dig an artificial lake for him? Is it, on the other hand, impossible that he should buy at a shop something which will be useful to his neighbours? Mr. Mill does not treat his two parallel cases fairly. He ignores the one hundred pounds which the labourers who produce the wine and silk receive for their labour in producing it; in the other case he ignores the produce which the

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the labourers give to the employer in return for their bread, beer, clothing, fuel, and indulgences. The labourers in each case confer a benefit, and in each case receive a benefit. Mr. Mill, in the one case, omits to notice the benefit which they confer, in the other he omits to notice the benefit which they receive. No wonder he gets strange results. It is not worth while to wade after him further into this quagmire of confusion; but we may observe that, on page 147, he admits that a demand for commodities can 'call labour into increased vigour and efficiency;' though, by some inscrutable process, he still concludes that it does not 'demand labour.'

In many books we have read weak arguments of a kind that Mr. Mill, to his credit, never uses; but we never read so distinct a series of fallacies, so emphatic an assertion that  $A = \text{not } A$ , as in the above quotations. Perhaps in that ideal world which Mr. Mill anticipates, where two straight lines enclose a space, and two and two make five, and all things happen by pure chance, there Mr. Mill's Fourth Fundamental Proposition of Political Economy may hold a distinguished place. We fear it must be relegated from this sublunary scene.

One 'fundamental proposition' in Mr. Mill's 'Political Economy,' the doctrine of a wages-fund, has been discussed in former numbers of this 'Review;' and, as it has now been given up by himself, there is no need to say anything further about it in this place. On another leading misconception in his work, in relation to the subject of money, we can only refer to Professor Bonamy Price's 'Principles of Currency' (p. 160).

We have now finished our criticism upon Mr. Mill's original speculations. The points that we have chosen for remark have been those which, as it seemed to us, his followers as well as the world at large would be likely to select as the most typical, the most characteristic, and the most fundamental propositions of his philosophy.

The tone adopted by Mr. Mill's followers of late years has been one not infrequent among the schools of philosophers, but one which in every case demands rigid sifting. It is this: that the human race, which heretofore had dragged its waggon and cars cumbrously over hedges and ditches, muddy lanes, and roadless forests, has now at length, by the efforts of a single thinker, got well on the rails, and is ready to steam off at express speed in any required direction. All is henceforth going to be plain-sailing (to change our metaphor); or if any question is obscure, it is satisfactorily shown that with such question we have no concern, and that no future generation will be able to solve it any more than ourselves.

Now it is true that in the history of the sciences there are

epochs of sudden and rapid development which may seem partly to justify such a tone of triumph. But in the history of philosophy there are no such epochs. And it is clear why this is so; for it is very possible for a man to arise in any special branch of knowledge, who shall be entitled to say to others, 'In this branch you have hitherto been utterly wrong, let me show you how to deal with it;' but there never yet was a man entitled to say to his fellow-men, 'You have been hitherto utterly wrong in your views of the entire universe; let me found your speculations for you again absolutely *de novo*.' Bacon was the most revolutionary philosopher, the one who came nearest to making such lofty pretensions with a shadow of reason; but the apparent extreme novelty of Bacon's philosophy was due in no slight degree to his neglect of what was most valuable in the writings of his predecessors.

But of all schools of philosophy, that of Mr. Mill is, we think, least entitled to make these extraordinary pretensions. To do him justice, we do not think that Mr. Mill would make any such claims for himself in so many words; but the freedom and positiveness with which he dismisses as 'fallacies' some of the most valued speculations of previous thinkers, without a word of qualification in cases where a just aim and a considerable measure of truth may have coexisted with errors of expression, indicates in him the tacit belief that these philosophers have now ceased to have any reason for their existence. We do not refer to such a work as his 'Examination of Sir W. Hamilton,' which is fair, laborious, and by no means always unsuccessful, antagonism; but to the casual expressions which drop from his pen in alluding to the theories of elder philosophers. He admires Plato; but it never, we think, enters his mind that any of Plato's theories can be, in any degree, true. He extols Berkeley as one of the greatest of philosophers; but he rejects his theological view with as little hesitation or respect as if it had come from an idiot. Even Newton is quoted by him only as evidence how absolutely we who are enlightened may be justified in rejecting an opinion of the greatest of scientific thinkers.

What Mr. Mill silently thinks, his followers more openly proclaim. We must lament that one of the most useful and distinguished of English Universities, the University of London, should have almost formally excluded from their examinations any other philosophy than that of Mr. Mill and Mr. Bain. Such a procedure does, indeed, show a good deal of simple misapprehension on the part of the more technical followers of these thinkers. It is quite true that Mr. Mill and Mr. Bain have had a great share in raising psychology, which is a science, and a very modern science, to the rank which it at present holds in public estimation.

estimation. It is true, also, that psychology, like all nascent sciences, is much more connected with the great body of philosophy than a science which, like astronomy, has long been subject to accurate and well-defined investigation. But psychology is not therefore identical with philosophy; it is, on the contrary, wholly and entirely distinct from it. Those who think that psychology can combine the accuracy of science with the universality of philosophy, anticipate a state of things of which there is at any rate not the smallest sign at present. When this is once fully acknowledged, the narrowness which now characterizes Mr. Mill's school will be in a fair way to pass off.

But if the arguments advanced in the preceding pages have any weight, it can never happen that Mr. Mill's philosophy, as a philosophy, can be held in any high value. His inconsistencies are too many; his principles, borrowed to begin with, have been subject to too little analysis and harmonization at his own hand. He is, indeed, a kind of Procrustes, who takes the narrow and shrunken substance of other people's speculations, and tries by main force to expand them to the dimensions required by the age—dimensions which he himself is by no means ill qualified to appreciate.

For Mr. Mill himself, as we gladly acknowledge, is much more eminent as a man than he is as a philosopher. Were his nature narrower than it is, his reasonings would be more consistent. And even in his philosophy itself there is an anti-philosophic tinge, a disposition to withdraw from all theory into common-sense observation, which has in itself served not inconsiderably to recommend him to the English nation, who have a decided preference for maxims over theories, for truth in detail over general systematization.

To ordinary unphilosophic readers Mr. Mill has been an arousing, exciting force; he has inspired men by his energy, he has animated them by sentiments generally benevolent and sometimes noble, he has forbidden them to be quiescent, lazy, and inert. Yet even taking Mr. Mill as a public teacher—putting aside the question of technical philosophy—we find something to regret, something to weigh against his merits. He either has not, or at least has never expressed, any sense of the mystery of life, apart from that mere curiosity which we feel for all things that are unknown. We do not, indeed, ask of any man, even of a philosopher, that he should enter at length upon such subjects, unless his nature inclines him thereto. But some recognition of them is, we think, to be desired, especially from those who undertake to teach mankind on their most vital interests. What interest can be more vital than this? Who can consider what he himself is, and how within a few years he has arisen out of nothingness, or out of what seems to men nothingness, and within  
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a few years will sink back into the same, and not be deeply moved. Who is not driven at times to ask himself whether the world is truly animated and ruled by Eternal Love, or whether it is an external unfeeling something that hurries us from birth to death? A scientific curiosity is surely a very imperfect feeling in regard to these matters. But in Mr. Mill the evidence even of a scientific curiosity is rare in respect of them, and the omission has the appearance of being deliberate. He intends to imply that these are questions with which a rational man will not concern himself. He thinks himself capable of drawing a sharp line between things knowable and things unknowable. We affirm that he is not really capable of doing this, and that no solid or justifiable ground can be shown for making an entire severance between what is called science and these topics of such deep interest to ourselves. The unknown penetrates the known, and is everywhere intermingled with it. It has resulted from such ultra-scientific views as those of Mr. Mill (which after all overshoot the mark, and are not really even scientific) that the very notion of a moral ideal has been ignored by many recent thinkers, and the title of moral philosophy has been usurped by a historical psychology, that is, by theories respecting the feelings and habits of men in past ages.

To sum up briefly the conclusions of the present article, we trust it will be thought, as is truly the case, that we are far more anxious to correct than to depreciate the estimate generally formed in this country of Mr. Mill. That for which he has been most applauded by his admirers is his talent for original abstract speculation, whereas this seems to us precisely the line in which he is weakest. He is powerful by a certain broad common-sense, he is powerful also by a fervour of enthusiasm; and though these two qualities sometimes flow side by side in his writings, like the Arve and the Rhone, without commingling, yet at times they are united. He is a partisan, but a partisan with great purity of motive.

A sharpness of temperament, inherited from his father, co-exists in him with a great love of fairness. He has a strong admiration for great men, which is the more excellent in him, as he sometimes disagrees widely from the opinions of those whom he holds up as patterns to others. To consider him as simply a cold-blooded reasoner is the greatest mistake that has ever been made about him. On the contrary, there is an element of fanaticism in his temperament, which frequently warps his judgment, and overcomes his natural sense of justice. But, notwithstanding this, it is his moral energy which, in our opinion, gives him his greatest title to honour, and which will most contribute to preserve his name among those who have done good to mankind.

ART.

ART. IV.—*A History of Painting in North Italy, Venice, Padua, Vicenza, Verona, Ferrara, Milan, Friuli, Brescia, from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century.* By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle. London, 2 vols. 8vo. 1871.

THE publication of two additional volumes of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's 'History of Painting in Italy,' proves that the interest long felt in this country in the Fine Arts has not diminished. The success of recent exhibitions of the works of the old masters at the Royal Academy, and of pictures by English and foreign painters elsewhere shows, indeed, that this interest is increasing. No one who desires to see the taste and amusements of the people improved and refined can regret that this is so. We believe it to be of the utmost importance that in these days, when the different classes of society are being politically amalgamated and confounded, working men should be taught that, after all, there is something in the cultivation of the intellect, and that the high state of civilization to which we have attained, and our advancement in prosperity, happiness, and comfort, are not unconnected with the development of the human faculties, whether in the direction of literature, science, or art.

It is, therefore, with concern, if not with fear, that we observe a disposition in certain persons hitherto entrusted with the direction, as far as Government can affect it, of public opinion in these matters, to sneer at the arts and taste, and to treat with contempt, if not with something worse, those who profess them. That in these days of 'Communism' and 'Internationalism' this tendency is positively mischievous, and even dangerous, we need scarcely point out. It is more than desirable, it is necessary, that those who are seeking to control society, and to abolish the distinction of classes, should be led to feel that high mental cultivation and intellectual pursuits soften and elevate the national as well as the individual character, instead of being taught to despise them. The 'Communists' of Paris, whatever may be said to the contrary by their apologists, waged war against the arts and literature as a part of that civilization which they consider it their mission to destroy. If they had been allowed a few more hours to mature and carry out their plans, it has been proved, beyond question, that the public, and probably the private libraries, galleries, and museums of the capital, would have been destroyed. We hope and believe that our working classes are not inspired by the same ignorant and fanatical fury. The interest they have hitherto shown in the collections of art and science, which at such vast expense  
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and such infinite labour have been collected together in this great metropolis, leads to a contrary belief. If London had ever the misfortune of falling into the power of a mob, we trust that they would prevent the repetition of such scenes as were witnessed in Paris. But there are always reckless men to be found, and they would be encouraged and directed in their recklessness by foreigners, who, outlawed and expelled from the rest of Europe, conspire against civilization and order under the protection of our laws, and would rejoice in being able to bring about the destruction of our most glorious national monuments.

It has often been said that the Fine Arts have made greater progress, and men of genius who followed them have received greater encouragement under despotic Governments and absolute princes than in countries enjoying free institutions. It has been too hastily inferred that the highest development of the arts, and even of literature, is inconsistent with political liberty. The fact is overlooked that the growth which preceded and led to it has taken place under the impulse of freedom, and that speedy decay has generally followed such temporary splendour. It was in the Greek republics that the arts and literature attained a glory unequalled in the world's history. It was under the Roman Empire that they rapidly declined. It was in the small Italian republics that they rose again, and it was when Italy fell under the withering despotism of the foreigner that they perished. Catholic Rome was never, as her eulogists assert, the cradle of the arts. She was their tomb. Artists and literary men were attracted to her by the encouragement which a sumptuous religion held out to them. She availed herself of the genius which had been nourished elsewhere, but she has not produced a single artist or writer of world-wide fame. Those who were drawn to her soon lost under her baneful shadow their originality and greatness. Her influence elsewhere was equally fatal to the arts. The architecture and painting of the Jesuits, which have disfigured from the end of the sixteenth century almost every city of Italy and Spain, and have caused the destruction of so many noble monuments of art, show the result of the superstitions and tyranny of Rome.

We have not space to dwell upon the value economically of the arts and of taste. But when war is declared by labour against capital, and the most perverted notions of political economy prevail, it is of no little importance that the influence of art upon the wealth of a country, and upon the consequent well-being of its working classes, should be well understood. The result of the theories of the 'Internationalists,' if put into practice, would

would be the destruction of modern civilization, against which they are directed, and the return of Europe to a state of barbarism, anarchy, and misery scarcely surpassed in the darkest periods of the middle ages.

These considerations force themselves upon us when we take up Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's volumes. The publication of such researches affords a proof of the interest that is felt in the lives and performances of any class of men who have done something to illustrate the history and promote the civilization of their time. Few books have been more generally read than the biographies of the Italian painters by Vasari. It is true that much of their popularity is to be attributed to their style, and to the picture they give of contemporary manners and modes of thought which can scarcely fail to interest and amuse even those who are most indifferent to painting and painters. But Vasari is proved by documents and from other sources to be singularly inaccurate in his facts and dates. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have with much industry and care corrected many of his mistakes and misstatements. The technical description of a picture can never be attractive. Nor can the mere chronicle of the works of painters, unless relieved by personal anecdotes, such as Vasari has interspersed with his biographies, be very amusing. But making every allowance for the difficulties with which our authors have had to contend, we must object to the art jargon which they frequently use, and to the somewhat grotesque English of their criticisms. It was surely unnecessary to coin uncouth words and phrases to point out the merits or demerits of a picture. However, their history is the mine from which future writers on Italian painting will obtain their materials. It is indispensable to the library of the collector and the artist. Although we think the conclusions of the writers, in some instances, too hasty and dogmatic, we readily admit that they have been the first to treat their subject with the requisite knowledge, to define the various schools of painting that flourished in Italy, and to establish on sure grounds the real authorship of many hitherto misnamed works.

The first three volumes of the 'History of Painting in Italy' are of special value for the study of that great art-revival which took place in the fourteenth century in Central Italy. But our space will not permit us to do more in one article than notice the volumes recently published on 'The History of Painting in North Italy.' Now that the illustrious cities under the shadow of the Alps are so accessible to the traveller, and their splendid monuments are so generally visited, the schools of painting which once flourished in them deserve to be better known. That the many

many remarkable painters whom they produced should not enjoy the fame they deserve, is mainly owing to the fact that Vasari has passed them over for the most part almost unnoticed. A Tuscan, and justly proud of his own countrymen, his principal object was to exalt the Tuscan schools of art. He has consequently given an undue prominence to men of second or third rate abilities who happened to have been born on Tuscan soil, whilst artists of far greater merit are either passed over altogether or summarily disposed of, not unfrequently under disguised names. His notice of the painters to whom the Venetian school owed its development and its glory, Avanzi and Altichiero, the Vivarinis, the three Bellinis, Carpaccio, Cima da Conegliano, Basaiti, the Veronese and Vicentine masters, and even Giorgione himself, is comprised in less than thirty pages of the last small octavo edition of his lives, and in a short joint biography of Lorenzo Lotto and Palma Vecchio, and a rather more copious one of Titian. It is true that local historians have to a certain extent made up for Vasari's ignorance or silence. But their works are scarce or little known. From them, and from personal investigations and researches, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have now for the first time produced a complete history of the development of painting in Northern Italy.

There is nothing more surprising in the history of Italy from the eleventh to the sixteenth century than the prosperity of the small states into which the Peninsula was then divided. No country can show a more general, and apparently a more equal, distribution of comfort and wealth. On all sides splendid monuments arose—churches, convents, public buildings, private palaces, unequalled for the beauty of their architecture and the richness of their decorations. There is scarcely an Italian town, however small, which cannot boast of some such edifice. This fact would indicate a state of tranquillity and general well-doing little consistent with the prevailing idea that Italy was at that time torn to pieces by the struggles of political factions and was the theatre of general disorder and war. Her true history during that period—not the chronicle of the intrigues of ambitious and unscrupulous families—but the history of her economical condition, of her trade, her industries, and the social state of her people—has yet to be written. It is hard to believe that, during those five centuries in which Italy attained an almost unexampled splendour in culture, in literature, in science, and in the arts, her people were engaged in no other occupation than that of butchering each other, and that the country was overrun by bands of 'condottieri' and plunderers, who carried ruin and desolation wherever they went. And yet such is the popular notion of the state of Italy during

during that period, in spite of the evidence which every city and town offers to the contrary. It is true that there was rivalry amongst the many small states into which she was divided, frequently leading to deplorable results; but on the whole it was a healthy rivalry, which led to an extraordinary development in art and literature. It was during this period of intellectual movement that the arts flourished throughout the Peninsula. Subsequent to it occur, no doubt, some of the greatest names that illustrate the history of painting; but they were the produce of the earlier times, and when the spirit which had fostered it died out, art perished too. Raphael, Michelangelo, Correggio, Titian, and the other illustrious painters of the sixteenth century, were, though the greatest, the last of their class. After them, and under the influence of the new order of things, the arts rapidly decayed and soon expired. In the Venetian Republic, which retained its independence, the decline was not so rapid, and the glory of the Venetian school was not altogether extinguished in the middle of the seventeenth century.

During the period to which we have referred almost every city in Northern Italy had its school of art. These schools generally lasted as long as the cities in which they flourished maintained a certain amount of political independence: Venice, Ferrara, Padua, the cities of the Friuli, Vicenza, Verona, Mantua, Cremona, Bergamo, Brescia, and Milan can each boast of its painters, sculptors, and architects; and each has produced men who have added to its renown, and who deserve higher places in the history of art than have been hitherto assigned to them. Many of their works have unfortunately perished, others have been repainted and destroyed by restorers, or pass, frequently with forged signatures, for those of other men. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, with much industry and critical ability, have endeavoured, in most instances with success, to discover such as still exist, and to restore to their true authors those of which time and fraud have deprived them. Signor Cavalcaselle, in particular, is well qualified for the task he has undertaken in conjunction with Mr. Crowe. There is probably no living art-critic who has so carefully studied the whole history of painting and painters, or who has a wider acquaintance with the various schools, not only of Italy but of other countries, and with public and private collections in all parts of Europe.

Whatever may have been the direction ultimately taken by the north Italian schools, they all appear to have received their first impulse, directly or indirectly, from Giotto. We can have little hesitation in claiming for that great painter the first place in modern, as distinguished from classic, art. That the traditions

tions of Roman art were preserved, and that painting was used for religious and secular purposes until he appeared, there can be no doubt. Paintings, dating from the fall of the Roman Empire to the thirteenth century, may be found in all parts of Italy. One of the most interesting and instructive portions of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's work, is that showing the gradual decline of the influence of Roman art in the paintings of the catacombs, in early Christian mosaics, and in the frescoes on the walls of ancient churches. At the commencement of the thirteenth century, painting throughout the Peninsula was nearly at the same level, and was marked by the same characteristics. The old classic traditions had not been altogether lost: they are still to be traced in the barbarous works of that time. But pictorial representations were puerile and grotesque. Painters of more or less skill worked in different parts of Italy. It would be a profitless task to endeavour to trace any fundamental distinctions in their styles, or to attempt to divide Italian art of that period, such as it was, into schools. There appears to be no doubt that to Cimabue is due the glory assigned to him by Vasari, of having been the first to break through the old traditions, and to seek in nature his models. He represented in art the spirit and tendency of his age, as shown in religion, politics, and literature. Moreover, to Cimabue is due that advance in the technical branch of painting, without which, probably, his illustrious pupil Giotto would have been unable to carry out his great conceptions.\* But his works, however remarkable they may be, considering the circumstances under which they were executed, show to what a low condition painting had fallen. To Giotto is due its true revival. The activity and industry of this great painter were scarcely less surprising than his genius. In almost every city of importance in Italy he left some monument of his art. In tracing the origin of the various schools of painting which flourished from the Alps to the bay of Naples, we everywhere find the influence of his teaching. He travelled from Florence to Arezzo, Rimini, Rome, Gaeta, and Naples, to the south—to Lucca, Ravenna, Ferrara, Padua, Verona, and Milan, to the north. In each city he executed important works, and gave a new stimulus and direction to his art. Throughout Italy he was recognised as the painter who most worthily interpreted the opinions and wants of his day.†

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\* See, as to this, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle in their former work on the 'History of Painting in Italy,' vol. i. p. 203.

† The first volume of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's 'History of Painting in Italy' contains a description of the works executed by Giotto in various parts of the Peninsula, and of his influence on the different schools of painting.

The only important city in Italy which it cannot be proved that Giotto visited was Venice. Yet there, too, his influence was felt. The wonderful frescoes with which he decorated the walls of the Arena Chapel at Padua could not fail to open a new era of painting throughout Northern Italy. It was not, however, till late in the fourteenth century—the Arena having been finished at its commencement—that in the same city, Giusto, a Paduan, painted the Baptistery, and Altichiero and Avanzi, probably Veronese, executed the frescoes in the chapels of S. Giorgio and S. Felice. These remarkable works were unquestionably inspired by those of Giotto. Their authors adopted his maxims of composition and colour as well as his types. They followed so well in his footsteps that Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle justly pronounce the chapel of S. Felice to be the noblest monument of the pictorial art of the fourteenth century in Northern Italy.

Similar results appear to have attended Giotto's visit to Verona and the neighbouring cities; but a direct Giottesque influence can only be traced in one existing monument at Venice—the mosaic of the tomb of the Doge Michele Morosini, in the church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, executed about 1382. Guariento, who painted in Padua early in the fourteenth century, decorating with frescoes the church of the Eremitani and other buildings, and who was an imitator, if not a disciple of Giotto, had, however, painted his celebrated 'Paradiso,' in the Council Hall of the Ducal Palace, in 1365. But this work has perished. Wall-painting, whether in fresco or tempera, seems to have been little practised in Venice on a large scale before the sixteenth century. Experience had probably shown that it could not resist the effects of the damp sea-air. The Venetians preferred the more gorgeous and durable material of mosaic; and it was fortunate that they did so, as they produced one of the most magnificent monuments of architectural decoration in the world—the church of S. Mark, and have taught us the use of a substance which will withstand our English climate, and is capable of the most beautiful and varied effects if judiciously treated.

The two painters who decorated the chapels of S. Felice and S. Giorgio at Padua—Altichiero and Avanzi—were also extensively employed at Verona. Of their works in that city but few traces now remain. Frescoes on the Gothic tombs in the church of S. Anastasio, especially that of the Cavalli family, may be attributed to one of them. They certainly belong to their school and time, and are unmistakably Giottesque. Neither at Milan, Rimini, nor Ferrara, have the works executed by Giotto been discovered. The early wall-paintings still existing

in those cities have, however, more or less the characteristics of his school. But at Ravenna traces of his pencil are still seen.

It was not without reason that Vasari—proud of the genius of his fellow-Tuscans—claimed for them so large a share in the revival of the arts and in the ultimate triumph which painting achieved at the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century. Whilst the North Italian schools owed their origin to the influence of Giotto, they were indebted for their final development to three other Florentines—Donatello, Fra Filippo Lippi, and Paolo Uccelli. It was, indeed, this Tuscan influence which produced the school of which Mantegna was the head, and which, through Jacobo Bellini, his fellow-labourer and father-in-law, contributed to form the Venetian, that culminated with Titian, Tintoret, and Paul Veronese, the greatest of colourists. It is true, as we shall hereafter see, that the Vivarinis, a family of painters of the island of Murano, near Venice, were already distinguished by their rich colouring and somewhat barbarous profuseness of ornamentation. This taste for bright contrasted tints and gorgeous decoration, opposed to the true Giottesque spirit, may be traced to that Byzantine or oriental influence which predominated even to a late period in Venice. It was corrected by the Tuscan influence, which taught the Venetians sobriety in colour, correctness in drawing, natural expression, and pleasing well-balanced composition.

Squarcione, who founded the later Paduan school, was a bad painter, although, judging from his scholars, a good master. His works are distinguished by a singularly perverted taste for the ugly, by grotesque and exaggerated expression, and by an affected imitation of the antique. He seems to have been carried away by the enthusiasm for Greek and Roman remains, which then prevailed in Italy, and to have collected and used specimens and casts of ancient sculpture as models for his pupils. Unfortunately his followers retained more or less the characteristics of their master; the best, such as Mantegna, refining, the others, if possible, exaggerating them. The chapel of the Eremitani at Padua, decorated by his scholars, holds in the history of painting in the north of Italy the same place as the Brancacci chapel at Florence does in that of Tuscany. The contract for its decoration in fresco was entered into by Squarcione himself. Whether he actually executed any part of the work seems doubtful; but the ablest of his pupils were employed on it. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have endeavoured to assign to each painter his share. The frescoes of Pizzolo, Ansuino, and Mantegna, can with certainty be identified, either by their signatures or by documentary evidence.

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The wall paintings of the Eremitani represent the martyrdom of S. James and S. Christopher, the Assumption of the Virgin (behind the altar), and the Evangelists, who occupy their traditional position in the four divisions of the groined roof. Scarcely less important than the subjects are the rich and varied ornaments in chiaroscuro and colour which divide them, and follow the architectural features of the chapel.

In the Brancacci chapel, decorated, like that of the Eremitani, by different hands, we trace the development of that grand, severe, naturalistic Tuscan school, from which sprang the great *cinquecentisti*. Its frescoes combine the qualities which distinguished that school—sober colour, skilful composition, correct and vigorous drawing, and truthful and dignified expression. Nature in its best and highest aspects inspired their authors. The painters of the Eremitani chapel drew their inspiration rather from antique models than from nature. They did not, like Donatello and other Florentines, combine their study—profiting equally from both. They exhausted the scientific knowledge of the day, and were able to produce wonderful effects of perspective and light and shade. They were careful, but not free, draughtsmen, and showed an almost Flemish skill in the exact representation of fruit, flowers, medallions, and fragments of sculpture and architecture. But they were ignorant of the highest ends of painting, and did not attempt, or were unable, to appeal, like the painters of the Brancacci chapel, to the best feelings of human nature. The one amongst them who most succeeded in freeing himself from the effects of early teaching was Mantegna—a man of true genius, who takes rank with the few really great and original painters.

Mantegna was still young when he painted in the Eremitani, but he showed himself far in advance of his master and of his fellow-labourers. If Squarcione quarrelled with him on account of his superiority, the master had certainly excellent grounds for his jealousy of his pupil. Considering the time at which they were executed (the middle of the fifteenth century), the frescoes representing the martyrdom of S. Christopher command admiration for their skilful drawing, foreshortening, and perspective; for the beauty of the architectural and other details, and for the noble conception of many of the figures.\* But whilst admitting that they possess these qualities, we cannot remain insensible to their artificial character. We feel that they are the result

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\* The frescoes in the chapel of the Eremitani are well known to most travellers who have visited Padua, and have been copied and in part published by the Arandel Society. Portions of some of them are not inferior in conception and design to the antique.



of careful studies from models, executed upon scientific principles. They do not, in consequence, excite that interest and sympathy which are produced by a lofty and truthful interpretation of nature herself.

It is evident that Squarcione's school was on the wrong track. Mantegna himself, who became its head as he grew older, carried its principles to the highest perfection of which they appear to be capable; but even in his most important works we see the evil effect of the early influence we have described. Perhaps the best example of his style and skill is the well-known triptych in the Tribune of the Uffizi at Florence. It was painted about 1464 for his patrons, the Gonzagas, and was afterwards sold to Antonio de' Medici, Prince of Capistrano. It combines the most wonderful minuteness of detail, and the highest finish, with rich and harmonious colour, careful and correct drawing, and an elevation of feeling rarely to be met with in the works of this painter. Some of the figures have the severe beauty of a Greek gem or bas-relief; and yet these rare merits are almost marred by the too visible influence of Squarcione, shown in grotesque and exaggerated types and expression. It is owing to this fact that whilst the artist and connoisseur will look upon this picture with admiration, the common observer will probably pass it by.

A grander example of Mantegna's powers would have been furnished by the celebrated paintings representing the triumphal procession of Julius Cæsar, now at Hampton Court Palace, had they not been completely and irretrievably destroyed in the reign of William III., by an ignorant restorer, who, not satisfied with replacing what time may have injured, has repainted almost the whole of the master's work. The parts which retain traces of Mantegna's hand would scarcely cover a space of more than a few square inches! We can, therefore, now judge of them only by the composition and by the general character of the details. We know that they were so much admired by Rubens that he copied some figures from one of them in a masterly sketch now fortunately preserved in the National Gallery.\* They show the extraordinary fertility of imagination of Mantegna, his skill as a draughtsman, and his intimate knowledge of the antique, by the spirit of which they prove him to have been more deeply inspired than any other painter. They are freer from the Squarcionesque influence than any of his other works, and even the ugly and grotesque 'masks,' to use Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's favourite expression, that are conspicuous in so many of his

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\* No. 278. 'The Triumph of Julius Cæsar.'

pictures, disappear; the prisoners are noble and dignified men, and some of the youths and children creations of singular beauty.\*

Mantegna died in 1506, about the time when Raphael was becoming famous. He left two sons, Francesco and Ludovico, painters of moderate abilities, and imitators of their father, under whose name their works frequently pass.† Amongst his other immediate pupils none rose to eminence. The school which he had founded was soon absorbed in those of Venice and Lombardy.

Although there is no evidence that Mantegna worked in Vicenza, this city was too near to Padua to be free from his influence. It was owing to it that out of the primitive school of painting which existed there, as in other cities of Northern Italy, there rose in the second half of the fifteenth century, four painters of considerable ability and originality, Speranza, Bartolomeo Montagna, Buonconsiglio, and Fogolino. Their works are rare beyond their native city and its neighbourhood. Many have perished, and others in the hands of collectors pass under other names. Of the four the most remarkable was Montagna. In his pictures the harshness of Mantegna appears to have been softened by the study of the works of Giovanni Bellini, his contemporary. This combined influence led him to produce grand, dignified, and graceful pictures, such as the noble altarpiece in the Brera. He showed a tender feeling for nature in some of his smaller works, and in the backgrounds of his 'Madonnas,' in which he represented with careful minuteness the hills and walled towns of his native province. That he was a fresco painter of considerable skill is proved by his frescoes in the church of SS. Nazaro e Celso in Verona, and by his employment in that capacity in the neighbouring city of Padua.

Buonconsiglio was a painter little inferior in ability to Montagna. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, judging by his later works in the churches of Venice, conjecture that he was one of the first to follow Antonello da Messina in the use of oil as a vehicle. Fogolino worked in the Venetian territory and in the Valley of Trent during the first quarter of the sixteenth century, but he afterwards changed his style under the influence of the works of Raphael and his followers. With these painters ceased the short-lived independence of the Vicentine school.

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\* We think that Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle underrate the 'Holy Family,' by Mantegna, in the National Gallery. Although it may not rank amongst the best examples of the master, it has great merits—especially in the expression of the two Saints, and an unusual softness of colour. It is to be regretted that the national collection does not possess a really fine picture by this great painter.

† For instance the 'Christ and Mary Magdalene in the Garden,' No. 639, in the National Gallery, probably by Francesco Mantegna.

Verona produced a long series of painters. Altichiero and Avanzi, the earliest of note, appear to have been natives of this city, although their works are chiefly found in Padua. They followed, with success, the style and manner of Giotto. The next Veronese painter of importance was Vittor Pisano, sometimes called Pisanello, a man of true genius. Although born at Verona, or in its territory, he probably studied, when still young, at Florence, where at the beginning of the fifteenth century the second great epoch of the Tuscan school was already commencing. There he found himself within the influence of the prevailing taste for the antique. Under it he executed his medals of some of the most distinguished men of his time, and upon them his fame as an artist now chiefly rests. Twenty-eight of them are known and are justly prized for their beauty and vigour of design, and for their boldness of execution.

Of his paintings but few have been preserved. Those attributed to him are for the most part apocryphal. In the National Gallery is a small picture representing the Virgin in glory, S. Anthony the Abbot, and S. George, authenticated by his signature. It is a vigorous work, and gives some idea of his power as a colourist. There are a few remains of his frescoes at Verona. They are spirited and well drawn. He was fond of introducing animals and birds into his works, and rich embellishments and gold embossings, a practice which he had probably learnt from Gentile da Fabriano and other painters of Central Italy. He was called to Venice with other distinguished artists of his time to decorate the Ducal Palace, but the works which he executed there and in other cities of Northern Italy have perished.

The contemporaries and immediate successors of Pisano, such as Stefano da Zevio, the Benaglii, and others, were greatly his inferiors in power and originality. They are chiefly known by their frescoes in Verona. In no city of Italy was the combination of architecture and painting more studied and carried to a higher degree of perfection. Its splendid Gothic monuments, churches, tombs, and public and private buildings, were profusely decorated with frescoes, and not only were the interiors of edifices thus adorned, but even the façades of palaces were covered with paintings representing biblical and classical subjects. We are glad to see that the Arundel Society is about to publish a collection of drawings of sepulchral monuments, amongst which the tombs of Verona will hold a prominent place. If such a work were to reform to any extent our modern sepulchral art, it would be of no small value.

The feeling for colour which Pisano had introduced into the  
Veronese

Veronese school, and which was further developed by the study of the works of Mantegna, bore ample fruits. A series of original and vigorous colourists culminated in Paul Veronese. The painters of Verona, of the fifteenth century and beginning of the sixteenth, like those of all the north of Italy, came under the influence of Mantegna, adopting to a certain extent his dryness and hardness of outline. They also shared his fondness for the representation of fruit, flowers, and ancient remains. They are but little known out of their native city. Vasari barely mentions their names, and they had no contemporary biographers. Amongst the most distinguished were Bonsignori, Liberale, Falconetto, Giolfino, Carotto, Domenico, and Francesco Morone (not to be confounded with the portrait painter of Bergamo of later date), Girolamo dei Libri, and Morando, more commonly known as Cavazzola. Owing to the judicious purchases of Sir Charles Eastlake, who rightly sought to make our National Gallery a history of painting, several of these painters are represented in it, although not always by works affording the best evidence of their powers. Their masterpieces can rarely be seen except in Veronese churches or galleries. By Bonsignori we possess a portrait remarkable for its vigour, individuality, and colour, authenticated by the signature of the painter.\* Its correct drawing and admirable rendering of character remind us of the great Florentines, Ghirlandajo, the Lippis, and Credi. Bonsignori became towards the end of his career an imitator of Mantegna's later and broader style, and pictures by him are not unfrequently attributed to that master. Liberale was known beyond his native province as a skillful miniaturist. The beautiful illustrations of the choral books of the Benedictine Convent of Monte Oliveto, near Sienna, are his most celebrated works. He, too, fell later in life under the influence of Mantegna, for whose works his pictures with counterfeit signatures pass in some collections. Falconetto was known both as an architect and painter. His fresco decorations in the church of SS. Nazaro e Celso at Verona, although ill-preserved, are sufficient to prove his skill. Giolfino does not hold as high a rank, but Carotto was a painter of considerable merit.

It was, as we have observed, an early custom, and one which still exists in the cities of Northern Italy, to cover with painted subjects the exteriors of public buildings and private houses. Painters of the highest repute did not disdain to employ their talents for such purposes. Mantegna thus decorated the palaces of Mantua and Padua, and even Titian, Giorgione, and Pordenone vied with each other in this field of art. Unfortunately, with

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\* National Gallery, No. 736, called 'A Venetian Senator.'

the exception of some fragments by Pordenone, the frescoes executed by those great masters in Venice have perished. In Verona, Vicenza, and other cities of *terra firma*, and especially of the Friuli, such works have fared better. Their effect is rich and striking, and adds much to the picturesque beauty of the old Venetian towns. The subjects chosen were sacred and profane; holy families and saints, the patrons of the town, or of the owner of the building, or scenes from the Old Testament; episodes from the history of Greece or Rome; not unfrequently representations of contemporary events. These paintings were accompanied by imitations of architecture, classic ornaments, and medallions of heroes and celebrated men. This mode of decoration was carried to great perfection on the façades of the spacious palaces of Verona. Nearly all the painters of the Veronese school whom we have mentioned were engaged in it. The traveller who has visited Verona will not forget the picturesque appearance on a sunny Italian morning, and especially on a market day, of the great square—the Piazza delle Erbe—with its painted house fronts and its two columns surmounted by the symbols of the old Venetian republic. The scene has been a favourite one with our painters.

The two Morones, father and son, especially distinguished themselves in this branch of painting, but they were no less skilful in interior decoration. Of Domenico Morone an interesting example is preserved in the library of the suppressed convent of S. Bernadino, painted in 1503. The walls of this great hall, used during the Austrian occupation as a storehouse for grain, are covered with sacred subjects, and portraits of saints, well arranged, and producing a striking and pleasing effect. By Francesco Morone, a better painter than his father, there is a charming fresco on a house near the picturesque bridge on the Adige, known as the 'Ponte delle Navi.' Of this graceful composition, so soft and harmonious in colour, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have given a sketch.\* We trace in it the influence of Mantegna in the festoons of flowers and fruit, which hang above the head of the Virgin and Child, seated in the midst of saints. Francesco Morone's masterpiece are his frescoes in the sacristy of Santa Maria, in Organo, an example of internal decoration, justly pronounced by Vasari 'one of the most beautiful in Italy.' They were finished in the beginning of the sixteenth century, although commenced at the end of the fifteenth. The lower part of the

\* 'History of Painting in North Italy,' vol. i. p. 492. As this fresco is rapidly perishing, we would recommend it to the attention of the Arundel Society. In the National Gallery there is a picture ascribed to Francesco Morone, a 'Virgin and Child,' No. 235, but of inferior merit.

walls of the sacristy is panelled with wood carvings, and 'tarsie,' or pictures in inlaid wood, by a friar, known as Fra Giovanni of Verona. They are excellent examples of an effective and durable mode of decoration largely employed for ecclesiastical and other purposes in Italy during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and for which even such painters as Raphael and Perugino made designs. Above the 'tarsie' are half-length portraits in lunettes of Popes, monks of the Olivetan order, and female saints, painted by Morone. On the ceiling he has represented a balustrade in excellent perspective, from which angels look down, and in the centre a figure of the Saviour. The portraits are remarkable for their individuality, and the general tone of colour is singularly bright and pleasing.

Contemporary with Morone was Girolamo dei Libri. He derived this name from his father Francesco, who was probably an illuminator of books. No well-authenticated specimens of the works of either in that branch of art have been preserved. Girolamo's altarpieces are principally found in the churches and public gallery of Verona; there is, however, a fair example of the master in the National Gallery.\* They are distinguished by their gay and attractive colour, by the graceful action of the figures, generally by correct drawing, and by a considerable advance in the representation of landscape. This painter was fond of introducing in the foreground of his pictures angels singing, and playing upon instruments of music. In his masterpiece in the church of S. Giorgio at Verona, are three charming figures of this kind.† The background to his groups is frequently formed by a lemon-tree, with its rich contrasts of yellow fruit and green leaves; whilst beyond are seen the wooded hills and castles of the Veronese territory, executed with a minuteness and delicacy which betray the miniaturist.

But the most eminent painter, who at this period issued from the Veronese school, was Paolo Morando, more commonly known as Cavazzola. Vasari extols his character 'unstained by any vice,' and declares that had he lived longer he would have attained to the best and highest honours that can be hoped for in painting. The individuality of his types, his originality as a colourist, and his free and correct drawing, place him unquestionably in the first rank of his contemporaries. He died at the early age of thirty-six, or according to Vasari of thirty-one, from overwork. The rapid progress that he was making, and the promise that he gave, may justify the boast of the Veronese that he would

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\* No. 748. 'The Madonna, Infant Christ, and S. Anne.'

† A copy of this fine work is announced for publication by the Arundel Society.  
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have been a second Raphael. With the exception of two of his pictures in the National Gallery,\* his works are not to be found out of Verona. His masterpiece is the 'Deposition from the Cross' in the public gallery of that city, painted for an altar in the church of S. Bernadino. For powerful contrasts of light and shade, for new and striking effects of colour, and for dignified and natural expression, we know few pictures that surpass it. In the background Cavazzola shows himself a consummate landscape painter, almost equalling Canaletto in the vigorous and picturesque representation of nature.

As Verona and Mantua owed their schools of painting to the protection extended to arts and artists by the powerful families of the Scaligeri and the Gonzagas, so at Ferrara a school arose under the patronage of the Estes. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have given a sketch of its history, and have, with their usual care, removed the confusion with which the names and biographies of its principal painters have been surrounded by [the ignorance of modern writers on art. The most famous of them were, at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century, Cosimo Tura, Cossa, Baldassare, Ercole Roberto Grande, Ercole Grande (two painters who, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have shown from documentary evidence, must not be confounded), and Lorenzo Costa. They were, like all the north Italian masters, more or less under the influence of Mantegna. The principal monument of their skill was the frescoes in the great hall of the Schifanoia palace at Ferrara. Its walls had been painted by them in the last quarter of the fifteenth century with the signs of the Zodiac and the god or goddess presiding over each of them, accompanied by allegorical emblems. Beneath these subjects were depicted scenes from the public and domestic life of Duke Borso of Ferrara, illustrating the twelve months of the year. The frescoes had as usual been covered with whitewash, which was removed a few years ago. But only those on two sides of the hall have been preserved. They are interesting and spirited records of the manners of the fifteenth century, and are full of curious details of costume.

At a later period Costa went to Bologna, where he became associated with Francesco Francia, and fell, like him, under the influence of the tender and graceful Umbrian school, of which Pietro Perugino was the chief. They painted together, and with their pupils, the walls of the oratory or chapel of S. Cecilia in that city, with frescoes illustrative of the lives of the saint and

\* 'S. Rock with the Angel' (No. 733), and 'The Virgin and Child, with S. John the Baptist and an Angel' (No. 777). Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle praise both these works, and they are good examples of Cavazzola's manner and ability.

of S. Valerian. Those beautiful works have greatly suffered from ill-treatment and neglect, the oratory having been used as a stable and a barrack.\*

The works of Francia and Costa are too well known to require more than a passing notice,† nor have we space to follow the history of the Bolognese school, until it expanded into that of the great eclectics, the Caracci, Domenichino, and Guido. The influence of Mantegna gradually declined in Ferrara, and a new school was formed distinguished by a richer and more vigorous colouring, and by a grander and freer treatment. Its principal painters were Mazzolini, Ortolano, Garofalo, and the two Dossi, men of considerable, though varied, merit. Of them Dosso Dossi was the greatest; and his famous altarpiece, now in the public gallery of his native city, may be placed for its marvellous power and effect of colour amongst the masterpieces of painting.

We have not space to follow Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle in their history of the schools which flourished in Parma and in the cities of the Romagna. That of Milan is of greater importance from its ultimate connection with Leonardo da Vinci. It produced in its early period only two painters of real ability, Vincenzo Foppa and Bartolomeo Suardi, better known as Bramantino. They may both to a certain extent be included amongst the followers of Squarcione, from their manner and their fondness for the antique. Foppa was engaged on considerable works in Milan during the middle of the fifteenth century. He continued painting to the end of it in Brescia and other cities of Northern Italy. Of his works, notwithstanding the reputation he enjoyed, very few have been preserved. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle assign to him an altarpiece in the National Gallery, representing 'the Adoration of the Kings,' attributed wrongly to his pupil Bramantino.‡ It is, on the whole, an effective composition, but weaker in its drawing and details than is usual with the painter, who has shown in it a taste for gold embossings and ornaments in stucco relief, unusual in the schools of Northern Italy.

The ablest of his pupils was Bramantino, frequently confounded with the architect Bramante, with whom he appears to have been at one time associated. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have endeavoured to separate their histories. Bramantino furnishes one of many instances of artists of originality and power, who during their lives were famous, and whose works after their

\* The Arundel Society has published two of the principal frescoes, the Marriage of S. Cecilia, and her Burial after Martyrdom. They are probably by Francia.

† In the National Gallery we have perhaps the finest existing example of Francia in his well-known altarpiece, now divided into two parts (Nos. 179 and 180). Of Costa we have also an altarpiece, No. 629.

‡ No. 729.



deaths have been lost or have been assigned to other men. Many public and private collections contain pictures by him, which are attributed to Mantegna, Luini, and even Leonardo da Vinci. Vasari calls him 'an excellent painter,' and in consequence of his reputation he was invited to Rome, with other celebrated masters of his time, to decorate the halls of the Vatican. His frescoes, like theirs, were afterwards removed to make room for those of Raphael. The portraits he introduced into them were declared by Vasari to be 'so natural and so fine that they only wanted speech to give them life,' and they were so much admired by Raphael, that he had copies made of them before they were destroyed. Of him Vasari further tells the well-known anecdote of the steed which when led out of the stable, would kick at a fresco he had painted of a groom rubbing down a horse.

Long before Bramantino had finished his career, Leonardo da Vinci appeared at Milan, and gave a new direction to the school which Foppa had founded there. Bramantino did not escape his influence; his fellow-pupils, Buttinone and Zenale, abandoned Foppa's manner altogether, and followed the great Florentine.

The life of Leonardo da Vinci, the most accomplished and versatile of the great men of that great age, has yet to be written by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle. He 'revolutionized' art in Lombardy, and his teaching produced those remarkable painters who form the Milanese school of the sixteenth century—amongst them, Borgognone, Luini, Andrea Solario, Cesare da Sesto, Marco d'Oggione, Beltraffio, and Guadenzio Ferrari. The lives of these men, with the exception of Borgognone and Andrea Solario, are not included in Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's volumes. The most distinguished of them was Luini—inferior to Leonardo da Vinci in grandeur, vigour, originality, and technical knowledge, but not unequal to him in grace and beauty of form and composition and as a colourist. So closely did he follow and almost adopt Leonardo's types, especially in his female figures, and, notwithstanding his extraordinary merits, so little was he known beyond the Milanese—even Vasari only alluding to him casually as 'Lupini'—that many of his works are still attributed to his master. It is to be regretted that this should be the case with the famous picture of 'Christ Disputing with the Doctors' in the National Gallery. To retain Leonardo's name as its author in the Catalogue, without even a hint that the picture is by Luini, is only to mislead and to show ignorance of one of the principal objects of such a collection.

It is remarkable that of a painter who enjoyed so great a reputation, and who appears to have attained a good old age, we should know little more than the place of his birth, the picturesque

turesque town of Luino, on the Lago Maggiore, from which he appears to have derived his name. His easel pictures are found in many public and private collections—frequently, as we have said, under the name of Leonardo. In some of the Lombard churches, as in that of Legnano, exist altarpieces by him of great beauty. He shows himself a fresco painter, unsurpassed by any of his contemporaries, on the walls of the church of Saronno, in the church of the Monasterio Maggiore at Milan, and in the fragments preserved in the Brera, amongst which is the well-known ‘S. Catherine borne by angels to the tomb.’ For facility of execution, brilliant transparency of colour and delicate grace, they cannot be excelled in fresco painting.

In Luini’s studio were formed several painters, who adopted his manner, and aided him in his works. The best example of their united labours may be seen in the church of the Monasterio Maggiore.\*

As we have already observed, the direct influence of Giotto seems to have been but little felt in Venice. It is possible, however, that it may have been greater than we can trace in the few existing works of his time. Guariento, a Paduan, was invited in 1365 to decorate the great council hall of the Doge’s Palace with frescoes, and Gentile da Fabriano was employed later in the same work. This would show that native artists equal to such an undertaking were wanting; and there is no doubt that in Venice, as well as in all Northern Italy, painting was of later development than in the centre of the Peninsula. Guariento’s frescoes in the palace were almost entirely destroyed by fire. Judging from such of his works as remain at Padua, he was a ‘Giottesque.’ But the true Venetian school of painting may be said to have arisen in the island of Murano, celebrated for its glass-blowers, who were men of real artistic genius. There a family of the name of ‘Vivarini’ had established a ‘bottega,’ or shop, for sacred pictures. They were assisted by a German or Fleming, who appears to have taught them the secrets of the art, better understood at that time to the north of the Alps than in Venice. In the earliest pictures which he executed with Antonio Vivarini, he signs himself ‘Giovanni Alamanus;’ in his later works he dropped the ‘Alamanus,’ and appears as a member of the Vivarini family. The group of painters represented by the Vivarini is marked by a richer and more powerful colouring than the contemporary Italian schools, attributable probably to an Oriental as well as a Flemish influence, and by a

\* We recommend the frescoes and decorations of this church to the notice of the Arundel Society. They are exposed to injury, and should be copied. Those at Saronno have been published by the Society.

severe and somewhat grotesque treatment of the human form and expression, which may have been derived from Squarcione or Mantegna. That Bartolomeo and Luigi Vivarini were skilful and original painters their works sufficiently prove;\* but their chief merit consists in the share they had in forming the Bellini. There were three masters of this family; Jacopo, the father, and his two sons, Gentile and Giovanni. Jacopo, before establishing himself as a painter in Venice, had probably travelled to Florence, and had subsequently sought employment in Padua, where he became intimate with the youthful Mantegna, to whom he gave his daughter in marriage. He and his sons appear to have felt at once the influence of this man of rare genius. The remarkable picture of 'Christ's Agony in the Garden,' in the National Gallery,† an early work by Giovanni, proves this beyond question. But that influence did not last. Jacopo returned with his sons to Venice, and there they gave a new direction and impulse to a school which was destined to carry painting in one direction—that of colour—to the highest perfection that it had as yet achieved. Few of Jacopo's pictures remain, and they give a less favourable idea of his ability than his sketch-book, preserved in the British Museum.

His two sons more completely abandoned the manner of their brother-in-law Mantegna. Under what influence they changed their style it is not easy to decide. According to Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, it was from seeing the frescoes of Gentile da Fabriano, in the great Council Hall, and pictures of the Florentine school. Their rivals at Venice were the Vivarini, who had hitherto monopolized public favour; but the elder brother, Gentile, so quickly made his way, that when still young, he was employed by the State in representing historical events in the Ducal Palace. Of these works none, unfortunately, remain. They shared the fate of Guariento's earlier frescoes in the fire which consumed a part of the building in the sixteenth century. The proofs they afforded of Gentile's skill, and especially of his technical knowledge, gave him the reputation of the best painter of his time; and as such he was sent by the State to Mahomet II. conqueror of Constantinople, who had applied to the Republic for the most accomplished artist of the day. This fact shows how far more liberal in these matters were the first rulers of the Ottoman Empire than their successors. When Sultan Mahmoud, the modern reformer, had his portrait painted by a Frank artist, and exhibited to the public, such an infringement of the reli-

\* The National Gallery contains no picture which adequately represents the school of the Vivarini.

† No. 726.

gious law was considered as little less than a 'coup d'état,' and zealous Mussulmans looked upon this act of impiety as one of the forerunners of the fall of the empire. A well-known anecdote accounts for Gentile's precipitate return to Venice. He had painted 'The Beheading of S. John the Baptist.' The Sultan admired the work, but criticized one of its details. The painter, he said, had not correctly represented the appearance of the human neck after decapitation. To prove the justness of his criticism, he ordered one of his attendants to be beheaded on the spot. The painter was, no doubt, convinced, but he thought it best to withdraw from a Court in which such practical lessons in painting were given.

He brought back to Venice a portrait of Mahomet, still preserved,\* from which the well-known medal appears to have been executed. It was finished, according to the inscription upon it, on the 25th November, 1480, not long before the death of the Sultan. Gentile also made a collection of studies of Turkish architecture and costume, which he subsequently introduced into his pictures. He originated that natural and picturesque treatment of sacred and other subjects which was adopted by his brother Giovanni, and other Venetian painters. The most important of his existing pictures are those representing miracles performed by the Host, in the Venice Academy; 'The Sermon of S. Mark,' in the Brera at Milan; and 'The Reception of the Venetian Embassy by the Grand Vizir,' in the Louvre. Those which he executed in the Ducal Palace, had they been preserved, would probably have afforded even better evidence of his versatility, and of his power of natural representation—qualities which he possessed to a remarkable degree. In 'The Procession of the Host,' in the Venetian Academy, he has introduced some 150 figures, every one of which has individuality of character and expression. The accompanying architectural details of the Square of S. Mark are represented with the accuracy and minuteness of photography. We find the same qualities in his pictures in the Brera and Louvre, in which he has skilfully introduced Eastern buildings and costumes. Unfortunately these works have been injured by modern restorations and re-painting, and have lost much of their original brilliancy and transparency of colour.

Gentile died in 1507, having taught the first rudiments of painting to Titian, who commenced his great career when nine years old.

Giovanni Bellini's abilities were perhaps of a higher order

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\* At present deposited in the Irish National Gallery at Dublin.

than those of his brother. He had more imagination, a more delicate taste, and was better qualified in other respects to enter upon what Vasari calls 'the new style,' that is, to emancipate himself from ancient tradition and conventionality. During a long and laborious life he made steady and constant progress, till at its end he had risen almost to the height of Titian. His early sacred pictures, conventional in arrangement, are remarkable for their tender religious feeling, the exquisite grace of his Madonnas and female saints, and the dignity of his male figures. His later, with equal tenderness and dignity, show a profound knowledge of the technical resources of his art, and a breadth of treatment and a skill in composition which place him amongst the greatest painters. The great advance of the two brothers over their contemporaries arose, no doubt, from the use of oil as a vehicle, acquired from Antonello, a native of Messina, who had established himself in Venice. Much doubt hangs over the history of this remarkable painter. From the absence of materials, the sketch of his life by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle is necessarily meagre. According to tradition he went at an early age to Flanders, where the Van Eycks had left a reputation, extending beyond the Alps, by the brilliancy and durability of their colours. We will not discuss the question whether the employment of oil as a medium had been independently discovered in Italy. Those who feel an interest in it can refer to the inquiries on the subject in the admirable 'Materials for the History of Oil Painting,' by Sir Charles Eastlake. It appears almost certain that its adoption by the Venetians is to be attributed to the admiration excited by the exhibition of pictures by the Van Eycks and their followers, and to the influence and example of Antonello. It is not a little curious that Giovanni Bellini and the Venetians should have been further indebted to a northern painter. Albert Dürer visited Venice when Giovanni was at the height of his fame. The grand imagination of the German could not fail to impress the accomplished Venetian. They both profited by the friendship which sprang up between them. Vasari attributes the conception of one of Bellini's best pictures, 'The Bacchanals,' to Dürer; on the other hand, the influence of Bellini may be traced in some of Dürer's finest works. Amongst the first to abandon the ancient method of 'tempera' which had hitherto prevailed, and to adopt the new medium of oil, were the Bellinis. Giovanni's early works, chiefly altarpieces and religious subjects, are in 'tempera,' his later and more important works are in oil.

When Gentile was sent to Constantinople, his brother was employed

employed by the Republic on the series of historical pictures in the Doge's Palace. His works having also perished, we cannot tell how he treated the subjects confided to him, but probably much after the manner of Gentile. The finest of his altar pictures, and his greatest work in 'tempera,' that of the Church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, was destroyed in 1867, by the calamitous fire caused by the carelessness of a priest, which consumed at the same time the masterpiece of Titian, the 'S. Peter Martyr.' But fortunately others have been preserved, especially in the churches and public gallery of Venice, and show how great he was in that branch of his art.

Of Giovanni's skill as a portrait painter, a branch of painting in which the Venetian school excelled, we have the best existing example in the portrait of the Doge Leonardo Loredano in the National Gallery, wonderful for its individuality and dignified treatment, and uniting the most minute and careful execution with the finest effects of colour. Through the liberality of Lady Eastlake the nation possesses a scarcely less important example of his powers as a landscape painter, in the 'Death of Peter Martyr,'\* a picture unrivalled of its class for delicate detail, and for poetry of conception. Although we may not agree with those who claim for Giovanni the merit of having been the first landscape painter, we may admit that he was the first who deeply felt and depicted the poetical aspect of nature. In representing the calm evening sky, the glow of the setting sun, the cool transparent shadows of an Italian noon, and the rich mellow tints of wood and hill, he was scarcely inferior to Raphael.

We would especially call attention to Giovanni Bellini in relation to the classic element, or influence, in art. We have seen that Mantegna and his school had been deeply impressed with the majesty and noble simplicity of the antique, and that in endeavouring to adapt it to modern modes of thought and expression they lost its true spirit, and produced dry formal works, which, although of remarkable artistic excellence, failed to excite sympathy and to touch the feelings. This result was, under the circumstances, inevitable. The mere reproduction of ancient forms, derived from Greek or Roman sources, without reference to the requirements and convictions of the time, can have no influence on the multitude, although it may interest scholars. The spirit which inspired classic art has long passed away, and all attempts to revive it, whether in literature, art, or manners, must necessarily fail. The true problem consists in

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\* No. 812.

determining how far the antique can be practically and usefully adapted to modern ideas. There are no remains of ancient painting, as there are of sculpture, which can give us any adequate notion of the masterpieces of the Greeks or Romans in that branch of art. The head of a Muse in the Museum of Cortona (if genuine, as we believe it to be), that of a piping Faun in the British Museum, the *Nozze Aldobrandini* in the Vatican, the well-known mosaic of the battle of Issus or Arbela in the Museum of Naples, the wall paintings of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and a few other remains, all works of a secondary class executed for provincial towns, afford probably but a very faint idea of them. They are however sufficient to prove that the ancients were well acquainted with drawing, foreshortening, colour, and composition. But they do not enable us to judge of the full extent to which this knowledge was carried by the best painters of antiquity. We may assume that if the just and noble proportions, the dignified composition, and the beautiful forms of Greek sculpture could be combined on the canvas with the highest expression attained by Christian art, and with the colour of the Venetian school, painting would attain as nearly as possible to perfection. Giovanni Bellini appears to have been the first to attempt this combination; with what success a series of small subjects in the Academy at Venice, and a religious allegory in the Uffizi at Florence will show. In them the forms and composition remind us of an antique gem, and are united to the most exquisite poetic feeling in treatment, and the richest and most harmonious colouring. His picture of 'The Bacchanals,' painted in his old age for Alfonso I. of Ferrara, and now in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland, shows what he might have achieved had he struck out this path in his youth. Titian appears to have been so much impressed with the beauty of the composition, that he was induced to complete the unfinished picture, and to make it the first of a series of four similar subjects, two now in the public gallery at Madrid (a Bacchanalian scene, and the 'Goddess of Fecundity'), and the fourth, the 'Bacchus and Ariadne' in the National Gallery. Nothing produced since the revival of the arts, probably affords a better idea of what the highest class of ancient painting may have been than these four pictures. It may indeed be questioned whether with their limited scientific and technical knowledge, the ancients ever attained an equal perfection in colour.

Space will not permit us to notice the many eminent pupils and followers of the Bellini, men of considerable and varied abilities, who adorned the churches and palaces of Venice and of  
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the cities on the mainland with their works. But there are two who cannot be altogether passed over, Cima da Conegliano and Carpaccio.

Cima followed in the steps of the early Venetians in the composition of altarpieces and devotional pictures. The former generally represent the Madonna and child in the midst of saints ('sacred conversations' as they are styled), and Scriptural subjects treated in the usual conventional manner; the latter, the Holy Family, frequently accompanied by the patron saints of the persons who commissioned the picture. Cima was a painter of less refinement and imagination than Giovanni Bellini, but he shows in some of his works a power and originality not surpassed by his great contemporary.\* In an altarpiece in the public gallery at Parma, and in one or two of his other works, he displays skill as a colourist little inferior to the best Venetians, uniting with rich harmonious tints a tender feeling and grace reminding us of Perugino and Raphael. So remarkable, indeed, in technical execution is his Parma picture, that it was long attributed to Leonardo da Vinci. But he never approached Bellini in the highest quality of the painter—imagination. His backgrounds, consisting of buildings, ruins, and sunny hills, crowned by walled towns, and the old castle of his native place, Conegliano, are executed with truth and with a just appreciation of the beauty of nature. The National Gallery contains several examples of his works, but not of his best, although upon the altarpiece painted in 1501, representing the 'Incredulity of S. Thomas,'† recently added to the collection, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle are of opinion that he expended all his powers.

Carpaccio was a painter of an altogether different stamp. As a colourist he was inferior to Giovanni Bellini and Cima, but he exceeded them both in fancy. His great pictures representing the history and martyrdom of S. Ursula and the eleven thousand virgins, in the public gallery at Venice, have all the freshness and sparkle of a canto of Ariosto. They are full of lively episodes, of naive traits of character, of charming costume and accessory details, and of little incidents which illustrate the manners and mode of thought of the people of his time, represented in a simple artless way. At the same time they prove the painter to have been a consummate artist, and to have possessed a power rarely equalled of portraying character and expression. No less admirable are

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\* No one well acquainted with the works of the two painters would share the opinion of the author of the short notice of Cima in the catalogue of the National Gallery, that 'while equally brilliant in colouring, he was more skilful, more vigorous, and more various in his composition than Bellini.'

† No. 816.



his architectural and landscape backgrounds, executed with a minute truthfulness which the most realistic school might envy. We know few pictures more attractive than this series, which occupies a side of one of the halls of the Venetian Academy. That unrivalled gallery can alone give an adequate idea of the marvellous power as colourists of the Venetian painters. We may perhaps linger with purer pleasure over the correct drawing and modelling, and the sober harmony of tone of the Florentine and Umbrian schools; but they do not produce the same impression upon the senses as that collection of the masterpieces of the Bellini, Giorgione, Titian, Tintoret, Cima, Carpaccio, Bonifazio, Palma, Pordenone, Paris Bordone, Paul Veronese, and many others who were almost unknown to us before we became acquainted with their works in their native city.

The chief glory of the school of the Bellini was that it produced Giorgione and Titian. They were the greatest painters of one of the two branches into which Italian painting is divided—the colourists, as distinguished from the draughtsmen among whom the Florentines held the first rank. They never attained the exquisite tenderness, the chaste beauty, and the dignified composition of Raphael, nor the almost superhuman grandeur of Michelangelo. Their genius and that of their contemporaries were shown in reproducing on canvas that Venice in which they lived and laboured—the gorgeous dresses of her senators and merchant princes, the mellow beauty of her women and the noble presence of her men—her churches and palaces of matchless architecture reflected in the blue canals, and nature under its most lovely aspects of sea, mountain, wood, and plain by which she was surrounded.\*

It is remarkable that of Giorgione, whose fame, great during his life, has even increased since his death, so little is known and so little exists. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle only admit the undoubted authenticity of about nine pictures attributed to him, and one of them, the fine ‘Nativity,’ belonging to Mr. Wentworth Beaumont, has been assigned, on equal if not higher authority, to another painter. He occupies eleven pages of almost microscopic print with a list of pictures in public and private galleries falsely assigned to the master. The pride of collectors, whose boast it has been to possess at least one of Giorgione’s works, has been ruthlessly humbled by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle. Even the well-known ‘Entombment,’ in the Monte di Pietà of Treviso,

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\* See some admirable remarks upon the influence of surrounding objects and scenery upon the Venetian painters, by Sir Charles Eastlake, in the *Memoir* by Lady Eastlake. Second series of ‘Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts,’ p. 102, &c.

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attributed for generations by tradition and guide-books to Giorgione, is unhesitatingly, and we believe justly, pronounced not to be his work, but probably by Pordenone, of whom parts, we are assured, are not even worthy. The scarcely less celebrated 'Herodias with the Head of the Baptist,' in the Doria Palace at Rome, is given to the same master. The fine picture in the Louvre of the warrior reflected in his shield, which long passed under Giorgione's name, is now assigned in the catalogue to its true author, Savoldo. Even the striking composition of the 'Three Patron Saints of Venice Exorcising the Demons of the Storm,' to the grand poetical conception and feeling of which Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle do but scant justice, is said never to have been 'touched by Giorgione, or if it was, to have undergone such complete transformation as to appear, in part at least, by Paris Bordone.' The picture in the Louvre, usually called the 'Concert,' so remarkable for its rich and powerful colouring, they attribute to Pellegrino da San Daniele, a painter whose name is scarcely known beyond the province of Friuli. Other works are assigned to Titian (in his youth), Lorenzo Lotto, Sebastian del Piombo, Palma Vecchio, Cariani, and Romanino of Brescia, whose altarpiece in the church of Santa Giustina, at Padua, proves that he was not unworthy of being confounded with Giorgione. Della Vecchia, an eclectic and versatile painter, who imitated with singular success the manner of many masters, appears to have deceived even his contemporaries in his imitations of Giorgione. This identification of pictures falsely attributed to Giorgione, forms a curious chapter in the history of painting, and may teach caution to collectors and connoisseurs.

That Giorgione should have left so few pictures, may be attributed to his employment, as a fresco painter, in decorating the exteriors of public buildings and palaces in Venice. Of the frescoes which occupied so much of his time, and which, according to the unanimous testimony of those who saw them, were worthy of his genius, there now remains but a ruined female figure on the ancient Fondaco dei Tedeschi, near the Rialto. We cannot, therefore, judge of the works upon which his fame was principally established.

We have fortunately in the National Gallery an authentic example of Giorgione, 'The Knight in Armour,' bequeathed by Mr. Rogers. This admirable sketch, which has all the grandeur of conception and power of colour characteristic of the master, was probably made from nature for one of the figures of an altarpiece painted for the church of his native town of Castelfranco, and still preserved there, although disfigured by repainting and restoration. The Knight is supposed to represent Matteo, the

son of Tuzio Costanzo, both celebrated 'condottieri,' or leaders of free-lances, at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Two other undoubted works by Giorgione, which combine his best qualities, are the 'Ordeal of Moses' and the 'Judgement of Solomon,' in the Uffizi at Florence. They were painted in competition with Giovanni Bellini, to whose exquisite 'Allegory of the Virgin' we have already alluded, and by the side of which they still hang. The three pictures were bought—probably not long after they were painted—by one of the Medici, and were placed in the summer residence of the family at Poggio Imperiale. But the 'Concert,' in the Pitti Palace, is perhaps the most perfect existing example of Giorgione. The history of the picture is unknown before the seventeenth century, when it was purchased from Paolo del Sera by Leopold of Tuscany. It represents a monk touching the keys of a harpsichord and turning to two musicians who stand behind him tuning their instruments. The beauty and truth of expression of the upturned face of the monk and the masterly action of his hand, could scarcely be surpassed in painting. Unfortunately the head of the youth near him has lost its original character by modern restorations. As Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle justly observe, 'no simpler yet no more effective picture than this is to be found amongst the masterpieces of the sixteenth century.' This is no slight praise when we remember who the great painters of that period were.

Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle further note a little picture in the Manfrini collection at Venice, known as the 'Family of Giorgione,' as a genuine work of the painter. And we agree with them. The landscape and the sky, however, have been injured by old repaint and varnish. We reject with them another picture, recently in the same collection, attributed to Giorgione, called the 'Horoscope,' as weak and monotonous in colour, and altogether deficient in that delicacy in the transition of tints and graduated deepening of shadow which are characteristic of the painter. They assign it doubtfully to Girolamo Pennacchi, a painter of Treviso. We speak with some confidence of both these pictures, as they were examined with great care by Sir Charles Eastlake with a view to their purchase for the National Gallery. The remarkable unfinished and somewhat injured picture of the 'Judgement of Solomon,' at Kingston Lacy, may be considered one of the few authentic works by Giorgione in England. Unfortunately no undoubted portraits by him have been preserved. Judging from the 'Concert' in the Pitti Palace, he must have been but little inferior, if he was not equal, to Titian in that branch of his art.

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Although anecdotes not unlike those attaching to Raphael assign the cause of his death, they appear to be equally unfounded. According to the best authorities, he died of the plague in 1511, at the early age of thirty-four. He was one of those men of genius prematurely cut off before they could fulfil the promise given by their early works, and whom we the more regret, as their powers had yet to be fully developed. If Giorgione had lived, he would probably have been, especially as a colourist, the greatest of modern painters.

The volumes hitherto published by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle contain the history of the rise of painting in Italy. We care little for the history of its decline, but we look with interest for the lives of the great men who represent its most perfect development—its culminating point in Christian times—of Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Michelangelo, Correggio, Titian, Tintoret, and Paul Veronese. They have yet to be written by the aid of documentary and other evidence which modern research has brought to light. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle are well fitted for the task, and we trust that they will complete their history of Italian painting.

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- ART. V.—1. *Considerations on the Revision of the English Version of the New Testament.* By C. J. Ellicott, D.D., Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. London, 1870.
2. *On a Fresh Revision of the English New Testament.* By J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., Canon of St. Paul's, and Hulsean Professor of Divinity, Cambridge. London, 1871. Second Edition. 1872.
3. *The Gospel according to St. John: the Epistles to the Romans, Corinthians, Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, and Colossians, after the Authorized Version. Newly compared with the Original Greek, and Revised.* By Five Clergymen. London, 1857–1860.
4. *The New Testament, after the Authorized Version, newly compared with the Original Greek, and Revised.* By Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. London, 1869.
5. *The Psalms, Translated from the Hebrew, with Notes, chiefly Exegetical.* By William Kay, D.D., Rector of Great Leighs, late Principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta. London, 1871.
6. '*The Guardian*' Newspaper, September 20, 1871, and January 10, 1872.

THE Revision of the English Bible is sure to raise practical questions, but none, we hope, of insurmountable difficulty. The New Testament work was hardly begun when it was found



that the task was twofold, and that, instead of the simple duty of revising a translation with the Greek text, it would frequently be necessary to determine first what reading of the original should be adopted. The critical labours of the last half-century had, however, greatly prepared the ground for this operation, and the internal harmony of the revising body itself will, perhaps, be all the less likely to be disturbed on this head, because the persons who are entitled to take the lead in this department are very distinctly known. But it should not be allowed to become a practical consequence that those whose authority on the Greek text is most readily acknowledged are, therefore, to be the best judges of the English which is to render it. Those who have the most complete mastery of Greek, or the best acquaintance with manuscripts, have not always the most trustworthy instinct as to what is genuine English. It is on the English aspect of the Revision that the most obstinate questions are likely to rise, and this seems plainly indicated by the nature of the literature which the occasion has called forth. There is little or no argument on the merits of various manuscripts or readings, and we plainly perceive that the stress of debate will fall on questions of English rendering. The main question is this: How far is Revision to be carried? Some desire to retain the existing Version as far as possible, and to admit only a minimum of change: others would willingly find in the Revision an opportunity for such a measure of re-translation as would improve our Bible up to the standard of their ideal.

The different points of view seem to find their exponents respectively in the treatises of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol on the one hand, and of Professor Lightfoot on the other. These two books are very unlike one another. The bishop's treatise has all the appearance of that haste which he pleads, while that of the professor is a mature literary production. But, to balance this inferiority, the earlier treatise is marked by a great appreciation of the excellencies of the present Version, and it displays a perfect consciousness of the public sentiment in its favour. Dr. Ellicott appears as an advocate of '*the least possible change consistent with faithfulness*;' and the italics are his own. (p. 123.)

This book has a dedication, 'To the Memory ever fresh and ever to be honoured of William Tyndale, of Gloucestershire;' and the reasoning of the book is (on the whole) in harmony with this inscription, as with a key-note. The specimens of revision which are offered by way of practical illustration, are not equal in excellence to the argumentative part of the book. In illustration of the degree and kind of alteration that may be expected

expected to issue from the Revision, the author points to the revised parts of the New Testament by the Five Clergymen. One of the five, namely, Dean Alford, went on and completed the revision of the New Testament, and produced a work which is a valuable guide for the student and the revisionist. In his Preface he says that, from his experience of combined action with his four fellow-labourers, there is no employment 'in which purism has so often given way before compromise, and rigid uniformity of rendering breaks down before common sense, as in revision of the sacred text.' He repudiated for his Revision any aim or ambition that it might be adopted as a substitute for the Authorized Version. 'It is impossible, to say nothing more, that *one man's work* can ever fulfil the requisites for an accepted Version of the Scriptures.' This, then, is the translation which, as a whole, comes before us as the type of what we have to expect from the labours of the Revisionists, while the particular parts of it, which are the result of the combined action of Five Clergymen, have a more authoritative claim to be considered as the models of this great undertaking.

We shall have to criticize some of the renderings of this version, and therefore we are all the more desirous of bearing our testimony beforehand to the great merit which it undoubtedly possesses. Indeed, for all English readers to whom the New Testament is precious, we can hardly conceive a more interesting book than this, whether they are or are not Greek scholars. By the slight occasional departure from the familiar current of words, a gentle stimulus is applied to the mind, which is eminently provocative of new and profitable trains of thought. Here and there we meet with a real and substantial improvement: and, as such, we may refer to 2 Cor. iii. 14, which is thus given: 'But their understandings were hardened: for until this very day, at the reading of the old covenant the same vail remaineth, it not being discovered that it is done away in Christ.' But while we freely acknowledge the merits of this revision, we should be sorry to see our old Version supplanted by it, or by one nearly resembling it. It is one thing to welcome a version as an aid for private study, and another to accept it as an improved form of the national Bible, to be read in churches. To the student a translation may afford valuable light, not only in spite of many crudities, but even by virtue of the crudities themselves. And so with Dean Alford's version: it is too intensely grammatical, it looks at words and flexions with such an amount of attention as to engage the reader over-scrupulously on the mechanism of the sentence, endangering the loss of the end in the contemplation of the means.

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To the grammatical student after a length of study, each word gains an individual value which is somewhat unreal. There is an important fact which the grammarian is apt to overlook, namely, that words are only conventional parts of the sentence, and that the real original unit of language is not the word, but the sentence. This may seem to be rather metaphysically remote, but in truth it has a practical bearing. Languages differ much in regard to the degree of individualism which their words have reached. Latin is, perhaps, the most extreme example of this kind. The maker of Latin verses is sometimes spoken of as engaged in mosaic work, as if he were putting tesserae together; and this happy expression must have sprung from a semi-consciousness of the rigid individualism of the words of the Latin vocabulary. This characteristic of Latin imbues the mind of the Latin scholar, and naturally begets in him a disposition to seek a like individuality in his English words, attended sometimes with an impatience at the inaptitude of his mother tongue to match the classic model. The risk to which Scripture translation is consequently exposed, through the scholar-like passion for verbal fidelity, was known and appreciated by John Purvy, the friend and fellow-labourer of Wiclif, and his experience was turned to good practical use for the behoof of translators generally, when he said in the Prologue to Wiclif's Bible, 'First it is to know that y<sup>e</sup> beste translatyng out of Latyne into Englysh is to translate after the sentence, and not only after the wordis.' Here the great fundamental truth is touched, which is apt to escape grammarians and lexicographers, namely, that the sentence is the unit of speech, and that the word is a fragment with only a relative value, although in some languages it gets a much greater appearance of absolute and independent existence than in others. The advice to consider the sentence first and the words afterwards, is as philologically sound as it is practically useful for translation from any one language into any other. The opposite tendency, that of making the words the prime object of study, produces the effect of what may be called Mechanical translation; and this effect is sometimes forced upon our notice in the work of the Five Clergymen. We will instance 2 Cor. vi. 8, where the received Version has 'honour and dishonour,' and it is altered by the Five Clergymen to 'glory and dishonour.' Now, the motive of this alteration is evident. The Greek is διὰ δόξης καὶ ἀτιμίας, and as δόξα is supposed to have found its true equivalent in our English word *glory*, therefore it must be so rendered wherever it occurs. It appears to us that had the sentence here been considered before the words, such a correction could not have been made. For the learned reader it matters little, because he would catch

catch the sense in spite of the correction; but for the general English public it would thrust the sense into more obscurity than before. The Apostle means to signify that his career led him through extreme vicissitudes; he is contumeliously used by some, he is respectfully treated by others; here the world smiles on him, and there it frowns; at one time he is in esteem, and at another time in contempt:—and in all this about social respect and its loss or gain, there is nothing but what the English public perfectly comprehends and is keenly alive to, only it is never known to them by the term ‘glory.’ The word *honour* may not be familiarly associated in their minds with the thing meant, but the word ‘glory’ would lead them all astray. Yet it must (forsooth) be rendered so; because the Greek is δόξα, and this word (it is allowed) does very generally signify ‘glory.’ This is what we would call Mechanical translation.

Dr. Lightfoot’s treatise is very distinct in kind: it consists mainly of a succession of well-selected examples, in which the received Version calls for revision and correction. These are grouped and arranged under grammatical or other suitable headings, and the whole forms a book of very delightful reading, replete with interest and full of valuable information. It is indeed the work of an advocate, pleading for Revision, against the received Version; and those who are jealous for the English Bible will occasionally feel that the advocacy is a little overstrained, and that the occasional compliment which the author pays to the Received Version is quite needed to balance the heavily-weighted statement of the case against it. One of the best sections is that of the inadequate rendering of the Greek Article in our Version. Some of the proposed corrections are so admirable and of such substantial value, that if we had to expect no changes but of this quality, we should look with unmingled pleasure for the appearance of the new Revision. An excellent improvement is that which rises out of the distinction between νόμος and ὁ νόμος in the Epistle to the Romans, where the particular law of Moses, ὁ νόμος, is used as a concrete representation of that universal and abstract principle of law, in which St. Paul sees an imperious and overwhelming presence, antagonistic to grace, to liberty, to spirit, and (in some aspects) even to life. There are many other admirable corrections under this head, and the section is almost entirely free from those extravagances which are too familiarly associated with the cause of the Greek Article. But here we have to remember that it is the statement of an advocate, who does not think it necessary to travel beyond his brief. An ordinary reader, who knew just Greek enough to follow the reasoning with interest, and had not a daily familiarity with



with the Greek Testament, might easily go away with the impression that he had read the case of the Greek Article so far as Biblical revision was concerned. Very far from it. He has but read a list of select examples in which Dr. Lightfoot can exhibit the force of the neglected Article, and consequently the need of revision in this particular. We are not told that there are vast numbers of instances in which no rendering can be given to the Greek Article in English. Yet this was needed not only for a complete view of the case, which the writer might well decline to undertake, but it was even needed in order to put the reader in the right attitude of observation relatively to the instances quoted. For it makes all the difference to the audience who are but imperfectly equipped with the data on which we are reasoning, whether we can say *ex uno disce omnes*, or whether we are only making our observations upon selected instances. If to a reader fresh from these pages and full of the Englishing of the Greek Article, some one should point out such a passage as Matthew iii. 13, ὁ Ἰησοῦς ἀπὸ τῆς Γαλιλαίας ἐπὶ τὸν Ἰορδάνην πρὸς τὸν Ἰωάννην, where even the grammatical zeal of Dean Alford was only able to translate one out of four consecutive Articles, he would learn to guard himself against allowing to Dr. Lightfoot's successful expositions anything like a cumulative value, and he would enter upon each instance as upon a new and perfectly isolated trial, perceiving that every case must be examined separately by itself, and that the faintest approach to generalisation must not on this ground be admitted.

It is very desirable that the critical spirit should thus be awakened in Dr. Lightfoot's readers, and the more so in proportion as there is reason to think that his sound scholarship and well-trained mind will justly exercise great influence in the conduct of the Revision. For even here, in this section on the Greek Article, which is on the whole of such substantial value, we find one or two instances which appear to us to be exaggerated. What shall we think of the English sentiment of a critic who can gravely tell us that ὁ κλαυθμὸς καὶ ὁ βρυγμὸς τῶν ὀδόντων ought to be rendered 'the wailing and the gnashing of teeth'? For our own part, we should as lief think of translating '*la France*' into 'the France,' or *honorer la vertu* into 'honour the virtue.' Dean Alford, indeed, has outdone this rendering, and therein he has been more consistent with his principles, for he renders the same words with the full expression of all the articles, only then he has the good sense to keep it out of the text, and embody it thus in a foot-note: '*Literally*, the weeping and the gnashing of the teeth.' As it is understood that the new Revision will have its optional renderings in the margin, let us hope that if

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the English sense of the Revising Body is not strong enough to keep such over-corrections out of sight altogether, they will at least stand aloof from the text of the version. Here we may conveniently quote the words of Bishop Ellicott (p. 177):—‘In our very best specimens of scholarly revision, many instances will be found of a want of full appreciation of the differences of usage in English and Greek as to the absence or presence of the Article.’ Another case in which we cannot, with Dr. Lightfoot, desire an alteration of the received Version, is 1 John v. 6: ‘not by water only, but by water and blood.’ Here the Greek has three articles, which Dr. Lightfoot proposes to render in English, but we think the reasoning on this passage is illusory, and the result of an over-wrought grammatical sensitiveness.

While, however, we object to these corrections, and hesitate at one or two others, and while we think that a word of admission seemed due as to the vast number of Articles that must after all be left untranslated, yet we freely admit the general excellence of this section, and our special acknowledgments are due to him for having made no attempt at the laying down of any rule which should govern the revision in the matter of the Greek Article. He has not even seconded the very partial attempt at a rule on this head, which Dr. Ellicott has ventured upon,—by way of explaining an inserted *the* in his revision-specimens: ‘Accuracy seems to require this very trifling insertion. It is always a safe rule to observe the Article in translation *when it appears after a preposition*’ (p. 148). The italics are the author’s; and yet the rule is at once refuted by Matt. iii. 13, quoted above, in which there are two rebellious instances in a single phrase. Would it be possible to translate ‘from *the* Galilee to the Jordan to *the* John’? We should have more complete satisfaction in the studies of Dr. Ellicott if his treatment were a little more firm and consistent. How are we to reconcile the line of minimum innovation, which Dr. Ellicott has repeatedly maintained in argument, with the proposal to make a ‘trifling insertion’ of an idle *the* because it is required by accuracy. We would wish that no ‘trifling’ changes whatever, either in the way of addition, or correction, or removal, were made in the name of Grecian accuracy, unless some better reason could be rendered for the same. We think that so much as this is due to the interest of the living as against the dead language; and we urge that the traditional phraseology of the English Bible, however bound to yield to high and solid considerations, has yet rights which are abundantly valid as against the claims of accurate scholarship. Not that we undervalue scholarship; it is an excellent accomplishment, and absolutely necessary to the present work: but what we object to is that  
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defining and rule-making disposition which scholarship seems to engender. Dr. Ellicott is not always quite free from this tendency, but neither is he blind to its danger:—

‘Such a body as the Revisers should be jealously careful to reserve to themselves all proper freedom. Rules and canons are good, but elasticity is better; and in no undertaking that can readily be conceived, will elasticity be found a more necessary element than in the translation of Scripture or the revision of translations already made. Elasticity is the characteristic of every Version from the days of Tyndale down to the date of the last revision, and elasticity must be the characteristic of the revised Version of the future, if it is ever to displace or even rival the fresh, vigorous, and genuinely idiomatic translation that bears the honoured name of the Authorized Version.’ —p. 218.

And, we may add, that a consideration of the nature and constitution of the English language as opposed to the Greek, helps to explain the elasticity of our past versions, and supplies us with some forcible reasons for the preservation of this character in the future.

As we before said, Dr. Lightfoot has refrained from generalizations on the treatment due to the Greek Article, and we only wish he had been equally prudent as regards some other debatable relations between Greek and English. In all the purely Greek aspect of his subject, he seems to us to come but rarely within the reach of criticism. We do not mean to say that Dr. Lightfoot has not an equally good knowledge of his mother tongue, but certainly he has not shown an equal sympathy with it. As with our fellow-creatures familiarity is said to breed contempt, so we are too apt to regard lightly the excellence of that language which has come to us by the gift of nature, with little effort on our part. But that language which with great care we have studied in all its parts, and in the various stages of its development, draws our affections after it, because it has been acquired by labour, and we feel towards it somewhat as towards a man whose troubles we have shared, and whose character we are sure of.

Such a rule as that on which we now proceed to comment could never have been sanctioned by a scholar, who had acquired a true sympathy with the English tongue. Dr. Lightfoot has laid it down as a general principle, that where a Greek word is repeated, at least in the same context or connection, it ought to be rendered by a corresponding repetition of a single English equivalent. This is a very great departure from the principles of the existing Version; and, indeed, it is, so far as it reaches, a reversal of the deliberately expressed plan of the revisers of 1611, and  
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of the translators and revisers from Tyndale downwards. This is acknowledged by Dr. Lightfoot, who unhesitatingly condemns both their theory and their practice, saying, 'this is perhaps the only point in which they proceed deliberately on a wrong principle.' A large number of examples are given, but they are only a few in comparison with what might be collected, for it was the almost uniform practice of the old translators to render Greek repetitions in a context, by means of a variation in the English equivalents. This variation is stigmatized as an error, a fault, a capricious fondness for an agreeable variety, and even as proceeding from an unworthy prejudice against the truer course, because it had been followed by the Roman Catholic translators of the version of Rheims. Dr. Lightfoot so completely identifies words with things, that diversity of word must necessarily, it would seem, carry with it a distinction in the thing; and accordingly, he has entitled the section in which he discusses this 'error' of the old translators, 'artificial distinctions created.' Had the author for the moment forgotten the existence of those synonyms, which are found with more or less frequency in all languages, and from which even Greek is not exempt, though it has much fewer of them than English has? Between the synonymous relationship of two or more words, and that separation of meaning which assigns a distinct sense to each several word, there intervenes a wide and vague belt of *nuances* in which words may be coupled synonymously, or may be opposed antithetically. In some such a state are the verbs of which Dr. Ellicott thus writes: 'There is nearly an insurmountable difficulty in marking properly in translation the shades of meaning in *κατεργάζομαι*, *πράσσω*, and *ποιῶ*. . . . Between the two last it seems hopeless to attempt to discriminate in English' (p. 172).

We are sincerely careful not to misstate Dr. Lightfoot's views, and we believe we are quite secure in saying that he would have every Greek word fitted with its proper English equivalent, by which it should be represented on every occasion of its recurrence; that for the suspension of this rule in any particular instance there must be a particular reason. It appears to us that such a process would (if the work were to be done *de integro*, which happily it is not) result in a version that could be understood by Greek scholars only. Dr. Lightfoot says that by various renderings of the same word 'artificial distinctions are introduced into the translation.' The old translators plead that they have not tied themselves to an uniformity of phrasing, or to an identity of words, forasmuch as such a course would savour 'more of curiosity than wisdom.'

The following are a few of the passages cited by Dr. Lightfoot

foot as examples of capricious variation, which should have his rule applied for their correction; and that our readers may judge of the probable effect of the alterations, we subjoin the present and the prospective versions in parallel columns:—

## AUTHORIZED VERSION.

Matt. xviii. 33. 'Shouldest not thou also have had *compassion* (ἐλεῆσαι) on thy fellow-servant, even as I had *pity* (ἠλέησα) on thee?'

Matt. xx. 20. 'Then came to him the mother of Zebedee's *children* (υἱῶν) with her *sons* (υἱῶν).'

Matt. xxv. 32. 'He shall *separate* (ἀφοριεῖ) them one from another, as a shepherd *divideth* (ἀφορίζει) his sheep from the goats.'

Rom. x. 15. 'The feet of them that *preach the Gospel* (εὐαγγελιζομένων) of peace, and *bring glad tidings* (εὐαγγελιζομένων) of good things.'

1 Cor. xv. 24, 26. 'When he shall have *put down* (καταργήσῃ) all rule and all authority and power. . . . The last enemy that shall be *destroyed* (καταργεῖται) is death.'

James ii. 2, 3. 'If there come unto your assembly a man with a gold ring in *goodly apparel* (ἐν ἐσθῇτι λαμπρῇ), and there come in also a poor man in *vile raiment* (ἐσθῇτι), and ye have respect unto him that *weareth the gay clothing* (τὴν ἐσθῆτα τὴν λαμπράν).'

2 Pet. ii. 1, 3. 'Who *privily* shall bring in *damnable heresies*, (αἰρεῖταις ἀπωλείας) . . . and bring on themselves *swift destruction*. (ἀπωλείαν) . . . and their *damnation* (ἀπωλείαν) slumbereth not.'

Rev. xvii. 6, 7. 'And when I *saw her* I *wondered* (ἐθαύμασα) with *great admiration* (θαύμα); and the angel said unto me, *Wherefore didst thou wonder* (ἐθαύμασες)?'

## APPREHENDED CORRECTIONS.

'Shouldest not thou also have had *compassion* on thy fellow-servant, even as I had *compassion* on thee?'

'Then came to him the mother of Zebedee's *sons* with her *sons*.'

'He shall *separate* them one from another, as a shepherd *separateth* his sheep from the goats.'

'The feet of them that *preach the Gospel* of peace, and *preach the Gospel* of good things.'

'When he shall have *put down* all rule and all authority and power. . . . The last enemy that shall be *put down* is death.'

'If there come into your assembly a man with a gold ring in *goodly apparel*, and there come in also a poor man in *vile apparel*, and ye have respect unto him that *weareth the goodly apparel*.'

'Who *privily* shall bring in *damnable heresies*, . . . and bring on themselves *swift damnation*. . . . and their *damnation* slumbereth not.'

'And when I *saw her* I *wondered* with *great wonder*; and the angel said unto me, *Wherefore didst thou wonder*?''

The

The same system of variation appears in rendering the elementary parts of compounds, as Dr. Lightfoot is careful to show us; thus Heb. i. 1, 'At sundry times and in divers manners (πολυμέρως καὶ πολυτρόπως).' These are but a very few examples of a variation which characterizes the entire version, and it is this practice, so thoroughly embraced by the translators, which incurs the gravest charge that Dr. Lightfoot brings against them.

'But in fact examples, illustrating this misconception of a translator's duty, are sown broadcast over our New Testament, so that there is scarcely a page without one or more. It is due to our translators, however, to say, that in many cases which I have examined, they only perpetuated and did not introduce the error, which may often be traced to Tyndale himself, from whom our version is ultimately derived: and in some instances his variations are even greater than theirs. Thus in a passage already quoted, 1 Cor. xii. 4, he has three different renderings of διαφέσεις in the three successive clauses, where they have only two; "Ther are *diversities* of gyftes verely, yet but one sprete, and ther are *differences* of administration yet but one lorde, and ther are *divers maners* of operacions." . . . Of all the English versions the Rheimish alone has paid attention to this point, and so far compares advantageously with the rest, to which in most other respects it is confessedly inferior' (pp. 43, 44).

Now, if all languages were perfectly symmorphicanalogues of each other,—if one language produced a given mental impression by means grammatically similar or derivatively analogous\* to those employed for the same end by another; or even if languages were so correspondent in their structures to each other, that it were possible to match the vocabulary of one language against another, so as to assign value for value, such an English to such a Greek word, and so forth,—if this were feasible, then Dr. Lightfoot's objections would be unanswerable. But if it be the fact that each language has an individual organism and constitution of its own, which regulates the distribution of influence among the parts of speech which compose a phrase, and if all experience shows us that the system of translation by matching of words must end in failure of effect, because in such an operation the natural bent and behaviour of one language is merged in accommodation to the other; then surely, the judgment thus pronounced on our old translation is one-sided, and needs to be revised by the light of the habit of the English language. We cannot indeed bring to bear on the subject such a knowledge of the

\* For example, the idea of *person* is rendered in Hebrew by *nephesh*, that is, *soul*; but in English by *body*; as in *anybody*, *nobody*, and in Psalm liii. 1, 'The foolish body.' For further examples, see 'Speaker's Commentary,' Leviticus xvii. p. 597.



mother tongue as might balance the weight of Greek scholarship put forth by Dr. Lightfoot; but we will do what we can to trim the uneven scales, and advocate the cause of the English language which has hitherto been left too much out of the account. We shall endeavour to show that the charge which Dr. Lightfoot has preferred against the translators of the sixteenth century amounts to little more than this, that they were true to the native idiom, and that his accusation does not so much apply to the versions as to the English language itself.

The vocabulary of the English language may be said to have been erected upon a system of duplicate words. The homely examples of *ox* as compared with *beef*, *calf* and *veal*, *swine* and *pork*, *sheep* and *mutton*, convey this lesson. For these words are instances in which distinct functions have been acquired by words originally synonymous. It is the fact that to this hour 'bœuf' is the French of 'ox,' 'veau' of 'calf,' and so with the others. The above couples of words were therefore bilingual duplicates, which had, through the exigencies of a bilingual population, become associated with each other. This circumstance is the most important of all historical facts for the understanding of the special character of the English language. In the market and in all the daily intercourse of life, people of alien tongues met to transact business, and gradually smoothed away the difficulties in their path by learning so much of each other's vocabulary as corresponded to the principal words in their several occupations. Each man of Saxon birth who did not speak French knew at least the French expressions necessary for selling his own produce; and the like held on the French side. Thus a double system of words constituted the original capital of the English language, and while some of the synonyms were drawn off from time to time, as in the instances above quoted, to fill special and distinct functions, yet those changes were by no means sufficient to alter the general character of the vocabulary. The duplicate system of words continued in action so long as to have a lasting effect upon the constructive habits of the language, and it is this which, being represented in the English Bible, has given offence to Dr. Lightfoot because of its unconformability to the Greek idiom. There are many sets of these duplicates still in use, and there are others which have from time to time sprung up new out of the habit of coupling once established in the mind of the nation. Hence such familiar pairs as 'aid and abet,' 'act and deed,' 'baile and borowe,' 'head and chief,' and an expression of great provincial mark, 'meres and bounds.'

Our early literature abounds with such couplings: Chaucer's  
writings

writings are a perfect repertory of them. Such expressions as 'uncouth and strange,' 'nature and kind,' are simply bilingual duplicates. In the description of the Knight, in the Prologue to the 'Canterbury Tales,' we find a line which consists of two such couples:—

'A knyght ther was and that a worthy man,  
That fro the tyme that he first bigan  
To ryden out, he loued chivalrye, ¶  
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisye.'

'Trouthe and honour' are two words for one thing; and so also are 'fredom and curteisye.' For at that date 'free' meant courteous, gentle; and 'fredom' meant politeness. Thus in 'Havelok the Dane':—

'For she is fayr and she is free  
And al so hende so she may be.'

And not only in original composition, but in translations also, we see this duplicate action of the vocabulary, especially in the early period before the restriction of the natural expansiveness of the English language through the influence of classical models. In the translation of Boethius' 'De Consolatione Philosophiæ,' we find the specially characteristic words of the Latin rendered by couplings in English. Thus *claritudo* is rendered 'renoun and clernesse of linage'; *censor*, 'domesman or jüge'; *nefas judico*, 'I deme it felonie and unleveful'; quasi verò quæ cujusque rei causa sit, *laboretur*, 'as though men travailden or weren busy to enqueren the whiche thing is cause of whiche thinges'; *quoquo modo se habeat ordo causarum*, 'how so or in what manere that the ordre of causes hath it self.'

Of later books, the most remarkable store of these duplicates is to be found in the Book of Common Prayer, which is also the book that must be considered as, on the whole, the most genuinely national sample of English in existence. These duplicates abound so in every part, that the only difficulty is in selection. In the Preface we find this:—'that upon weighty and important considerations, according to the various exigency of times and occasions, such changes and alterations should be made.' In every page examples meet the eye: 'acknowledge and confess'—'dissemble nor cloke'—'assemble and meet together'—'requisite and necessary'—'pray and beseech'—'remission and forgiveness'—'adorned and beautified'—'enterprised nor taken in hand'—'image and similitude'—'loving and amiable'—at which latter instance we may be reminded of a like expression in Shakespeare, 'King John,' iii. 4:—

'Death, death:—O amiable lovely death!'

where



where this bilingual habit of duplication is retained for the purpose of expressing a simple thought with passionate fulness. For 'amiable' and 'lovely' are here two words for the same thing, one French and the other English. They have since been desynonymized, the one being appropriated to the attractions of the mind and the other to those of the person.

It was inevitable that the reverence which has always been considered due to the very words of Scripture should restrain the natural inclination of the translators for coupled renderings of single words, and we are able to point to at least one instance in which they did forego the use of this idiomatic habit out of respect for the traditional rendering. In Acts xii. 5, the translators of 1611 retained the established rendering of ἐκτενῆς 'without ceasing,' although it did not appear to them quite satisfactory. The rendering which appears to have approved itself to their judgment was put in the margin, and it was an adjectival coupling, 'instant and earnest.'

But while the habit of duplicate translation is admitted by Dr. Lightfoot, he maintains that this has nothing to do with alternative variation. He says, 'It is one thing to give a double rendering to a single word at any one occurrence, and another to give it two different renderings at two different occurrences in the same context. The two principles have nothing in common.' It would have been more correct to say that no proof has been given that the two principles are in fact one, and it may even be admitted that some difficulty would attend the attempt at such a proof. But then this is no other than the common and well-known difficulty of demonstrating those things which may be known by simple observation. Our space only permits us to offer some slight indications of the manner in which a point of this kind is to be ascertained. The bilingual coupling of which we have been just now treating extended itself in a curious way to the relative pronoun. We did not, indeed, place a French pronoun by the side of the English 'that,' but we did place by its side an imitation of the French pronoun which had been made of Saxon material. The relative pronoun 'which' was an imitation of the French *que*, and 'the which' was made after *lequel*; for in Saxon times the word 'which' was only an interrogative, and never a relative pronoun. Now at first these two words ran together in pairs, like the 'which that' in the following quotation from Chaucer's 'Parlament of Foules,' stanza 75:—

' Nature which that alwey hadde an ere  
To murmur of the lewedenesse  
With facound voys seyde, Hold youre tungis there,  
And I shal sone I hope a conseyll fynde.'

When

When we look into our Bible we find these words acting as mere synonyms, taking part by turns in the same function, and sometimes supplying a provision against a senseless reverberation. In Matthew xxii. 21, without any warrant from the Greek, we find these pronouns acting as variants: 'the things which are Cæsar's . . . the things that are God's.' Here, then, is at least one instance in which we can trace the course of a bilingual coupling, and we find it comes to supply material for alternative variation. For this alternation is a thing in demand;—it is not, as Dr. Lightfoot insists, a capricious variation, but an established feature in the English language: it is not a thing that can be dispensed with, but a necessity; and it is not a barbarism to be ashamed of, but an important instance of development and advancement in human speech. On each of these heads we would offer a word. That it is a feature and a character of the English language cannot be more fully demonstrated out of any one book, than Dr. Lightfoot has done by the copious instances which he, by way of complaint, has brought forward from the English Bible. Examples from other sources have been given in sufficient number in the 'Guardian,' and we only need cite a few specimens from the journals of the day. The following are from leading articles in the 'Times':—

'The House of Lords performs these useful functions; but it may be said that its members might discharge them with greater judgment and ability.'

Here we have the alternation of *perform*—*discharge*, rather than a repetition of either.—

'A mode of reform which admits of being adopted in all degrees of strength is precisely that which recommends itself to statesmen, as it does to all reasonable people.'

Here the repetition of *recommend* is avoided by the official substitute *does*; and if any one will consider what is the chief function of this verb in our language, he will easily see that it is a very powerful supporter of alternative variation.

In an article which appeared just before the Thanksgiving Day, we read thus: 'One cannot help fearing that the procession of Tuesday next will not be very imposing as a spectacle. The spectators themselves will be a far grander sight than that which they will assemble to see.' This is written with almost a Greek *netteté*; but it would be more like Greek if, instead of *spectacle*, *spectators*, *sight*, *see*, it stood with *sight*, *sightseers*, *sight*, *see*. While, however, this would have rendered it much more Greek-like, it would have considerably damaged the effect on English ears.

But we said that this variation was a necessity in the English

language. It has been so in one sense in the past, and it is so in another sense in the present. In the early stages of English it was a necessity, because all ears were not equally acquainted with both columns or lines of words, and it was under this state of emergency that our early efforts at eloquence were made. It is still a necessity in the present, from a different cause, and one of a higher order. Our native powers of modulation are not quick, or active, or versatile; our language is on all hands pronounced to be monotonous. Now the variation of word and phrase is a natural compensation for the want of a rich variety of tones and to supply this defect it has become a necessity with us to keep up that variation which had its origin in another cause. For where repetition of the same word takes place in a context, it can never, in good reading, be pronounced twice following in the same tone. Dr. Lightfoot is not happy in his illustration when he pleads the cause of repetition thus:—‘the effect of the sentence in each case depending on the maintenance of the same word, which arrests the ear and produces its effect by repetition, like the tolling of a bell or the stroke on an anvil.’ As to the anvil, there are two sets of strokes: there is the monotonous thud on the glowing mass, and there is the cheery musical tone of the ‘harmonious blacksmith’ as the blows are dealt with discrimination on the work that is hardening towards completion. However, we take Dr. Lightfoot to mean that his repetition is to be a repetition not of the same word only, but also of that word on the same note. We would ask him to bestow a few moments’ attention on this subject, and see whether the effect will be good if this monotony is maintained in the repetition of ‘perils’ in 2 Cor. xi. 26, or in any other of those examples which he has so readily at command; or, let him try to read the words ‘action’ and ‘actor’ in the following passages like the toll of a bell, and observe what the effect will prove to be. ‘It is related of Demosthenes, that being asked what was the first requisite for an orator, he answered Action! Being asked what was the second requisite, he said Action! Being asked further what was the third requisite, he answered for the third time, Action!’ Here it is manifest to the simplest instinct that there must be a heightening of tone with each repetition. The same holds good in the passage of Macaulay’s ‘Essays,’ where we read concerning the Earl of Chatham: ‘He was an actor in the closet, an actor in the Council, an actor in Parliament; and even in private society he could not lay aside his theatrical tones and attitudes.’ Verbal repetitions require to be read on an ascending or on a descending scale of modulation, and we can think but of one exception to  
this

this rule. The case of the genealogies is something apart; here we apprehend that the recurrent words, namely, *begat* in the one, and *which was the son of*, in the other Gospel, should be uttered with an unvarying monotony. But, as a general rule, all reverberation requires a variation in tone to relieve it, and hence it follows that the increase of the verbal repetitions in the New Testament will amount to an increased demand for skilful modulation; or, failing this, it will result in an increase in the supply of wearisome reading.

But as we have shown, first, that this variation is an established fact in English; and next, that there is a necessity for it; so now we have to add, thirdly, that it is not a thing to be ashamed of as a barbarism, but that it has been and is of great efficiency towards lifting the language into a higher grade of development. The measure of better or worse in language consists in the degree in which it is fitted to follow the movements of the mind. It appears to us that our own language, if tried by this test, will be found to contrast favourably with Greek, and, indeed, with all the languages of antiquity. They are comparatively word-bound, and therefore also comparatively sense-bound. Our habit of variation gives our speech a broader footing in the sentient faculties, and therefore a vaguer contact with them; the classical languages, on the other hand, have a narrower, and therefore a more incisive contact with the senses and the memory. In Hebrew, Greek, and Latin it is the word that tells,—it is the identifiable word that produces the effect; in English it is the phrase, and the variable alternatives of the phrasal form, that produce the impression as of reiterated thought; wherein the effect is all the more profound on the mind in proportion as the word is less importunate to the ear: unlike the dint of repeated drops from the soaking eaves, and more like the fertilizing shower which falls here a little and there a little.

We have here a feature which is not indeed absolutely peculiar to the English language, but which has in English obtained through circumstances a special development, namely, the avoiding of verbal repetitions by a change in the vesture of the thought, whereby the appeal is partially transferred from the ear or the eye to the mind; and it is this distinguished excellence of the English language which the old translators instinctively seized and wove into the fabric of our Bible version, but which now under the auspices of modern scholarship, we seem to be in danger of sacrificing to the illusion of a verbal fidelity.

Indeed, the further we pursue this investigation, the more we are compelled to assert that there is a vast difference between

the structural habits of the Greek and English languages. In regard to construction, they differ from one another almost, if not quite, as widely as Gothic architecture does from Greek. The English language is vastly more manifold and multitudinous, and its appeal is far less to sensation and more to mental perception. There are in the English language all the three chief stages of language combined and co-operating, whereas in Greek we find one of the three so overpoweringly developed as nearly to exclude the other two. In Greek the flexional principle pervades and dominates all; in English this is weak, and allows remarkable play to the collocational principle on the one hand, and to the phrasal development on the other. And as in the case of the vocabulary which we have already treated; so likewise in the phraseology, we see a disposition to variation, a liking for variety of structure within the sentence, and a certain dislike of uniformity, which naturally invites comparison with Gothic architecture. Thus at the end of Rom. ix. the Greek has *λίθον προσκόμματος καὶ πέτραν σκανδάλου*, and here the two members are correspondently uniform in construction, and both are flec-tional. But if we turn to the English, we find ‘stumblingstone and rock of offence;’ and here the two parts are of varied construction, the one being collocative, and the other phrasal. Our modern spirit of exact scholarship will say that here is a variation in the English, where the original knows no such distinction. And accordingly we find indications that such barbarous inequalities are to be levelled down to a Greek uniformity, in which process we may expect results analogous to what we have sometimes witnessed where an old Gothic building has been restored by one whose professional education had been solely after the Palladian school. For instance, in Matt. xii. 40, we now read ‘in the whale’s belly . . . in the heart of the earth,’ where the two counterposed structures are of varied form, one being flec-tional, and the other phrasal. In the Greek, however, both are after one, and that the flec-tional pattern, *ἐν τῇ κοιλίᾳ τοῦ κήτους* . . . *ἐν τῇ καρδίᾳ τῆς γῆς*, and Dean Alford, in his revised text, brings the English to the uniformity of the Greek, thus, ‘in the belly of the whale . . . in the heart of the earth.’ This might be useful as a preparation for a construing lesson; but it is not according to the natural elasticity of the English language, and we want our English Bible to continue to be English in every sense of the word.

It would, indeed, be wrong to deny that there are places in which the repetition is necessary to the effect intended. This can be illustrated from the English language, as well as from any other: but it is of importance to keep this quite clear of the

the question now in debate. There is a rhetorical use of repetition, and it belongs to the same general class of agencies as alliteration or rhyme in poetry. Such is to be seen in the following, which occurs in a leading article at the time of our writing: 'If the nation does not show itself as a nation, somebody or something will be sure to present itself and pretend to be the nation. It will occupy the streets, parks, and squares, and in every way fill the space which the nation has unwisely left void by national inaction.' To this class belong the repetition of the word 'blessed' in the beatitudes, and of the word 'perils' in 2 Cor. xi. 26. To this class also belongs, or should belong, that most graphic repetition in Matthew xi. of the question: 'But what went ye out for to see?' Only we have reason to fear that that inexorable legality of scholarship will not leave us in quiet possession of the picturesqueness of this dialogue. We can only judge by Dean Alford, the continuator of the Five: but he has found it necessary, according to scholarship and criticism, to dilute this repetition as follows:—'What went ye out into the wilderness to gaze upon?'—'But what went ye out to see?'—'But wherefore went ye out?' So we are to lose repetitions where they are characteristic, and gain them where they are idle; and all for reasons which, even if good, the nation can never appreciate.

It cannot be too often repeated, that the public use of the book should be always before the mind of the Revisers, that they may lend their ear to the sound of those sentences which are to be publicly read in churches. There is such a thing as an exegetical translation of Scripture, adapted for the use of the student, but which for the general reader or hearer would be inappropriate. An excellent specimen of such a translation is that of the Psalms by Dr. Kay: in this book the Hebrew is so admirably represented that the critical reader is greatly assisted in realizing the action of the original, whether he have the Hebrew before him or not; but we do not apprehend that Dr. Kay would offer such a work for reading in churches. If we compare this with the beautiful lyrical sentences of our elder version, we have perhaps as fair an illustration of the difference between Hebrew and English as can be conveyed through the latter language alone. Thus in Psalm 103 Dr. Kay translates:—

'13 As a father has compassion on his children,  
So the Lord has compassion on them that fear Him.  
For He knows our formation,' &c.

In the Common Prayer Book it is given with variation:—'Yea,  
like

like as a father pitieth his own children: even so is the Lord merciful unto them that fear him.' We take leave of this interesting subject for the present, with the earnest hope that minute accuracy will often be waived in favour of the version which has the ear of the people; and on the two urgent points of the public serviceableness of the revision, and the danger of over-correction, we cannot convey our sentiments better than in the words of Dr. Ellicott:—

'Secondly, it must not be forgotten that the effort to be accurate often involves some sacrifice of the idiomatic turn and rhythmic flow of the English, and that the gain in exactness has often to be purchased at a price which even the most devoted scholar might on consideration hesitate to pay. The different idioms of the two languages, the parallelism rather than coincidence in respect of tenses, the much less logical use of particles in our own language than in Greek, the different principles of order and emphasis,—all these things really do often make accuracy only attainable on terms which are beyond our means, and which would, in fact, be inconsistent with the ground-principles of a version which is to be read *publicly* as well as privately, and is to be idiomatic as well as exact. How often it must have happened to many a one whose eyes may fall on these lines to have made a verbal correction in our Version which, at the time seemed not only certain, but a clear contextual improvement, and then after an interval to have read it over again and come to the candid opinion that it was an *over-correction*, and, by being so, was really less faithful to the tone of the original than that which it had displaced. This consideration is really one of very great importance, for it reaches to that very difficult question of the limits to which, in translation, a language may be stretched without losing its idiomatic vigour and elasticity.'—p. 105.

The rapid sale of Dr. Lightfoot's first edition is good evidence of the interest taken by the educated class in the work of revision, and it may well be felt by the revisers in general as a powerful encouragement in their arduous labours. This great national work has our best wishes for its furtherance and success, and it is because we hope to be able to give the new revision our unhesitating support when it appears, that we look with jealousy at any dangers which may threaten to impair its beauty or to interfere with its utility.

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ART. VI.—*Les derniers Stuarts à Saint-Germain-en-Laye; Documents inédits et authentiques prisés aux Archives publiques et privées.* Par la Marquise Campana de Cavelli. Paris, 1871. Tomes I. II. 4to.

FOR this splendid monument to the memory of the Stuarts we are indebted to the devotion of a lady. An English woman by birth, an Italian by adoption, as she informs us in her preface, Madame la Marquise Campana de Cavelli combines in herself the opposite characteristics of the two races. To the passionate imagination and enthusiasm of the Italian she unites the conscientious labour and research we are accustomed to appropriate to the natives of our own country. Inspired with a strong and almost romantic sympathy for the Stuarts, or at all events for Mary d'Este, the unhappy consort of James II., as the sole Italian who had ever mounted an English throne, the Marquise has no intention of suffering her feelings to evaporate in useless enthusiasm. Like a thorough Englishwoman, she has set to work to justify her predilections; and we have the result in two magnificent volumes, the first instalment of six, containing letters, journals, portraits, engravings of rare prints and medals—everything, in short, that can throw any light on the manners, the reigns, the exile, the deaths of an unhappy race devoted to misfortune by a sort of inevitable fatality, like the Labdacidæ of old. Beginning at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, which the Marquise visited in 1864, and where she seems to have caught the first idea of her work, she extended her inquiries to England, Germany, Spain, and Italy. She has disinterred from unknown or forgotten archives family papers, reports of Italian residents in England, confidential communications to foreign courts, hitherto concealed from the most diligent historians. If we were disposed to be hypercritical, we should say that many of these documents, especially the letters of Mary d'Este, have a value in the eyes of the Marquise which will scarcely be shared by less enthusiastic admirers. But where there is so much that is really excellent and really novel, so much laborious research that can never find its adequate return, it would be unjust to discover faults. The true and lasting reward of the fair authoress will be—and probably she desires no more—that to all future historians of the Stuart times her work will be indispensable. Even if posterity should not entirely reverse the verdict of history, it may, through her exertions, mitigate some of its severity.

Commencing with the year 1672, and the negotiations for the second marriage of James, Duke of York, these volumes bring us to



to the year 1689, and the unhappy attempts of James II. in Ireland. The main intention of the Marquise, in fact her sole object in the first instance, was to gather up the personal history of Mary d'Este. For this purpose she visited the old château of Saint-Germain. In the neighbouring church she found herself standing, as she tells us, before a humble monument, with as humble an inscription—JAMES II. After the most diligent inquiries, she was able to discover no traces of the tomb of his consort. She questioned the inhabitants of Saint-Germain: no one had ever heard of the life or sepulchre of Maria Beatrix. She visited the libraries and archives of Paris. After long search, she discovered that Mary's remains rested in the nunnery of Chaillot. She hastened to Chaillot; nunnery, and all remembrance of it, had utterly perished. 'Disappointed, but not discouraged,' she continues, 'I redoubled my zeal, hoping at least to exhume the historical *souvenirs* of Maria Beatrix. I passed many years in the most celebrated archives of France, Italy, England, and other countries with a passionate ardour. The mortal remains of this Queen always escaped me; but her memory grew beneath my gaze; her career appeared to me every day more noble and more beautiful. I received from all quarters numbers of documents, packets of letters written by Maria Beatrix, in which she laid open the whole course of her private life and political doings from day to day. I was desirous of publishing this correspondence, for therein the world would see in all its brilliancy the charms of this touching figure, whom the indifference or hostility of so many historians had consigned too long to unmerited oblivion, or the attacks of calumny.'

But the Marquise soon found, as others employed in similar researches have found before, that her materials increased more rapidly than she had anticipated;

'They began to multiply,  
Like sparks that from the coals of fire do fly.'

Her industry, her researches, her perseverance, were rewarded by an overflowing harvest of materials not less valuable for the general history of the times than for the biography of Mary d'Este. This abundance compelled her to remodel her plan, and extend the limits of her work; and thus, without losing sight of her original purpose, her attention was naturally turned to the great historical events in the age of the latter Stuarts—an age so full of magic interest to all readers, whatever their principles and their predilections. Consequently she has not only illustrated

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\* Pp. 7, 8.

the personal history of James II., his queen, and his descendants, but she has collected and published a large mass of documents throwing light upon the times which preceded and followed their downfall. The politics of William III., the fatal measures and infatuation of James II., the intrigues of foreign courts, the treachery of statesmen, the discords between the moderate Roman Catholics and the Jesuits, all find ample illustration in her pages. And though the Marquise disavows the character of an historian, though she is satisfied with confining herself to the humbler task of faithfully presenting to the public the historical treasures she has been fortunate enough to collect, she deserves great praise for her moderation and wise discretion. In the present condition of our historical materials, when so much that is necessary for an impartial and sound estimate of the most difficult epoch in our history remains buried in private collections, we hold that for some time to come the greatest service that can be rendered to this country is not a professed history, but the careful collection and arrangement of such materials as these. Violent religious and political prejudices have already sufficiently obscured the reigns of the Stuarts. What we now want are authentic papers by which we may correct the misrepresentations of party, and form a sounder and more impartial judgment.

Although, therefore, the Marquise makes no secret of her sympathies for the exiled house of the Stuarts, although she thinks that James II., in particular, has received scanty justice from the hands of our Protestant historians, she has prudently forborne all direct attempt to rescue his name from that odium under which it has laboured so long. She has not even ventured to remove any of the superfluous dust with which his memory has been artificially overcharged and blackened. She has been content to let her documents tell their own story, without putting a word into their mouths—without any attempt to extenuate or exaggerate their credit—whether they seemed to make for or against her cherished opinions. Her readers are left to form their own conclusions—a task very few, we are inclined to think, will be willing to undertake, unless the old Greek historian was mistaken in his estimate of human nature; and we are less inclined than were his contemporaries to rely on the opinions of others. The Marquise, therefore, must not be surprised if, though she find a 'fit audience,' it should prove a very select one; or if the chief return for her labour and self-sacrifice should be little more than the pleasure she has felt in the pursuit of an amiable object. Chivalry and enthusiasm have long been at a discount amongst us; and even if it were otherwise, they are not likely to be revived over the forgotten memories of James II. and his fallen house.

house. Whigs and Tories, Conservatives and Radicals, have long since acquiesced in their verdict, and would scarcely feel grateful to any one who should attempt to disturb it. What does it matter whether the character of James be one shade or several shades less black than Macaulay has painted it? What will it signify whether in his historical apotheosis of Whiggery, the Whig apologist has not always been as scrupulous as he ought to have been in the choice of his authorities, or uniformly careful in the examination of his facts? Even if our enthusiastic admirer of the Stuarts could convict him of gross partiality and numerous mistakes, the final resultant would remain much the same: it would still be disagreeable enough to our English notions. No amount of ingenious pleadings could get rid of the fact that James was not only a Roman Catholic, but a very bigoted Roman Catholic; that he carried into his religious convictions the untempered zeal of a convert, as well as a formality, stiffness, and opiniativeness that were native to him. We should still feel that he was as inflexible as his father, Charles I., without his father's attachment to the religion of his subjects, as indifferent to the good opinions of others as Charles II., without his brother's good nature.

In fact, their fatality, or destiny, let our authoress call it what she will, has pursued the Stuarts beyond the grave; their evils have not perished with them. Unlike other men who are rarely punished twice for their offences, and whose sufferings, like those of Charles I., or whose hopeless exile, like that of James II., have been regarded as some atonement for their faults, history has been unusually severe and bitter to their memories. It has looked exclusively at their failings, which were obvious enough and offensive enough; it has been far from indulgent to their better qualities; it has hardly allowed them any. The popular estimate of James I. has been derived in the main from libels, misnamed history, written in the time of the Commonwealth; of Charles II., and of James II., from writers like Kennet and Burnet, who must have condemned themselves had James II. appeared otherwise in their pages than a sanguinary bigot and despot, regardless of the lives and the liberties of his subjects. More modern historians have solaced their disappointment in actual by an ideal Whiggery, which has no place in nature or in history. They have been carried back in their brilliant imaginations to a time when, in the triumph of William III., all the men (provided they were Whigs) were brave and honest, and all their women were lovely and virtuous. Setting out with such strong prepossessions, it was not to be expected that they should scrutinise too narrowly evidence unfavourable to James II., or suspect of partiality and exaggeration assertions so much in accordance with their expectations and  
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their wishes. Even when, as in the case of Sir John Dalrymple, more accurate research had brought to light undoubted information unfavourable to the more active agents of the Revolution, Whig historians could not easily forego their prejudices, or reconstruct their theories. Though contradicted by unimpeachable evidence, the current impression was too powerful to be shaken; rather than relinquish it, they atoned for any admitted demerits in the main instruments of the Revolution by adding a few additional shades of darkness to the period that preceded it.

But this was not their only or their greatest error. Following the example of Fox, historians of the Revolution of 1688 have generally commenced their work with the reign of James II. If this was done with the notion of setting forth more vividly the evils from which William III. is supposed to have delivered us, those evils did not commence with James II., nor did they entirely vanish with him. If it were done with the view of showing how amazing was the contrast between James and his son-in-law, the contrast is no less mistaken than it is exaggerated. William was a Stuart as well as James II. He was every whit as much determined as James that the royal power should suffer no diminution in his hands. He was as resolute in maintaining his prerogative as James. He exercised his dispensing power more frequently. If James maintained a standing army at Hounslow Heath, William had his Dutch Guards. If James was severe and stern in executing punishment, the torture in Scotland and the massacre at Glencoe exceeded in ferocity the executions at Taunton. If James countenanced Jeffreys, William took Kirke into favour, and pensioned the still more infamous Titus Oates. If James treated his Protestant advisers with disrespect, Schomberg and Ginkell dined at William's table whilst Marlborough and Godolphin stood behind his chair. The main difference consisted in this, that William was a Protestant and James a Roman Catholic; that William plunged this nation into a costly continental war with France, from which James kept aloof; that William fought the wars of the Dutch with English money and English troops; that he utterly neglected our navy and our commerce, and burthened us with a heavy national debt. Whether the motives which determined the foreign policy of Charles II. and his brother were ignominious or otherwise, the material advantages of that policy to the nation cannot be denied. It enabled this country to recover itself from the exhaustion of the civil wars. When Charles II. ascended the throne, our navy had sunk to so low a condition that in all our magazines and stores there were not 'arms sufficient to put into the hands of five thousand men, nor provision

provision enough to set out ten new ships to sea.'\* Within less than ten years of that time Colbert had converted a few rotten hulks of the French marine into a navy, consisting of sixty ships of the line and forty frigates. If the policy of non-intervention be good statesmanship now, it was not only good but indispensable then. Was it for our advantage to fight the battles of other people? Was it for us to relieve the Dutch by engaging in a war with France, whilst they were pursuing their own commerce unmolested and we were neglecting ours? For a cause in which we were nowise concerned, were we to strain every nerve in grappling with a powerful and warlike adversary, when at best victory was dubious, whilst Holland, like the fox in the fable, looked on and ran off with the prey? That is exactly what William and the Dutch wanted us to do. That is precisely what he was always attempting to do when he became King of England. Happily, causes we have now to explain—causes too much overlooked by modern historians—kept us, in spite of ourselves, in spite of the frantic absurdities and fanaticism of the times, from falling into the snare. If to Charles II. and James II. we owe, as Whig historians are fond of asserting, our Protestant religion and civil liberties, we owe to them also the preservation of the monarchy, with all its attendant blessings.

To make this clear, we must trespass a little on the indulgence of our readers. The death of Charles I. was not the only instance, as Milton would have been delighted to inform his hearers, of English kings who had come to a violent end. But the death of Charles, though like that of other kings in its violence, was in its character wholly unique, a fact which Milton did not perceive. In this nation there had never been anything like it before; and we know not whether there has been in any nation or any age; for the fate of Louis XVI. was totally different, and the parallel sometimes insisted on by French historians and philosophers is wholly fallacious. In all rebellions against previous English kings, it was the conspiracy of one branch or scion of the royal family against the other. The succession remained intact, though the right of succession might be disputed; though the monarch fell, the monarchy remained. By the death of Charles I., for the first time since our existence as a nation, monarchy and the monarch fell together; the nation was not only without a head for the first time, but all its functions ceased; its constitution was at an end. The Church had been already put down, and so far the

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\* Echard's 'History of the Revolution,' p. 10.

spiritual authority of the Crown was extinguished. The House of Lords, the constitutional advisers of the Crown, was defunct; for what use was there of constitutional advisers when there was no one to advise with? But there remained the army and the House of Commons. The House of Commons could neither summon nor prorogue itself, least of all at the command of the army; and the army, which by the Constitution of this country knows no command but that of the King,\* could not and would not obey the Commons. Here, then, were two concurrent and incompatible authorities. Government was at a dead-lock: it fell, as it always must fall, on such occasions, to the strongest; and the destruction of monarchy ended in military despotism. The Church of England was effectually disestablished, for its property was taken from it and its worship proscribed. Had Cromwell been less resolute, less large-minded than he was, the spiritual despotism of this country would have been as complete as its civil anarchy. The Presbyterians could not tolerate the Independents, nor the Independents the Presbyterians; and when both had got rid of the Church of England, they vented their wrath, their venom, and abuse, against each other. In the name of liberty they had put down the Church of England, and raised up the most bitter and malignant forms of persecution. In the name of liberty they had pulled down the monarchy, and with it all the constitutional safeguards for civil and religious freedom.

Repentance came too late. Even Cromwell would have restored, had it been possible, some of those constitutional forms he had been instrumental in destroying.† For, however unconstitutional

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\* See the Militia Act passed in the year 1662. 'Forasmuch as within all His Majesty's realms and dominions, the sole and supreme power, government, command, and disposition of the Militia, and of all forces by sea and land, and of all forts and places of strength is, and by the laws of England ever was, the undoubted right of His Majesty,' &c., 'and that both or either of the Houses of Parliament cannot, nor ought, to pretend to the same,' &c.

It may be urged that Parliament did command the army in the wars against Charles I., which is very true; but then it evaded the Constitution by issuing its orders in the king's name, avowing by this act its own inability by the Constitution to command the army.

† So desperately did even Cromwell's own party cling to the old forms of the Constitution that it was this desire more than any other that urged them, and no doubt Oliver himself, to revive the title of king in his person. 'That which inclined the most,' says Baillie, 'to further the Protector's kingship, was their expectation of a regular government thereby, without the perpetuating of a military rule by the sword, to which so vast and arbitrary charges would always be necessary.' Cromwell was only diverted from this design by being informed by Fleetwood of a strong combination in the army to oppose that motion. (See Baillie's *Let. to Spang*, November, 1658.) As Lambert and other officers secretly cherished the hope of succeeding Cromwell and perpetuating a military despotism in England, they strenuously opposed all attempts on the Protector's part to render the

stitutionally men may rise to power, none are more anxious in fencing the power, thus gained, by constitutional securities. But that could not be. Rulers and ruled had fallen alike into a false position, from which it was impossible to extricate themselves. Their struggles only served to entangle them the more. Every year the usurper found it necessary to rivet more closely the chains of his authority; every year his attempts to restore the forms of the Constitution became more hopeless and desperate. To a mere tyrant this would have been a matter of indifference; in the case of Cromwell we are convinced that it did more than anything else to embitter his days and break his heart—far more than the pertinacious and malignant abuse of the Presbyterians, the dangerous and subtle designs of Sir Harry Vane, the ambition and dissensions of his Major-Generals, the plots of the Royalists, or a thousand pamphlets cloaking his assassination under the specious pretext of ‘killing no murder.’ Monarchs without one tithe of Cromwell’s ability may with ordinary prudence be sure of the love and obedience of their subjects, because they rule by law, and the law is respected in their persons; but the bravest and most brilliant of fortunate usurpers are a perpetual memento and exemplification of the weakness of the law, and of the rewards to be obtained by trampling the Constitution under foot. How can they expect obedience who are in themselves flagrant and successful examples of disobedience? How can they preach reverence for law who have taught men, by their own transgression, the advantage of transgressing it? Nothing remains but the rule of force and compulsion—a simple and undisguised appeal to arbitrary power. All government, except that of the stronger, is at an end. The freedom of the people is the destruction of their ruler—their slavery his only security and confidence. Of this there could be no more evident proof than the solitude and silence at Cromwell’s death. Men might admire then, as they have done since, his genius, his prowess, his superiority to the common run of usurpers; but we question whether a single tear of affection or regret was shed upon his ashes. From the Royalists, of course, he could expect no sympathy: the Presbyterians regarded him as an apostate; the Vanists as the rebel Absalom who kept out the true David; his own soldiers and the Independents suspected and watched all his movements; for many of them, expecting to be ‘half-kings themselves,’ looked upon the augmentation or continuance of his rule as worse than despotism. Order broken at

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the crown hereditary. This was the great reason why he never dared to nominate his successor, and so suppress the agitation and intrigues that troubled his government, and kept the nation in perpetual ferment. Thurloe tells a curious story of the shifts to which they were driven to cover their hypocrisy

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the head becomes orderless throughout; the current diverted at the source returns not to its natural bed, but is lost in sand and shallows. Had Richard possessed the energy and abilities of his father, the result would not have been otherwise than it was. When he succeeded to the throne the horizon was perfectly clear; there was not a cloud to be seen in it as big as a man's hand. Charles, with a few followers, wandered about in exile, hopeless, helpless, and forlorn. The feeble attempts of the Cavaliers in his favour had been completely and rapidly suppressed; the whole nation was overawed by the strongest military discipline; there was apparently neither the wish nor the ability to rise. Nay more, the peaceable succession of Richard was insisted on as a proof of God's approbation. He had had no hand in the King's death—was rather inclined to deal kindly with the Royalists. He had never sought the government, but it was thrust upon him. He had been accepted and approved by the House of Commons. The rightful King had been dead for twelve years, and there was no likelihood that his son would succeed him. The common good required that the land should not remain without a governor; whilst the numerous and bitter factions, political and religious, daily multiplying in numbers and malignancy, and ready at any moment to fly at each other's throats, made people ready to acquiesce in almost any form of government and any governor without too narrowly scrutinising their precise legitimacy.

Yet with all these advantages in its favour, the Republic, from no ostensible cause, collapsed in an instant, in the utmost tranquillity at home and abroad. It fell so completely, that not a vestige of it remained; it fell among the execrations and outcries of those who, a few months only before, would have regarded its ruin as impossible. Not a hand was stretched out to support it. Of those who had bled and fought for it—whose interest and reputation were most deeply concerned in its continuance—though they were men of undoubted courage and experience—with swords in their hands—not a handful could be found to strike a single blow in its favour, or make the smallest sacrifice for that which they had hitherto identified with the cause of God:—

‘That an army,’ says Baxter, ‘that had conquered three such kingdoms, and brought so many armies to destruction, cut off the King, pulled down the Parliament, and set up and pulled down others at their pleasure; that had conquered so many cities and castles; that were so united by principles, and interest, and guilt, and so deeply engaged, as much as their estates, and honour, and lives came to, to have stood it out to the very utmost; that had possessed so much of their wisdom and religiousness; and had declared such high resolutions against monarchy:—I say that such an army should have one commander



commander (Monk) among themselves, whom they accounted not religious, that should march against them without resistance, and that they should all stand still, and let him come on, and restore the Parliament, and bring in the King, and disband themselves, and all this without one bloody nose! Let any man, that hath the use of his understanding, judge whether this were not enough to prove that there is a God that governeth the world, and disposeth of the powers of the world according to His will!’

‘That a nation,’ says Milton, proudly moralising with aristocratic complacency on these events, ‘should be so valorous and courageous to win their liberty in the field, and when they have won it, should be so heartless and unwise in their counsels, as not to know how to use it, value it, what to do with it themselves; but . . . basely and besottedly to run their necks again into the yoke which they have broken—will be an ignominy if it befall us, that never yet befell any nation possessed of their liberty.’\*

In this absence of all serious resistance to the return of Charles II., and the frantic delight of people in general at the Restoration, it might be supposed that the old order was not only entirely restored, but had in fact become stronger than before. It is usual with historians to insist on the unqualified submission exhibited by his subjects to their new king, to paint in glowing colours the unanimity of his welcome, as if the whole nation, forgetful of all prudent and rational restraint, had hastened to throw itself at his feet, ashamed of its past misconduct, and resolved to atone for its disobedience to the father by unbounded servility to the son.

‘So tears of joy for his returning spilt  
Work out and expiate their former guilt.’

No doubt that joy was great; no doubt it was the object of loyal poets and Cavaliers to make the most of it. Those who had been the main instruments in the King’s restoration, or who expected to profit by it, were not likely to underrate the popularity of an event in the success of which they were so intimately concerned. But that joy was not so real, not so unanimous, not so profound, as careless or interested observers might have imagined. It was not unmixed delight at the restoration of royalty. Intenser, perhaps ignobler, feelings had their share in it. The great Presbyterian party hated Cromwell, hated his son, hated his Independent generals, who jeered at their *classes* and their synods, and turned their most reverend divines into ridicule. ‘God keep the Presbyterians out of the hands of the Independents and Sectaries when they come to have power,’†

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\* ‘Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth,’ p. 410.

† ‘Edward’s Gangrena,’ part ii. p. 66.

is the exclamation of one, not the meanest among them, even before the supremacy had been confided to Cromwell. 'The Independents labour,' he says, 'to get all the power of the army they possibly can into their hands, and the command of all the great towns and cities; and by one way or other to turn out of place, keep out, obstruct, blast, all cordial, zealous Presbyterians, and which, no doubt, is done to give the Presbyterians liberty of conscience! And now they give the Presbyterians good words, viz. that they will send them packing to Rome; that it were a good deed they were hanged and knocked on the head; their guts gored out; that they are anti-Christian priests, cursed priests, damned priests, and such like.' The victory at Dunbar over their co-religionists—the Scotch—had not improved the temper of the Presbyterians; nor had the airs of insolent triumph, assumed by their implacable enemies—the Independents—on that occasion, reconciled them the more to Cromwell's government. They had been taunted by Milton for their hypocritical denunciation of the King's murder, still more for their sedulous praise of the *Eikon Basiliké*, and their dishonest attempt to create a sympathy for royalty in its sufferings at the expense of their enemies—the Independents. All these now crowded to Dover at Charles's landing, and were not the least forward in their shouts of congratulation.

Nor were the Sectaries, as they were then called—that is, the interminable shoal of religious dissentients who were neither Presbyterians nor Churchmen—wholly indifferent to the King's return. For many years Cromwell had relied upon them implicitly, as men who detested monarchy, and were the vehement enemies of the Stuarts. He had preferred them wherever he could to all places of trust and authority. He had recruited his army mainly from their body; but in the latter years of his reign he had found it necessary to change his policy, and oust them from their employments.\* They took their disgrace with much sorer anger and resentment; and though they did not change their principles, or become converts to monarchy, they readily swelled the throng of those who were the enemies to Cromwell and his family. If they were to have a king at all, or any settled authority, as well it should be in the person of a

\* 'The sectarian party, in his army and elsewhere, he chiefly trusted to and pleased, till by the people's submission and quietness he thought himself well settled, and then he began to undermine them and work them out. And though he had so often spoken for the Anabaptists, now he findeth them so heady and so much against any settled government, and so set upon the promoting of their way and party, that he doth not only begin to blame their unruliness, but also designeth to settle himself in the people's favour by suppressing them.'—*Reliquiæ Baxterianæ*, by Silvester, p. 74.

rightful king, as of one who had no right, and had besides deceived them.

And thus a variety of motives were working in the mind if they were not patent in the faces, of those who crowded round the King at his return: jubilant Cavaliers, who had been unexpectedly restored to their country; Churchmen waiting for their incumbencies; Presbyterians, spunging out the memory of past offences by outrageous loyalty; time-servers, who had waited on events, and, like Milton, though with none of his disinterestedness, had been Churchmen, Presbyterians, Independent Seekers, as the wind veered and the seasons changed. There were king-killers, like Lenthall, prepared to swear that he 'who drew his sword against the King committed as great an offence as he that cut off his head;' hoary old renegades, like Sir Harbort Grimstone, ready to address the new comer as 'the glory of kings and the joy of his subjects;' poets, like Dryden, excusable for their flatteries and their fictions; multitudes who shed tears because others shed tears, or shouted the louder because others were shouting.

Was that swarthy man, then in the prime of his manhood—ever ready with a jest on his lips and a smile in those mysterious eyes, graceful, easy, and careless—in reality deceived by this hurricane of loyalty? As cheer rose upon cheer from the thousands of spectators that witnessed his landing, as he crowded to touch the hem of his garment and kiss the print of his footsteps, and all the roads from Rochester to London swarmed with people, 'as if the whole kingdom had been gathered there;' when the two Houses of Parliament 'solemnly cast themselves at his feet, with all vows of affection and fidelity to the world's end,' was Charles deceived? Did he believe that at this demonstration was genuine? He knew mankind much too well. As a boy he had seen the same crowd, and the same Parliament, pursuing his father to destruction. Later in life he had been a reluctant actor in the farce at Scone, when Presbyterians pelted him with insults in the disguise of sermons, libelled his father and his mother before his face, and compelled him to sign the Solemn League and Covenant. A wanderer for ten years, surrounded by needy and disorderly followers, who pestered him with real or imaginary sufferings in the royal cause, he had learned to see the selfish side of professed loyalty. Proscribed first by one state and then by another, at the bidding of the usurper, never sure of protection from any, no sooner was it known that his restoration to the crown was probable than he was overloaded with gifts and professions of service. 'The magistrates of the town of Breda took all imaginable care  
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express their devotion to the King, by using all civilities towards [him], and providing for the accommodation of the multitude of his subjects, who resorted thither to express their duty to him. So that no man would have imagined by the treatment he now received, that he had been so lately forbid to come into that place!''\* Such a life, as he through untoward circumstances had been compelled to lead, is at no time favourable to the development of the nobler qualities and affections. But those of Charles were specially unfortunate. Driven from his home when a mere boy, before he had been trained in any steady principles; deprived of his father; left to the care of his mother, whom he could not highly respect; educated by Hobbes, so far as he was educated; inspired with a distaste of the Protestant religion, of which he knew little, 'except the ill-bred familiarity of the Scotch divines'—who can wonder if he entertained very questionable notions both of morality and religion? Who can wonder, considering the nature of his experience, if he were convinced that other men had as little of either as he himself possessed?

But with Charles the pursuit of pleasure, and an apparent indifference to any precise form of religion, was a part of his policy. It served him equally well with Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Independent, and Sectary. Some might hope that one so undetermined might eventually be won over to their views; all might expect tolerance; if not, the intolerance they suffered could not be imputed to the King. *Point de zèle* was the sagacious maxim of a diplomatist as far-sighted, as subtle as he; one who had lived through disastrous times as Charles had done. Besides, he knew well how opposition brings out opposition; how the ardent, romantic, obtrusive attachment of his father to certain principles in the Church and the State had involved him in trouble inextricable. He knew that enthusiasm brings enthusiasts about it. He had come to reign peaceably if he could; to enjoy, if it were allowed him, and as long as it was allowed him, the good things of peace and plenty, after long abstinence and forced self-denial. He wished needlessly to trouble no one; to alarm no one by appearing too serious, too earnest, or too difficult in any matter. In this nonchalance there was an object, beyond mere appetite in his pursuit of pleasure, though carried too often to excess. It sufficiently blinded men to his real character, and threw them off their guard. In the laxity of familiar and unrestrained conversation, those who were admitted to his confidence often dropped

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\* 'Clarendon's Rebellion,' vii. 496, ed. 1826.

hints and indications of their real character and designs which were never afterwards forgotten. 'For,' says Halifax, who knew him well, 'when he thought fit to be angry, he had a very peevish [pertinacious] memory; there was hardly a blot that escaped him.' From his easy, compliant good humour he reaped this advantage—no small one in a nation so distempered and distracted as this was—that though no minister could confidently reckon on the continuance of his confidence, he knew that his displeasure, unlike that of Charles I., would be neither severe nor lasting; whilst those who opposed him flattered themselves that there was no permanent or insuperable obstacle against their being taken into favour. Though the nation, through the Speaker of the House of Commons, had complimented Charles 'as having not only Jacob's voice but Jacob's hands;' though they offered their daily petitions to the Throne of Grace that the King might be rewarded with the fatness of Jacob's blessing, they had taken the prudent precaution of not leaving him a guinea in his pocket. 'What troubles me most,' he said, in his agreeable, bantering way, 'is to see so many of you, gentlemen, come to me at Whitehall, and to think you must go somewhere else for your dinner!' Profuse as was their profession of loyalty, they had taken care to disband the army; the militia was commanded by men notoriously unfavourable to his pretensions; the navy, as we have stated already, was utterly inefficient. There stood he in the midst of the shouting and prostrate crowds, a king only in name, a possessor of his father's throne only so long as the *popularis aura* might continue to blow from the same favourable quarter.

He had been indebted for his return to the mysterious policy of one man, whose motives are even to this day an enigma to historians. In the brilliant throng of statesmen, generals, courtiers, and country gentlemen, there was not one, now that success had been achieved, that did not believe it was owing to his own individual advice and his own particular prowess. There was not one who did not equally expect a reward proportionate to his own estimate of his own services, and would have taken mortal offence if the royal ear had been deaf or indifferent to his claims or his counsel. Thousands of expectants started up in forgotten holes and corners; thousands flocked home from abroad to lounge at the stairs of Whitehall; to pursue him from gallery to gallery, and room to room, with suppliant looks and 'asking faces.' Never was a King more popular, more beloved, more persecuted, teased, and pestered.

He could not shut the doors, like any ordinary mortal, against this Egyptian swarm of respectable mendicants that found their

way even into the King's bedchamber. He could not give out that he was 'sick or dead,' or even gone into the country. He was a rapid walker, and few men could keep pace with him—a habit he had probably acquired to avoid such incessant importunity. He had a trick, also, of pulling out his watch as a hint to long-winded suitors. But even these little artifices, never very effectual at any time, were scarcely available at his Restoration. Though the clouds were broken, the elements of confusion were still abroad; they might coalesce as easily and as unexpectedly as they had dispersed, and he was powerless to prevent it; therefore it was of the utmost importance to his safety, and the preservation of his throne, that he should offend and disappoint no one; and in this respect his policy harmonized with his natural temper. Hating the stiffness and formality of a court, unlike his brother James II., he was fond of unbending himself to those below him. He could exchange raillery with Halifax, Rochester, and Shaftesbury, without losing his temper, when they presumed on his familiarity; he could listen without impatience to the grave speeches of mediocrities, like Essex, Russell, and Temple. When petulant ministers threw up their appointments, with the honourable expectation of embarrassing his government, he received their resignations without betraying a spark of uneasiness or resentment. Nothing could throw him off his guard; no danger, no difficulty, no complication, could impair that affable, easy, nonchalant air which left him at leisure to see the faults and failings of other men and effectually conceal his own.

And if this was dissimulation—as they thought who were disappointed in finding him not so tractable as they had expected—he needed it all. He had returned a king upon sufferance. Though he was by inheritance the rightful king, he was in fact in no better condition than an elective monarch. He owed his crown to a party; and how far he might count upon the strength or stability of that party he had no means of ascertaining; it might be more their humour than their loyalty, as Dryden affirms, to which he was indebted. At all events, they would take effectual care to monopolize his favours, and make him dependent on themselves. It was impossible it should be otherwise. It was impossible that they or he should forget that he was indebted to them exclusively for his restoration, to which he himself had been able to contribute nothing. He had no Dutch army, like William III.; no merits or services of his own to plead; not a shred of power, authority, or influence beyond what they and the nation, at their bidding, chose to concede. He had only a barren title—and that, as we shall presently see,

was



was far less valid, with many of his subjects, than is generally imagined—and his own good star to trust to. If by these counters he could play the game of monarchy, like a wary and experienced gambler, against such fearful odds, the greater praise was due to his ingenuity. And a very hazardous game it was; and one that demanded a wary and vigilant player. For twenty years had these men who now bowed the knee before him, though disgusted with Cromwell and the Commonwealth, set kings and kingship practically at defiance; for nearly ten of those years had they been the obstinate and successful opponents of his father. During ten of those years and more they had filled every place of honour or of profit with Roundheads and Presbyterians. They had driven out the loyalists from employment; they had ejected from their livings the Episcopal clergy; they had supplemented the different corporations with their own creatures. Then succeeded the rule of Cromwell; and wherever he had displaced their nominees or created new appointments, he had filled them with stern republicans and anti-monarchists. The loyal party was reduced to the lowest ebb. Nothing can show more completely their utter feebleness and inefficiency, even when the nation was sick of Richard Cromwell, than their inability to bring back the king, and leave his restoration to their political antagonists. Of the disbanded soldiers of Cromwell 25,000 are said to have been scattered chiefly about the metropolis. They were mortal foes to the very name of Stuart: they were almost republicans to a man. Their association in the same regiments, their attachment to The Cause, gave them unusual facilities for combination. The loss of their employment, their position, and their pay rendered them reckless. If a standing army had been allowed, they might have been drafted and dissipated in its ranks. As it was, they formed a continual and perilous nucleus for disaffection; and, either here or in Holland, they were the active and untiring agents in all the plots that disturbed the tranquillity of Charles II. For republicanism with them was an idol and a passion;—a passion that had grown strong in the abeyance of the monarchy, and had been fed by the remembrance of their former good fortune. As Dryden sings:—

‘The good old cause revived a plot requires;  
Plots, true or false, are necessary things  
To raise up commonwealths and ruin kings.’

Nor were the embers of that fiery enthusiasm which had once burned fiercely in the land, dull and cold as they might seem to careless observers, utterly extinguished. The time was yet comparatively recent when Presbyterian and Independent had encouraged

raged from their pulpits the doctrine of king-killing, under the example of Phinehas, and imprecated curses upon the people who did 'the work of the Lord deceitfully.' When the drum and the fife were silent, more inspiring than drum and fife did these screaming ecclesiastics call upon their excitable audience to wash their garments in blood, and to come to the help of the Lord against the mighty. The most sacred occasions, the most solemn hours, brought no respite to their reiterated imprecations. Devotion itself was turned into a libel against the royal authority, and the precepts of the Gospel were travestied into incitements to murder. 'Do justice to the *greatest*; Saul's sons are not spared, no nor may Agag, nor Benhadad, though themselves **KINGS**. Zimri and Cozbi, though Princes of the people, must be pursued into their tents. This is the way to consecrate yourselves to God.' (Herle's Sermon before the House of Commons, Nov. 5, 1644.) 'What soldier's heart would not start, deliberately to come into a subdued city and take the little ones upon the spear's point? To take them by the heels and beat out their brains against the wall? What inhumanity and barbarousness would this be thought? Yet if this work be to revenge God's Church against Babylon [Charles and the Cavaliers], he is a blessed man that takes and dashes the little ones against the stones.' (Marshal's Sermon before the Commons, Feb. 23, 1641.) 'Those mine enemies which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither and slay them before me. Let me see them executed, **KINGS**, Rulers, people conspiring rebellion against the Lord and against His Christ.' (Maynard to the Commons, Oct. 28, 1646.) Once more:—'There is no dallying with God now, much delay hath been used already, too much. God is angry, and He seems to say this once more: "Will you strike, will you execute judgment, or will ye not? Tell me; for if you will not, I will. I will have the enemy's blood and yours too, if you will not execute vengeance upon delinquents [the Cavaliers]. The day of vengeance is in my heart, and the year of my Redeemer is come."' (Case to the Commons, 1644.)

It would be easy to multiply hundreds of instances, more violent even and more bloodthirsty than these. But these, and such as these, were the addresses encouraged by the House of Commons and suited to the taste of the greatest deliberative assembly in the nation. One may infer what sort of teaching echoed throughout all the pulpits of the land when this was the most approved fashion in the highest quarters; when the milder teaching and Christian moderation of the Church of England were put down, and the Church itself was disestablished.

Nor



Nor in the progress of liberty, or rather licentiousness, which succeeded on the death of Charles I., had this spirit abated. Here are a few specimens of the bitter herbs of that rhetoric which greeted the return of his son: 'Charles Stewart, the son of that murderer, is proclaimed King of England; whose throne of iniquity is built on the blood of precious saints and martyrs.' ('Day of Hope,' p. 1, 1660). 'As for the title of this Prince [Charles II.], who would fain be accounted the right heir, let us remember from whence he had it and how 'tis now tainted. Were it never so just, the treason of the father hath cut off the son.' ('True Portraiture of the Kings of England,' p. 39.)

What could monarchy, stripped of all power, oppose to such principles and doctrines as these? Could it fall back upon the divinity of kings and the peril of touching the Lord's anointed? Could it set up its divine and indefeasible right? Could it entrench itself behind the Tudor notion of its divine supremacy? All these had been given to the winds. Presbyterianism, the irreconcilable enemy to civil supremacy, had claimed divine right exclusively for itself, and, under pretence of purity, had taught men to believe that no other authority than its own was divine. Presbyterianism, exactly suited to the temper of a people that had always depreciated monarchy, had led Englishmen into a fashion of thinking, talking, and writing about kings which had been hitherto alien to the nation. It had pressed rudely and irreverently into the charmed circle; it had stripped monarchy of its majesty; it had laid kingship bare, and trampled it under foot; it had encouraged the dregs of the people to draw nigh and put their heel upon the neck of royalty. The execution of Charles had been a practical proof, more convincing than any logic, that kings might be called to account by their people, or at least by those who professed to act in the name of the people; it had taught men to think that in their name and with them was the true source of all authority and power. A new era had dawned for monarchy, whether as noble, as grand, as true, as magnanimous, as that which it succeeded, is altogether another question; but a new era certainly, as dull, mean, business-like, and prosaic, as any Scotchman or Presbyterian could have desired.

Of course, in the usual and accepted style of loyal and complimentary addresses, the Commons might flatter themselves and Charles that monarchy was restored as before. They might congratulate him and themselves that he had by his return knocked off their shackles and turned their prison 'into a paradise of pleasure;' but Charles was far too sagacious to be deluded by such professions. If he had learned anything in his long exile,

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it was the worthlessness of such adulation. If there was any creed to which he was constant, it was a general disbelief in man or woman. How, with such flagrant, such oppressive examples as the scenes before him, could it be otherwise? Here was the whole House of Commons, who had listened to and encouraged rebellion, now professing that until he appeared, 'not many months since, England was but a great prison, where the worst of men were our governors, and their vilest hests the laws by which they governed.'\* Here were zealous Presbyterian ministers ready to conform and accept of preferment on any or on no pretext. Here were anti-monarchists suddenly converted into the most zealous of loyalists; and those who had drawn their swords against his father were eager to consign to everlasting perdition the whole generation of regicides. Root and branch reformers made common cause with the Cavaliers, and were just as ready to exterminate their former friends as once they would have exterminated their new-found allies. A man of strong principles or of great resolution might perhaps have stood alone and uninjured in the general shock and confusion of honesty, faith, and patriotism. But Charles was not of that number; and it is at least due to him to say that he never professed to be. He had the ghost of his father's murder before his eyes—that murder which he must have felt to be in the highest degree cruel and unjust; that murder which he felt was inflicted for his father's maintenance of those rights of monarchy and that Church of England which these men now professed it was their greatest delight to see restored. It is easy to condemn him for caring little for parliaments—we conceive it hard how he should ever have respected them. It is easy to condemn him for studying too much his own pleasure, ease, and security: that was all for which he thought a throne valuable. It is easy to denounce his ignoble traffickings with Louis XIV.; but he probably thought he was robbing the Egyptians and doing his own nation no harm. His reign was not noble; how could it be? Monarchy had ceased to be considered as the highest trust—it had ceased to be regarded as the image of God's viceroy on earth. He might write on his coins, 'King by the grace of God;' but he had been taught that he was king only by the breath of his people. 'Since the King or the magistrate, (says Milton) 'holds his authority of the people, both originally and naturally for their good, in the first place, and not his own; then may the people, as oft as they shall judge it for the best, either choose him or reject him, retain him or depose him, *though no tyrant*, merely by the liberty and right of freeborn men to be

\* See the Speaker's Address to the King in the name of the Commons in the summer of 1660, in 'Ralph's Hist.' i. 13.

governed as seems to them best.' \* When subjects set up such a rule of selfishness, when they consider, as Milton would say, that the foundation of government is exclusively for their own profit, their own pleasure, and their own caprice, can they be surprised if rulers follow their example? When they falsely and foolishly assert that government is a contract between king and people, which the latter may break at the dictates of folly, whim, and injustice, can they wonder if rulers like Charles look upon government as a contract where all is fair and each party must look to his own interest? If nations wish to make their kings selfish, ignoble, and grasping, tell them they are subordinate to the people they rule; tell them they are not accountable to God but to His creatures; tell them that theirs is a mere human ordinance: and we know of no lesson that can more effectually degrade both rulers and people; none that can make obedience more slavish or dominion more selfish and more arbitrary.

We have no intention of pursuing the history of this reign into its minuter details. Nor need we; for the whole is a drama in which, after a few preliminary skirmishes, inferior actors give place, and the whole interest centres in two opposite and pre-eminent chiefs—Shaftesbury and the King. It is a game of chess, played by two masterly hands, to whom all the rest are no better than rooks and pawns. At first sight, indeed, nothing could appear more disproportionate than this encounter; nothing more certain than that the King would and must succumb. His easy, indolent, irresolute temper seemed but a feeble match for the restless, fiery, turbulent genius of Shaftesbury, with whom the excitement of political intrigue had become a second nature—

‘Pleased with the danger when the storm ran high,’

as Dryden says of him; pleased because it ministered to his vanity, and found full occupation for his restlessness, nothing satisfied him better than when he was working on the passions of other men, and goading them to frenzy. A lover of mischief and a plotter from his youth, he had abandoned the cause of Charles I. to side with the Parliament; he abandoned the Commonwealth to take part in the Restoration; he abandoned the Court because Charles had recalled his declaration of Liberty of Conscience, and he now headed the popular party who had driven the King to take that step, to dabble in the infamous Popish plot, and became the most determined enemy of toleration. Indifferent to all religion, his Protestant zeal imposed

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\* ‘Tenure of Kings,’ &c. p. 281, ed. 1806.

upon the zealous Protestantism of other men; an unflinching champion for arbitrary measures when in power, he persuaded Russell, Essex, Stamford, and Salisbury, men of weaker minds and stronger prejudices than his own, that he was the champion of parliamentary rights and constitutional liberty. None could deny him the possession of wit, of eloquence, of versatility, of intrepidity, and audacity; and few will deny that whilst he had all the qualities to make a great, popular, and successful tribune, he had no superfluous spark of generosity, patriotism, virtue, or honour, to prevent him from becoming one.

Against an opponent at once so able, so bold, and so unscrupulous, it was not easy for Charles to make head. He was besides double-weighted. He had to fight under numerous disadvantages. There was not a minister admitted to his councils on whom he could thoroughly rely—some for their utter incapacity, others for their cowardice, some for their excessive selfishness. Arlington and Buckingham were not to be trusted; Sunderland notoriously betrayed him, and Halifax was a trimmer. Monmouth went over to the enemy; the Duke of York was an intolerable incubus. Never were two men more unlike than these brothers. The one, if not as his enemies said, wholly indifferent to religion, taking up with it as he found it, willing to please his people in this as in other things, if he could; the other, not satisfied with his conversion to the Roman Catholic faith, unless he flaunted his conversion in the face of all men. The one, even in the gravest affairs of state, hating formality—receiving deputations in his bed-chamber in his dressing-gown; the other, formal and ceremonious, even with his own brothers and most near relations. It is certainly much to the credit of Charles II. and his good breeding that he endured so long and so patiently such a respectable and insufferable bore as James; especially as it was utterly impossible that Charles can have loved him.

For ten years the battle gathered round the body of the Duke of York, to use an Homeric illustration, and raged with increasing violence. To exclude James from the succession, and separate the two brothers, according to the old maxim, *Divide et impera*, was the unceasing object of Shaftesbury and the Whigs. To this end they directed all their energies, careless of the honesty or justifiableness of the means; wholly indifferent who suffered so long as they were victorious. It is quite possible that Shaftesbury may have been innocent of the detestable Popish plot. It is to be hoped that he scorned association with such unmitigated scoundrels as Oates, and Tong, and Bedloe. It is to be hoped that he was innocent of the nefarious project  
for

for raising subscriptions to pay and encourage the mendacious trade of information, though appearances are grievously against him. It may be possible, though it is not very probable, that he was not cognisant of the acts of his agent, Stringer, or of others equally unscrupulous; but that he made use of the Popish plot to further his own designs, that he goaded the fanatic passions of the nation to madness, that he did all in his power to render justice impossible, to sacrifice innocent blood, to obstruct and pervert the truth, is undeniable. No one now believes that the Popish plot was other than a gross delusion—that Lord Stafford, that Roman Catholic priests, lawyers, and gentlemen, who were condemned to death for a supposed participation in it were not judicially murdered. There is not a blot in our annals more foul than this, none on which an Englishman can look with a greater sense of shame and humiliation. Yet that plot, but for Shaftesbury and the Whigs, would have fallen into the contempt that it deserved from the first—into the contempt in which Charles had been willing to leave it. They employed every method to inflame the angry passions of the mob, to delude the simple, to terrify the doubting, to intimidate honest witnesses; until even to venture a hint that Oates might not be altogether trustworthy, or point out contradictions and discrepancies in his evidence or that of his agents, exposed the audacious questioner to the peril of being himself accused as a plotter and Jesuit in disguise. It was owing to them that, in 1678, when the winter had set in, all the Roman Catholics in London, without regard to age, sex, occupation, or condition, were compelled to withdraw ten miles from the cities of Westminster and London; that the House of Commons was induced to stultify itself and the nation by resolving that there was ‘a hellish plot of the Papists to assassinate the King, and subvert the established religion and government;’ that a public fast was ordered for our happy deliverance—that even the Church was constrained to put up its prayers to Almighty God for preserving the King and the nation from imaginary dangers.

‘This,’ says Ralph, whom no one will suspect of leaning too much to Toryism, ‘was arming persecution with authority, and destroying the peace of the nation under the notion of preserving it. And yet so hardened or so infatuated were the times that almost all but the sufferers thought these savage proceedings just. Early in the session, at the instance of the Commons, informers of all kinds had been invited by proclamation to come in and make their discoveries; in consideration of which they were promised not only indemnity, if accomplices in the plot, but a reward for their good service. This had such an effect that scarce a day passed but some strange story  
was

was told of armed men marching by night, arms concealed, treasonable letters found, and consultations held, which were not only patiently heard, but actually entered into the Journals of the Lords [before whom the trials took place], as if worthy of the knowledge and attention of posterity.\*

The hierophants who presided at this immolation of the national honour, candour, and good sense, were Lord Shaftesbury and his Whig associates.

It was in vain that the King offered to submit to any conditions for securing the Protestant religion they might think fit to propose—‘to pare the nails,’ as it was expressed, ‘of a Popish successor’—provided that the line of succession was left unbroken. He told van Leeuwen, the Dutch ambassador, who was sent by William to protest against his parting with any of his royal prerogatives—for William dexterously availed himself of every opportunity to make capital out of Charles’s embarrassments—‘Your master is mistaken; he is misled by persons who have views of their own, and who would gladly compel me to pass through the gate I am resolved never to pass. The right of succession is a very essential and important prerogative of the Crown, which my opponents would be glad to induce me to destroy.’ ‘If,’ he added, ‘he could have disposed of the Crown, he would have given it to one of his children; but he knew well it was not at his disposal, and that he must leave it to those to whom it belonged.’† He went so far in his distress as to offer to the two Houses to circumscribe the power of his successor, in event of his being a Roman Catholic; to leave him no control over any ecclesiastical preferments; to guarantee that, in the event of his own death, Parliament should remain sitting for a competent time; and, if there were no Parliament sitting, then the last which was in being should be enabled to reassemble without any new summons; that as no Papist could, by law, hold any place of trust, so, if the King were a Papist, he should have no power to appoint or displace any Privy Counsellor, Judge in Common Law or Chancery, Lord-Lieutenants, Deputy-Lieutenants, officers of the Army and Navy, except by the authority of Parliament. It is hard to conceive what stronger safeguards than these could have been devised, or what more the most zealous Protestant could have required, for the security of religion. But, though popery might be the pretext, it was not security against popery, or arbitrary power, which Shaftesbury aimed at. He was far too keen-sighted to share in the vulgar

\* Ralph, i. 407.

† See ‘Archives de la Maison d’Orange-Nassau,’ by Groen van Prinsterer, vol. v. p. 452, ed. 1861—a book not so well known in England as it deserves to be.  
delusion;

delusion; too indifferent to all religions to care for any; too well aware of the miserable numbers and miserable condition of the Roman Catholics, to imagine that the kingdom would suffer any danger from their encroachments. In England they numbered only one man in two hundred and thirty; in all the three kingdoms, including the Roman Catholic population of Ireland, not more than one in two hundred and five. He did not participate in the panic he had done so much to raise and foment. He had other objects in view. To have admitted any limitation in the succession, to have accepted even the proposal of ministers that the Prince and Princess of Orange should be declared Regents, with royal authority, the name and title only remaining in the Duke, would have been an admission of the Duke's right.\* Nothing short of interrupting the succession, of making the monarchy elective, would satisfy his demands. Whether, if he had gained his ends, he would have set up Monmouth, as Monmouth foolishly hoped and expected; whether he aimed at being the all-powerful minister of an enfeebled king; whether he would have put down monarchy and set up republicanism, no one knows; and he was far too cautious to avow. It suited his purpose with the rabble to cry up, 'A Monmouth, a Monmouth!' but he could talk philosophical treason in his retirement with stiff-backed republicans like Waller, like Algernon Sidney, and the anti-monarchist relics of the old Commonwealth.

Parliament met at Oxford, March 21st, 1681. That ancient and loyal city, it was thought, might be more favourable for calm discussion than the heated, noisy, and factious purlieu of Westminster. All the vagabondism of the kingdom had scented the fray, and had been drawn to the metropolis in the hopes

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\* 'One of the first things they did' (says Sir L. Jenkins, writing to the Prince of Orange, 29th March, 1681) 'was to bring in the old Bill of Exclusion against the Duke. The opposers of that Bill offered to their considerations several expedients, or rather one expedient, consisting of several parts; as that the Princess of Orange should have the whole administration and execution of the regal power, under the name of a regent during the Duke's life. They would not so far hearken to it as to turn the House into a Committee of the whole House, which was necessary in order to a free debate. The Regent was to take a present oath out of hand, and so were all persons in places of trust, to observe and execute the Act for a regency. The Duke was not to be in England, and the Parliament that last sat was to meet again, as soon as was possible, after the King's decease. But nothing of this would be hearkened to. The Exclusion must be had or nothing; and not only that, but, as one of the cabal said openly in the House, they must have the militia, the fleet, the strong places, &c., at their command, and an Association to boot.' (Van Prinsterer, *ibid.* p. 488.) See also Lord Conway's Letter to the same personage on the same day (*ibid.* p. 491); only Conway adds: that if Monmouth had been proposed for Regent there were probable grounds for believing that the project would have been accepted. It appears from Sidney's Letters (ii. 177) that this device, probably concocted by Halifax, was already known and talked of a month before.

of profiting by it. The old disaffected party who had spent scrambling lives in shifting from London to Amsterdam, Covenanters, Canon-Hill men preaching treason against the Government under pretence of conscience, framers and vendors of libels, inventors and retailers of scandal, false witnesses ready to swear anything, here picked up noblemen's guineas, and had the chance of being entertained in great houses. The example of Titus Oates, the idol of the Parliament, with his lodgings at Whitehall, and his pension of 10*l.* a week, was not lost upon hundreds of rogues as infamous, if not as successful, as himself. Coffee-houses and taverns offered a safe harbour, where hissing factionists might spit out their venom against the King and the Duke without fear of detection. Here it was that foolish and gaping listeners were assured, 'how the Queen and two of her women had walked three times round the corpse of Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey;' how an invasion was intended by the French and the Spaniards, led by the Papists; how the Government was turning the Tower guns upon the City; how innocent men and women were murdered in their beds by Jesuits and Irishmen: whilst noblemen, like Shaftesbury, dexterously turned these panics to account, and found in them the means for annoying and hampering the Court and its supporters.

The King expected to have found in Oxford an atmosphere less loaded with sedition; materials less likely to kindle the flames of a civil war, to which the nation was now rapidly approaching. He found himself mistaken. The members of the House who supported Shaftesbury and his party advised their various constituencies to send their representatives to Oxford defended by a dozen or ten men well armed with carbines and pistols.\* The borough of Southwark proposed to accompany its member out of London with a cavalcade of two or three hundred burgesses. Monmouth was attended with a hundred horse, Shaftesbury and Salisbury with a numerous retinue. They had agreed to wear purple ribbons on their swords as a party badge, and had provided for themselves, and all who were willing to espouse their principles, hat-bands of the same colour, with lackered tin plates, and the words '*No Popery, no Slavery.*' Nor were the usual elements of disorder absent. Oxford was astonished to find its quiet cloisters and quadrangles invaded by the refuse of the Westminster coffee-houses; to see libels and caricatures vended about its streets; whilst ribald songs and ballads were thrust into the hands of the passengers. Every device was employed by the popular party to infuriate the

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\* See the 'State Papers' for March, 1680-1.



passions of the mob, and prejudice their minds against the King and his brother. In one of the caricatures of the times, Charles was represented as a showman, with his box of Parliament puppets at his back, and the Saints pushing him into a ditch, with the motto—

‘Help Cooper, Hughes, and Snow,\*  
To pull down the Raree Show!’

In another the Duke was represented as half Jesuit and half Devil. In one hand, as a Jesuit, he held a firebrand, with which he set fire to London; whilst half a dozen jockeys, booted and spurred, mounted on the back of the Church of England, were riding it as an old hack to Rome.

The King was in a great strait. With the exception of Halifax he had no minister of any ability in his council with whom he could advise; and though Halifax had spoken with great energy against the Exclusion Bill, and personally hated Shaftesbury, he was secretly in the interest of William of Orange. The desire of Charles to find some accommodation, the sacrifices he had professed his willingness to make provided the succession remained undisturbed, had failed to satisfy his enemies, and filled his friends with dismay. No one could anticipate when the King would make a stand; or what concession he would refuse. His apparent vacillation, added to the notion, deeply rooted in the minds of men, that, if pressed hard enough, he would eventually yield, and, preferring pleasure to business, throw the reins of government into the hands of the Exclusionists, promised an easy victory to his opponents. At last the King was brought to bay, the prey was in their hands; one more effort, and the day was their own.

On Saturday, the 26th of March, Charles took his seat in the House of Lords. Shaftesbury approached him with a sinister and supercilious smile, the habitual expression of his pale and haggard countenance. He was a little man, with ill-shaped legs, and suffered from an infirmity which made his person far from agreeable. His long and bitter opposition to the Court, now on the eve of its reward, had not contributed to render him more gracious. The curiosity of the Lords was excited, and the eyes of all were fixed upon him as, disengaging himself from a crowd of his admirers, he handed in an anonymous letter to the King. The King read it with ill-suppressed emotion. It demanded that due securities should be taken for the Protestant religion, and that Monmouth should be declared his successor without delay. The demand was as insolent as it

\* Door Keepers in the House of Lords.

was unusual. It was calculated to provoke the King's resentment and throw him off his guard, and that was evidently the expectation of its framers. Addressing himself to the Earl, Charles said, with great dignity and moderation, 'I should be very glad to have a legitimate son, and be able in honour and conscience to see a child of my own capable of succeeding me, rather than my brother and my brother's children. But no considerations shall induce me to take resolutions contrary to law and justice, and other means must be sought for satisfying my people than measures so unjust and odious.' 'Rely upon us,' said the Earl, 'and we will make laws to justify the act.' 'My Lord,' replied the King, 'let there be no self-delusion. I will never yield, nor suffer myself to be intimidated. Men become ordinarily more timid as they grow old; as for me, I shall be, on the contrary, more bold and firm, and I will not stain my life and reputation in the little time perhaps that remains for me to live.'\* From that moment the power of the Earl was extinguished—the tide rapidly turned. The King's party everywhere found their confidence reassured by this one instance of firmness, and monarchy from that day was stronger than ever.

Historians, with Burnet at their head, see nothing worthy of remark or praise in this long and continuous effort of Charles to preserve the succession unbroken. They see nothing in this struggle for law and justice, however mixed up with much confusion in the mind of the King, worthy the attention of the moralist or divine. Of ease, of popularity, of natural inclinations, it does not appear to them that the sacrifice made by Charles for the rights of a brother whom he could not much love or esteem, and who had been the chief cause of all his troubles, ought to form the least item in our estimate of his character. We profess to think otherwise. It seems to us that this is the one great redeeming trait in the conduct of a monarch whose life, even when it was not devoted to pleasure and licentiousness, was apparently so aimless and unsteady, so devoid of all noble purpose. That Charles should have struggled so long and so firmly in behalf of what he felt was right, in spite of all the opposition he encountered, in spite of his own love of ease, his own sense of the abuse of his functions as a king, and his convictions of unworthiness as a man, was an indication of a better and nobler nature, still existing and still uncorrupted among many debasing vices—a nature which occasionally burst through the clouds that obscured it, and might have been fostered and developed under more favourable circumstances. We

\* See 'North's Examen,' p. 123, whose accuracy in this matter has been strikingly confirmed by an original letter of Barillon, printed by Mr. Christie in the Appendix to his 'Life of Lord Shaftesbury.'

see in Charles the example of a man who, in the total wreck of all religious faith, and disregard of the ordinary rules of life, has yet retained some sense of rectitude, to which he clings, all the more firmly and earnestly, because of the confusion of his moral instincts. Such men, though rare, are not wholly imaginary, especially among ourselves. That one intense regard for law and justice we have had to notice in the defence of his brother's rights was to Charles like the Roman soldier's oath to his emperor; it was the last plank the Englishman abandons—the last step between him and irredeemable corruption. That it was not lost upon the nation is clear from the result. If James mounted the throne, without opposition and without a murmur—if his subjects, notwithstanding all their previous disquietude and excitements, peaceably acquiesced in his succession—if they felt that it was right and lawful—they had been brought to those sentiments by the efforts of Charles II.

James was not young when he ascended the throne, as other monarchs had been before him—not young like Edward II. Richard II., or Henry VI.—and he had never had the reputation of being a rash man. He was now in his fifty-second year; had been long trained in the school of adversity; had had many more years' experience at home and abroad than any king that ever ruled in England. When he was only nine years old, he was sent by his father to demand the surrender of Hull from Sir John Hotham; the same year he served under his father at the celebrated battle of Edgehill; four years after he fell into the hands of the Parliament, was carried to London, and after various attempts at escape, showing even then great presence of mind, he contrived to regain his liberty and landed in Holland in 1648. In 1652 he entered the French army, and served under Marshal Turenne with great gallantry. In 1660 he returned to England with his brother, a zealous Protestant. In his office as Lord High Admiral he distinguished himself by his close application to business. He reformed the navy, he studied trade, he gave encouragement to the East India and African Companies. In the wars that followed with the Dutch he displayed the utmost coolness, presence of mind, and rare qualities of seamanship. Whatever might be his excesses in earlier years, he had of late, at all events assumed a more grave and steady demeanour. His industry, his frugality, and the austerity of his manners, formed a striking contrast to that ease, indolence, and love of pleasure which in Charles seemed rather to increase than diminish with his age, and pointed out James to the eyes of the nation as a much fitter ruler of a great people. Comparisons were drawn in his favour to the disadvantage of his brother. He was not only thought to be more  
grave

grave, steady, and temperate than Charles, which was undoubtedly true, but to possess genius superior to his brother. 'He was,' says Burnet, '*naturally* candid and sincere, and a firm friend;' had a great desire to understand affairs, and spared no pains, no labour, to become thoroughly acquainted with them. All these good qualities he was thought to have lost by his conversion to the Roman Catholic religion, or, to speak more correctly, by his open profession of it in 1672. His own account of this matter is so important and so curious that we give it here from his own narrative:—'It was about this time, in the beginning of the year 1669, that his Royal Highness, who had it long in his thoughts that the Church of England was the only true Church, was more sensibly touched in conscience, and began to think seriously of his salvation. Accordingly he sent for one Father Simons, a Jesuit, who had the reputation of a very learned man, to discourse with him on that subject; and when he came he told him the good intentions he had of being a Catholick, and treated with him about his being reconciled to the Church. After much discourse about the matter, the Father very sincerely told him that, unless he would quit the Communion of the Church of England, he could not be received into the Catholick Church. The Duke then said he thought it might be done by a dispensation from the Pope, alleging to him the singularity of his case, and the advantage it might bring to the Catholick religion in general, and in particular to those of it in England, if he might have such dispensation for outwardly appearing a Protestant, at least till he could own himself publicly to be a Catholick, with more security to his own person and advantage to them. But the good Father insisted, that even the Pope himself had not the power to grant it, for it was an unalterable doctrine of the Catholick Church *not to do ill that good might follow.*'\* Finding evasion impossible, he resolved openly to embrace the Roman Catholic faith, not, however, without consoling himself with the thought that the step was, after all, not so perilous as he had imagined; that 'the Church of England men' were not 'very averse to the Catholick religion;' that 'many that went under that name had their religion to choose, and went to church for company's sake;' that the troops and officers then on foot would serve the Crown and ask no questions; and that the prosecution of the Nonconformists by the rigorous members of the Church of England would encourage the former to demand toleration.

This is no uncommon delusion among converts of King James's stamp; but they are not in general so rapidly or cruelly

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\* 'Life of James II.' vol. i. p. 440.

undeceived as was James. He honestly refused to conceal his religion; he resolutely withstood the repeated exhortations of Charles to moderate his zeal and make concessions to popular prejudices. Had he only been willing to attend his brother occasionally to the Chapel at Whitehall; to have offered the shadow of a concession; to have enabled the courtiers to hold out hopes of his re-conversion, or to have made it appear that he was not so much of a Roman Catholic as people apprehended, he would have saved himself, his brother, and his friends a world of trouble and annoyance. No Popish plots, no Exclusion Bill, no enterprise of the Prince of Orange, had it been devised, would then have had the least chance of success. But James, in matters of religion, was as firm and unbending as Charles was the opposite. In the days of his youth he had been a sincere Protestant; he had resisted the efforts of his mother to bring over the Duke of Gloucester to that faith which in his later years he considered himself bound in conscience to avow and protect, and, as some think, to promote at all hazards. *Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare* was never more applicable to any prince than to James. It was the only quality he wanted to have ensured him success. He was the only prince of his age who had not the least skill in dissembling his feelings, his thoughts, or his intentions, and he was surrounded by the profoundest adepts in that art; he was a naked and open prey to all around him—to Louis, to Barillon, to William of Orange, to Sunderland, to Halifax; even to bunglers in hypocrisy, such as Churchill, Prince George of Denmark, and Princess Ann. There might be something of pride in this; it is not impossible that he despised the power of his opponents, and was apt to underrate danger, partly from his undoubted natural courage, partly from his utter inexperience of human nature, and his inability to penetrate the characters of men. If there was the smallest crevice in other men, Charles managed to peer through it; if they had been as transparent as glass, James would never have discovered them. Rochester said of the two royal brothers, and his saying is repeated with commendation by Burnet, that Charles 'could see things if he would, and the duke would see things if he could.' The fact was just the reverse—Charles would see things if he could; was always on the alert and watchful, when he appeared utterly careless and indifferent; but James never would see things, even when he could; and that paved the way to his ruin. So far from wishing to see things, he had the habit of resolutely shutting his eyes against them. He would never believe that Protestantism had any strong hold upon Englishmen; he would never believe that his son-in-law, the Prince of Orange,

Orange, would attempt to dethrone him, or his daughters forsake him ; he would never believe that the nobility of England would enter into treasonable correspondence with an usurper ; he would never believe that the Church of England could be otherwise than submissive to the Crown ; or that the army and the officers of both services would go over to his enemy for a point of religion. He would never believe that Churchill, whom he had loaded with favours and trusted implicitly, could desert him for William, and, therefore, he refused to seize his person. He would never believe that Sunderland, who most grossly betrayed and abused his confidence, was any other than a sincere and honest adviser. But worst of all for himself and his own happiness, he would never believe, when the selfish and dishonest had betrayed him, but that all his subjects were equally bent upon his destruction. No king ever came to the throne of riper age than James ; with more warning, more experience, had he been willing to turn it to account, of the temper and disposition of the people he was called to govern. But experience, though purchased at the cost of much suffering, was lost upon him. He thought himself a much greater adept in government than his brother was ; he thought the concessions made by Charles to popular wishes were a sign of weakness, and a desire to avoid collision with Parliament was a diminution of the royal authority. He thought the easy, undignified manners of his brother impaired the majesty of the Crown ; therefore he pursued an opposite course. He was stiff, formal, and ceremonious ; he gave audience with his hat on, and only in the presence chamber ; he kept his nobles at a distance ; he treated his parliaments with rigour, and received the applauses of his people without courtesy or condescension. And whilst his natural manners were ungracious, his rigid adherence to his new faith, and the dislike he could not help exhibiting to those who opposed it, shut him out from the confidence and sympathy of all, except the narrow circle of his queen and his father confessor, and the small knot of flatterers who were interested in keeping from him all information, except such as was agreeable to him. Kings at the best find great difficulty in coming to a right understanding of their subjects' wishes and dispositions, but James took every precaution to increase those difficulties. When the blow fell, he was utterly unprepared for it. He had listened to no advice, and he now found himself without advisers. He had given his confidence to none but those who had abused it.

The last scene of his reign was an exhibition of the most pitiable vacillation and imbecility. He did not want for resolution. It was one of his maxims that 'a king should never recede ;'

yet

yet he took no step before his fall that he did not retrace, nor resolve on any measure he did not almost immediately retract. He was not deficient in courage. Had he attacked William on his first landing, he could have compelled him to re-embark, or at least have prevented many of the disaffected from joining him. Under Turenne and Condé he had displayed skill and presence of mind; in his engagements with the Dutch he had fought successfully against great odds. Now he forsook his kingdom, without striking a blow; or, rather, he was driven out of it like a dog by fictitious reports. He was pitied for his hardships, his misfortune, the treason of his ministers, the undutifulness of his daughters, the duplicity of his son-in-law, but he contrived to stifle that pity by a flight of which it is not easy to affirm whether it was more ignominious or more impolitic. Even at the last it was said of him by a shrewd observer, 'that he might have kept the crown upon his head as easily as his hat in a high wind. That wind indeed would have borne hard upon it, but would only have carried off those superfluous ornaments which were too weakly riveted, and too little united to bear a storm.' But James could never understand the salutary truth, that he was really most powerful when abandoned by his friends and advisers, and most strong when he was most defenceless. It may be said in his excuse that, like his brother Charles, he was undoubtedly haunted by his father's fate, though the effect of it on the conduct of the two brothers was totally different.

One remark in conclusion. Unlike as the two brothers were in almost all respects, grave and numerous as were their vices and their failings, they had this one virtue in common—they were both prepared to suffer for what they thought a righteous cause; and they gave most unmistakable proofs of their willingness to suffer. No threats, no intimidations, no discomfort, could have induced Charles to abandon or betray his brother's rights. It is clear to us that, as he sacrificed his ease and pleasure, he would have sacrificed his crown and, if need had been, his life in their defence. And the same may be said of James; he may have been weak, he may have been bigoted, he may have pursued his purposes with an arbitrary disregard to the rights and opinions of others. He may have thought that in securing tolerance for those of his own faith, 'he was,' as he said, 'growing old and must take *large steps*, else if he should happen to die, he might leave them in a worse condition than he found them.' But that he was honest and sincere in his religious convictions; that no dangers, no temptations, no political necessity or interest could induce him to abandon or conceal or modify them, is beyond contradiction. Such a man cannot have been the grim,  
melodramatic

melodramatic tyrant that Macaulay has painted him. He was punished bitterly enough for his wrong deeds; but, so far as this nation is concerned, the greatest wrong that he did was that he found the monarchy hereditary, and left it at the mercy of a faction.

Charles I., by his death, sanctified the cause he had mismanaged in his life; and contrived to associate with the monarchy a sense of personal and romantic attachment which nothing could obliterate. In Cromwell, the man triumphed, but his cause was lost; the inevitable fate of all rebellions attempted. 'with a reasonable prospect of success.' Without a soldier at his back, or a guinea in his pocket—without one single commanding excellence, moral or material—Charles II. raised the monarchy from its ruins, and transmitted it to his brother with its hereditary laurel untarnished and undiminished. But James II., through his imbecility and folly, lost all the advantages thus bequeathed to him. Worst of all, he enabled his Whig and republican opponents—*O facinus indignum!*—to lay the crown and liberties of this great nation at the feet of a stranger, to take them or reject them on his own conditions! Who then can wonder that, whilst William's Dutch guards dined at his table, Marlborough and the Whig leaders crouched behind his chair?

But we must here leave our authoress for a while, until her subsequent volumes enable us to pursue the fortunes of the Stuarts in their exile.

ART. VII.—*Notes on England.* By H. Taine, D.C.L. Oxon, &c. Translated, with an Introductory Chapter, by W. F. Rae. Second Edition. London: 1872.

**T**WO familiar lines of Burns' are constantly repeated under an impression that the soundness of the thought or sentiment that dictated them is unimpeachable:—

'Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see oursel as ithers see us.'

The prevalent notion is that others must necessarily see us as we are—through a clear, transparent medium, neither transfigured by vanity and flattery, nor distorted by prejudice and dislike. It is altogether a mistaken notion. People are quite as open to error in judging others as in judging themselves; and the point of view they take up for the purpose is far more frequently determined by misleading influences than by the unsophisticated desire of truth. The best intentions, the most earnest struggle  
for



for impartiality, are no guarantee for strict justness of appreciation : since we cannot shake off our idiosyncrasy ; we cannot, formed as we are, see things or persons with the calm, pure eye of reason. Where, in this world of intrigue, ambition, passion, and caprice, is the admired and envied wit, beauty, orator, or statesman to find the 'ithers' who are to serve as the infallible helps to self-knowledge? Is Mr. Gladstone to seek them at the Carlton, or Mr. Disraeli at Brookes'?

It is the same with communities as with individuals, or it may be worse ; for in nation judging nation, there is the national character to affect the judgment, and the general as well as the particular bias to be calculated on. Each has a different and ever varying criterion of merit, consideration, and morality. 'In Spain people ask, Is he a grandee of the first class? In Germany, Can he enter into the Chapters? In France, Does he stand well at court? In England, Who is he?''\* This was written towards the middle of the eighteenth century ; but although the revolutionary changes which each country, except England, has undergone, have extended to social habits and modes of thinking as well as to institutions, their respective standards of superiority remain essentially unlike. Whilst freely admitting, therefore, that the 'enlightened foreigner' may afford useful hints or warnings, we demur to his jurisdiction when he assumes to constitute a supreme court without appeal ; and the enlightened Frenchman, from Voltaire downwards, is peculiarly open to distrust. His fineness and quickness of perception, his rapidity and fertility of association, his range of sentiment and thought, his boldness and vivacity, nay, his very paradoxes and pseudo-philosophy, make him a most entertaining writer of Travels ; but he is spoiled as a teacher, and sadly damaged as an authority, by his vanity, his marvellous self-confidence, his false logic, and his ingrained ineradicable conviction that there is nothing first-rate, nothing truly great or admirable, nothing really worth living for, out of France : M. Thiers, the representative Frenchman, would say, out of Paris.

A Frenchman and an Englishman were fishing with indifferent success in one of Lord Lytton's ponds at Knebworth, when the Frenchman, who had caught nothing, thus addressed his companion : 'Il me semble, Monsieur, que les étangs anglais ne sont pas si poissonneux que les fleuves français.' As the conversation proceeded, it appeared that the only English pond he

\* 'En Espagne on demande, Est-ce un grand de la première classe ? En Allemagne, Peut-il entrer dans les chapitres ? En France, Est-il bien à la cour ? En Angleterre, Quel homme est-il ?' (*Helvetius*.)

had ever fished was the one before him, and the only French river, the Seine.

Sir Samuel Romilly and a French general were discussing a point of equity law. Sir Samuel Romilly gave his opinion in opposition to that of General S——. ‘Pardonnez-moi, mon cher Romilly, vous vous trompez tout-à-fait : je le sais, car j’ai lu Blackstone ce matin-même.’

Nor let any one fancy that the national character is materially altered by the crushing defeats they have sustained, or the unparalleled humiliations they have undergone at the hands of conquerors who, in weighing the ransom, ruthlessly threw the sword into the scale. M. Thiers is already preparing to play Camillus to Prince Bismarck’s Brennus; and no speaker in the debate on the army made a more telling hit than the Bishop of Orleans when he declared that Germany was not a great nation, but simply a great barrack. The same (under existing circumstances) pardonable petulance and irritability will occasionally break out when England and the English are discussed; for the French have not forgiven, nor are soon likely to forgive, our neutrality during their worst hour of trial. ‘To be sure,’ observed a distinguished Frenchman to an accomplished and ready-witted Englishwoman of rank, ‘it was foolish in us to hope better things from a nation of shopkeepers.’ ‘These popular sayings’—was the well-merited retort—‘are frequently destitute of any solid foundation: we have been in the habit of calling you a nation of soldiers.’\*

M. Taine, the last Frenchman of eminence who has written fully and freely on England, has evidently struggled hard to shake off the common weaknesses of his countrymen; and if not quite so successful as could be wished in this respect, he has produced a curious and interesting book—a book, however, in which just views and sterling truths are rather indicated than developed, whilst the most valuable trains of thought are not unfrequently suggested by the paradoxes. The spirited English version of this gentleman’s ‘Notes’ is prefaced by ‘A Sketch of his Life and Career,’ and ‘An Outline of his Method of Criticism;’ from which we learn that he has gone through a capital course of training, and discovered sundry rules or principles which

\* We have read with regret in the ‘Revue des deux Mondes’ of June 1st an article from the pen of M. E. Duvergier de Hauranne, in which, not content with blaming our neutrality, he speaks of the *malveillance* of England towards France in her difficulties. The sale of ‘*Dame Europa’s School*’ (according to the publisher) exceeded 180,000; and as the literary merit of the book was by no means remarkable, this enormous circulation must have been entirely owing to its falling in with the popular feeling of the time. There cannot be a more decisive proof of English sympathy with France.

wonderfully

wonderfully simplify the processes of observation and reflection to the traveller. Born in 1828, and a pupil at what was then called the College of Bourbon, he was the comrade and competitor of four remarkable men—Prévost-Paradol, Edmond About, Sarcey, and Weiss. After taking the degree of Doctor of Letters, he gained the prize offered by the Academy for an essay on Livy, and attracted much attention by a series of articles in the leading journals and reviews, followed by a volume entitled '*French Philosophers of the Nineteenth Century*,' in which M. Cousin was unceremoniously held up to censure and ridicule.

M. Taine's '*History of English Literature*,' published in 1863, is described as the event of the day and the illustration of the year. The sensation it created may be estimated from the fact that it was singled out by a committee of the Academy, and unanimously recommended for a special prize, valued at about 4000 francs; but when the time arrived for confirming the recommendation, the Bishop of Orleans—the same who gave voice to the prevalent feeling against Germany—vehemently denounced the book as impious and immoral, declaring that the author had alleged virtue and vice to be products like sugar and vitriol—that he had denied free will—that he had advocated pure fatalism—that he had depreciated the ecclesiastics of the middle ages, exalted the Puritans, and (to crown all) pointedly praised the English Prayer-book. The Bishop was seconded by M. Cousin, who eagerly seized the occasion for displaying the proverbial charity and toleration of the philosophic Christian; and the reporter of the committee, quailing before their combined authority, withdrew the recommendation without a word. The injustice of the Academy was in part repaired by the University of Oxford when it conferred the honorary degree of D.C.L. on M. Taine: his principal title to the distinction being the *self-same* book; which has now taken rank as a standard work in European literature. It is stated to have been the fruit of six years' close study, during which he paid frequent visits to England and collected materials for his '*Notes*,' which were revised and completed after his last visit in 1871.

M. Taine's method—for he insists that it is not a system—is one among many proofs of the irresistible force with which speculative minds of the higher order are tempted into theorizing. Bentham contended that the credibility of witnesses was reducible to a science. Sièyes, in a moment of expansion, exclaimed to Dumont, '*La politique est une science que je crois avoir achevée.*' If Mrs. Trollope heard aright, Prince Metternich said to her, 'I believe that the science of government might be reduced to principles, as certain as those of chemistry, if men, instead of theorizing

rising, would only take the trouble patiently to observe the uniform results of similar combinations of circumstances.\* And what are they to do next but theorize? Just so M. Taine. His royal road for arriving at the essences, the elemental truths, the final causes, the collecting links, of all things, is (to use his own words) 'wholly comprised in this remark, that moral matters, like physical things, have dependencies and conditions.' Take an individual writer, poet, novelist, or historian, and carefully study his works. They will all be found marked by 'a certain disposition of mind or soul, a certain array of likes and dislikes, of faculties and failings—in short, a certain psychological state, which is that of the author.' Then pass in review his life, his philosophy, his ethical and æsthetical code, *i. e.* his general views about the good and the beautiful, and you will find that they all depend upon one another; 'you will be able to prove logically that a particular quality, violence or sobriety of imagination, oratorical or lyrical aptitude, ascertained as regards one point, must extend its ascendancy over the rest' What is true of the individual is true of a nation and an age—the age of Louis XIV., for example. Religion, art, philosophy, the family and the State—industry, commerce, and agriculture—have all some common principle, element, or ingredient—might all be traced to the same moral and intellectual bent or tendency:—

'Between an elm of Versailles, a philosophical and religious argument of Malebranche, one of Boileau's maxims in versification, one of Colbert's laws of hypothec, an ante-room compliment at Marly, a sentence of Bossuet on the royalty of God, the distance appears infinite and impassable; there is no apparent connection. The facts are so dissimilar that at first sight they are pronounced to be what they appear, that is to say, isolated and separated. But the facts communicate between themselves by the definitions of the groups in which they are comprised, like the waters in a basin by the summit of the heights whence they flow. Each of them is an act of that ideal and general man around whom are grouped all the inventions and all the peculiarities of the epoch; the cause of each is some aptitude or inclination of the reigning model. The various inclinations or aptitudes of the central personage balance, harmonise, temper each other under some liking, or dominant faculty, because it is the same spirit and the same heart which have thought, prayed, imagined, and acted; because it is the same general situation and the same innate nature which have fashioned and governed the separate and diverse works; because it is the same seal which is differently stamped on differing matters. None of these imprints can alter without leading to an alteration in the others, because if one change it is owing to a change in the seal.'

\* 'Vienna and the Austrians,' vol. ii. p. 11.

All this sounds very ingenious and very eloquent, but we do not see what good can be fairly expected to come of it, unless, as suggested by Mr. Rae, it should induce a nicer observation and more careful estimate of facts. What Condillac said of rules is applicable to M. Taine's method or system: like the parapet of a bridge, it may hinder a person from falling into the river, but will not help him on his way. Indeed it is more likely to lure him out of it in will-o'-the-wisp fashion and land him in a slough; for the odds are that he will draw on his imagination for his dependencies and conditions; that the facts will be made to fit the theory, instead of the theory being based upon the facts; that he will take for granted the connecting link or family likeness between the sermon and the compliment, the religious argument, the maxim of versification, and the elms.

It will be seen, as we proceed, that M. Taine attributes many points of national character, good, bad, and indifferent, to the same cause as the exuberant growth and rich foliage of our trees: that he accounts on the same principle for the large feet of our women and the intemperance of our men. But for a Frenchman with a theory, he is a miracle of impartiality, acuteness, and good sense; and we may say of the English life depicted in his pages what the Merryman in the Prologue to 'Faust' says of human life: 'Every one lives it; to not many is it known; and, seize it where you will, it is interesting.' We may take up M. Taine at any stage of his progress, or we may begin with him at the beginning; steam with him up the Thames, and arrive with him on a cold foggy morning at London Bridge.

Sir Walter Scott states incidentally, in one of his novels, that much of the knowledge of life and character displayed in them is owing to his habit of talking freely with fellow travellers, whether he had any previous acquaintance with them or not. M. Taine has the same habit. The first conversation he notes down is with an Englishman of the middle class, 'son of a merchant I should suppose; he does not know French, German, or Italian; he is not altogether a gentleman—twenty-five years of age; sneering, decided, incisive face;—he has made for his amusement and instruction a trip lasting twelve months, and is returning from India and from Australia.' He is from Liverpool, and after laying down authoritatively that a family that does not keep a carriage may live comfortably there upon three or four hundred a year, goes on to say that 'one must marry, that is a matter of course;' and that he hopes to be married within a year or two; adding, with commendable caution—'It is better, however, to remain a bachelor if one does

not meet the person with whom one desires to pass one's whole life ; ' but '—plucking up spirit—'one always meets with her, the only thing is not to let the chance slip.' A dowry he declares to be unnecessary: 'It is natural and even pleasant to undertake the charge of a portionless wife and of a family.' Moral: 'It is clear to me' (*loquitur* M. Taine) 'that their happiness (the happiness of Englishmen) consists in being at home at six in the evening with a pleasing attached wife, having four or five children on their knees, and respectful domestics.' And by no means a bad notion of happiness either; but the deduction from such slender premises reminds us of our friend at Knebworth founding conclusions on the river and the pond. The response of the Liverpool oracle as to morals is somewhat mystical:—

'Of all the countries this Englishman has seen, England is the most moral. Still, in his opinion, the national evil is "the absence of morality." In consequence he judges France after the English fashion. "The women are badly brought up there, do not read the Bible, are too fond of balls, occupy themselves wholly with dress. The men frequent cafés and keep mistresses, hence so many unfortunate households. This is the result not of race, but of education. French women in England, seriously brought up in English fashion, make very good wives here." "Is everything good in your country?" "No; the national and horrible vice is drunkenness. A man who earns 20s. a week drinks ten of them. Add to this improvidence, stoppage of work, and poverty."'

M. Taine says of this interlocutor, 'He is a talkative fellow, devoid of affected seriousness. Two other Englishmen with whom I conversed in the boat are like unto him.' He was a talkative fellow, who talked loosely and carelessly. What could he, not knowing French, know about French women? or what weight is to be attached to the sweeping statement that a man who earns twenty shillings a week drinks ten of them?

'Other figures in the boat. Two young couples who remain on deck covered with wrappings under umbrellas. A long downpour has begun; they remain seated; in the end they were drenched like ducks. This was in order that husband and wife should not be separated by going below to the cabins.

'Another young wife suffered much from sea-sickness; her husband, who had the look of a merchant's clerk, took her in his arms, supported, tried to read to her, tended her with a freedom and expression of infinite tenderness.

'Two young girls of fifteen and sixteen, who speak German and French exceedingly well and without accent, large restless eyes, large white teeth; they chatter and laugh with perfect unconstraint, with admirable petulance of friendly gaiety; not the slightest trace of coquetry,

*coquetry, none of our nice little tricks which have been learned & done on purpose; they never think about the onlookers.'*

'A lady of forty in spectacles beside her husband, in a worn dress, with relics of feminine ornaments, extraordinary teeth in the style of tusks, very serious and most ludicrous; a Frenchwoman, *et middle-aged, never forgets to adjust herself—to arrange her dress.*

'Patience and phlegm of a tall dry Englishman, who has not moved from the seat, has taken but a single turn, who has spoken to no one who suffices to himself. As a contrast, three Frenchmen, who put random questions, make hap-hazard assertions, grow impatient, gesticulate, and make puns or something akin to them, appeared to be pleasant fellows.'

We invite attention to these groups; for they are all representative, and each of them eventually, if unconsciously, supplies the keynote to a chapter or a carefully illustrated and expanded note. That they do so may be fairly cited by M. Taine in confirmation of his doctrine of dependencies; as showing that a competent observer might deduce the peculiarities and tendencies of a people from half-a-dozen examples, as surely as Professor Owen would infer the shape and habits of an animal from a bone.

The first day M. Taine passes in London—at all events, the first of which he makes mention—happens to be a Sunday; and he takes the Continental (we think superficial) view of our mode of observing it:—

'Sunday in London in the rain: the shops are shut, the street almost deserted; the aspect is that of an immense and a well-ordered cemetery. The few passers-by under their umbrellas, in the deserts of squares and streets, have the look of uneasy spirits who have risen from their graves; it is appalling.

'I had no conception of such a spectacle, which is said to be frequent in London. The rain is small, compact, pitiless; looking at it one can see no reason why it should not continue to the end of all things; one's feet churn water, there is water everywhere, filth water impregnated with an odour of soot. A yellow, dense fog fills the air, sweeps down to the ground: at thirty paces a house, a steam boat appear as spots upon blotting-paper. After an hour's walk in the Strand especially, and in the rest of the City, one has the spleen one meditates suicide.'

In this frame of mind he calls Somerset House a frightful thing; and after contemplating the British Museum and St Paul's, exclaims: 'These spots are melancholy, being the decays of stone. And these nude statues in memory of Greece! Wellington is a fighting hero, naked, under the dripping trees in the park. The hideous Nelson, stuck on his column, with a coil of rope in the form of a pigtail, like a rat impaled on the  
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top of a pole. A swamp like this is a place of exile for the arts of antiquity. When the Romans disembarked here, they must have thought themselves in Homer's hell, in the land of the Cimmerians.' This assumes, of course, that they disembarked like M. Taine on a wet Sunday, and took a stroll in a corresponding disposition through the Strand and the parks. 'But what is to be done on the day of rest? There is the church and the pothouse, intoxication and a sermon, insensibility and reflection, but no other way of spending a Sunday like this. I observe many doors ajar in the spirit vaults; sad faces, worn or wild, pass out and in. Let us visit the churches.' He visits four in the morning, and two in the afternoon, staying out the sermon in two of them. The congregations impressed him rather favourably. 'They come to provision themselves with moral counsels, to refresh their principles. When reading the numerous essays in English literature, and the moralizings of the "Saturday Review," one perceives that common-places do not weary them.' He is pleased by finding the Book of Common Prayer, 'the mass-book of England,' on the ledges of the pews; and an anthem in Westminster Abbey suggests that 'worship thus understood is the *opera* of elevated, serious, and believing souls.' Was M. Taine the Frenchman who, on entering the vault under the great Pyramid, exclaimed: '*Quelle place pour un billard!*'

On returning to his hotel he reads the Queen's Proclamation, by which her loving subjects are prohibited from playing at dice, cards, or any other game whatsoever on the Lord's Day, and the magistrates enjoined to prevent the publicans from selling liquors or permitting guests to remain in their houses in the time of divine service:—

'This order is not strictly observed; the tavern doors are closed during service, but they can be opened, and drinking goes on in the back room. In any case this is a relic of the old Puritanism altogether distasteful in France. *Prohibit people to drink and amuse themselves on Sunday? But to a French workman, and to a peasant, Sunday appears to have been made for nothing else.* Stendhal said that here, in Scotland, in true Biblical countries, religion spoils one day out of seven, destroys the seventh part of possible happiness. He judges the Englishman, the man of the North, after the model of the man of the South, whom wine exhilarates and does not brutalise, who can without inconvenience give way to his instinct, and whose pleasure is poetical. Here the temperament is different, more violent and more combative; pleasure is a brutish and bestial thing: I could cite twenty examples of this. An Englishman said to me, "When a Frenchman is drunk, he chatters; when a German is drunk, he sleeps; when an Englishman is drunk, he fights."'

In



In other words, the only answer to Stendhal is that, if an Englishman were allowed the same liberty on Sundays as a Frenchman, he would get drunk and disorderly: that the primary use of Sunday observances is to keep him out of mischief; and that the French laxity in this particular is an infallible sign of the higher civilization and happier temperament of the French. To test the soundness of this opinion let us take a wider range: let us extend the comparison to other countries besides England and France, and to other times beyond the present. Let it also be remembered that French Sundays are not invariably fine, nor English Sundays invariably wet; that the environs of this metropolis, on an average Sunday, offer much that is bright and cheering to compensate for its gloom. The shop windows are closed, the streets are not alive with traffic, there are fewer handsome equipages, and fewer people of fashion in the parks. But whatever direction you take in the afternoon, you will see groups of men, women, and children, gaily dressed, and looking as if they thoroughly enjoyed their holiday, which most of them could not have at all if the shops were kept open, and the thronging carriages were driving about, and the usual weekday stir and brilliancy were kept up. Take your stand on London or Westminster Bridge and watch the crowded steamers; or go the round of the metropolitan railway stations and form a rough estimate of the thousands of pleasure-seekers who are starting for Richmond, Hampton Court, Epping Forest, Greenwich, or Blackheath. All the suburban villages and favourite places of resort, for an area of twelve miles round, present the same cheerful aspect. So do the country towns; and that the picture is frequently defaced by intemperance or disorderly conduct, we deny. Follow these groups or couples after their trip or stroll, and you will find most of them forming part of a family circle or enjoying a quiet chat round a tea-table.

The Parisian has his shops open, his innumerable cafés and restaurants, his theatres, and his races; but what proportion of the population are kept at work to minister to his gratification?—nay, are more hardly worked on that day to add to it? If the question were to be decided, without reference to religion, by the greatest happiness of the greatest number, it must be decided against the French; and M. Taine is very much mistaken if he supposes that the English observance of Sunday, as generally understood and practised, is the result of bigotry. It is the result, like so many other English customs and institutions, of a wise compromise—a compromise between those who wish to make Sunday a mere festival, and those who would fain convert it into a Pharisaical Sabbath. For more than a century  
after

after the Reformation, the Continental mode of keeping it prevailed in this country. In one of Queen Elizabeth's injunctions, Sunday is classed with other holidays; and it is declared that if, for any scrupulosity of conscience, some should superstitiously abstain from working on those days, they shall grievously offend. The 'Book of Sports' was a proclamation issued by James I. in 1618, specifying the recreations which were allowable after divine service, including dancing, archery, and all athletic games.

It is no affair of Protestantism. Luther's opinion is pointedly expressed in his 'Table Talk': 'If anywhere the day is made holy for the mere day's sake,—if anyone anywhere sets up its observance on a Jewish foundation, then I order you to work on it, to ride on it, to dance on it, to feast on it, to do anything that shall remove this encroachment on Christian liberty.' Knox and Calvin took the same view. 'Upon Sunday at night,' writes Randolph to Cecil from Edinburgh in 1562, 'the Duke supped with Mr. Knox, where the Duke desired I should be.' According to Disraeli, the elder, 'At Geneva a tradition exists that, when John Knox visited Calvin on a Sunday, he found his austere coadjutor bowling on a green. At this day, and in that place, a Calvinist preacher, after his Sunday sermon, will take his seat at the card table.' The Scotch Calvinists have gone to the opposite extreme. They hold a Sunday walk to be unlawful; and it was actually proposed by a distinguished member of the Kirk to call in the interference of the police to prevent this peculiarly obnoxious mode of Sabbath breaking.\* In parts of Scotland, consequently, may actually be seen that state of things which M. Taine was thinking of when he said that an English Sunday left no alternative between dulness and intoxication, a state of things to which all England was reduced for an entire generation, and which, transplanted to the New World, was pushed to the *ne plus ultra* of absurdity.

A violent reaction in the ascetic direction had preceded the 'Book of Sports.' It was preached in Oxfordshire that to

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\* At a meeting of the Edinburgh United Presbyterian Presbytery, Feb. 8th, 1860, reported in the 'Scotsman,' Dr. Johnston said, 'He should never forget what he saw when he was in Strasbourg. He had a letter of recommendation to a gentleman in Strasbourg—a good man. He delivered his letter in the afternoon of the Lord's Day; the servant told him that his master was walking with his lady on the ramparts, and he found it was the common custom of the Christians in Strasbourg to walk on the ramparts.' Mr. Parlane, of Tranent: 'Why did you deliver the letter on that day?' Dr. Johnston: 'I can explain that, if it is necessary. It was a work of necessity.' His explanation was a halting one, and his delivery of the letter appears to have been deemed the greater atrocity of the two. Dr. Johnston would have found things worse in Protestant Sweden, where counting-houses are kept open and bills discounted on Sundays.

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circle. The principal statute still in force 'for the better observance of the Lord's day' (29 Car. II. c. 71) was passed in respect for the Church was as essential a part of the true faith as loyalty to the King; and both before and after the Revolution, the Sunday at most country houses was kept in much the same fashion as at Osbaldistone Hall:—

The next morning chanced to be Sunday, a day peculiarly hard to be rid of at Osbaldistone Hall; for after the formal religious services of the morning had been performed, *at which all the family were attended*, it was hard to say upon which individual, Rashleigh or Vernon excepted, the fiend of ennui descended with the most violent outpouring of his spirit . . . "And since we talk of it" (said Sir Hildebrand) "I'll go and read Gwilym." This on he intimated with a yawn, resistless as that of the goddess Juno, which was responsively echoed by his giant sons as they dispersed in quest of the pastimes to which their several minds invited them: Percie to discuss a pot of beer with the steward in the kitchen—Thornclyff to cut a pair of cudgels and fix them in their hilts—John to dress May-flies—Dickon to play at pitch-and-toss—himself, his right hand against his left—and Wilfrid to bite his nails and hum himself into a slumber which should last till tea-time, if possible.'

So easy, indifferent, and yet not wholly irreverent mode of observing Sunday lasted through the eighteenth century, and so to the nineteenth. Lord Stanhope, in his Chapter on Puritanism, quotes a passage bearing on the subject from the diary of the Rev. William Grimshaw, who joined the Methodists, and got high with them. 'He endeavoured to suppress the idly prevailing custom in country places during the summer of being in the fields on a Lord's Day, between the services, in the evening, in companies. He not only bore his testimony against it from the pulpit, but reconnoitred the fields in person to detect and reprove delinquents.'\* This excess of zeal did more harm than good. During the entire reign of George III., his austere and decorous memory—indeed, till within living memory—lawyers had their consultations by preference on Sunday—cabinet dinners were most frequent on that day: and ladies' society gave regular Sunday card-parties without reproach. Related of Lord Melbourne, during a visit to the Archbishop of York at Nuneham, that when his right reverend host suggested dancing at evening service in addition to morning, he replied, 'No, my Lord, once is orthodox; twice is Puritanical. It was long the prevalent tone and mode of thinking of the class, who have leaned of late to a stricter observance of the

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\* 'History of England,' chapter xix.—a model of lucid compression

day with the especial object of making it a day of rest for their domestics and dependents. But, out of Scotland, there has been no national backsliding into Puritanism ; and our Sunday has been held up to imitation by earnest and able writers in Germany and France. An imperial chaplain, the Abbé Mullois, in the palmy days of the Second Empire, emphatically called upon his countrymen to exchange their '*Dimanche égoïste, scélérat et débraillé, sans cœur et sans pitié*,' for 'the respectable, beneficent, and humane Sunday of England.'

This slight historical retrospect may help to clear away the popular misapprehensions which abound, both at home and abroad, touching the nature and extent of the obligation which the right-minded and reflecting people of England deem binding on them to keep one day in the week free for worship, rest, and harmless recreation. They are no more answerable for the perversion of Biblical authority by the northern Pharisees than M. Taine is answerable for the vandalism of the Parisian Commune.\* To complete the charge of Puritanism, he confounds things essentially distinct :—

'Other traces of Puritanical severity, among the rest, are the recommendations on the stairs which lead down to the Thames, and elsewhere ; one is requested to be decent. At the railway-station there are large Bibles fastened to chains for the use of passengers while waiting for the train. A tall, sallow, and bony fellow handed to me two printed pages on the brazen serpent of Moses, with applications to the present life : "You, too, oh reader, have been bitten by the fiery serpents. To heal yourself lift up your eyes to Him who has been elevated as the sign of salvation." Other tokens denote an aristocratic country. At the gate of St. James's Park is the following notice : "The park-keepers have orders to prevent all beggars from entering the gardens, and all persons in ragged or dirty clothes, or who are not outwardly decent and well-behaved." *At every step one feels oneself further removed from France.*'

Here, regard to decency, religious enthusiasm, and inequality of condition, are all lumped together ; and the combination is so offensive to the refined, fastidious, cosmopolitan Frenchman that, at every step, he feels farther removed from France, and (like Goldsmith's traveller) 'drags at each remove a length'ning chain.'

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\* The circumstance that so many of the Peninsular battles, and notoriously Waterloo, were fought on a Sunday, is thus accounted for by M. Esquiros : 'Knowing the respect of the English for the rest of the seventh day, the French generals hoped to profit by it in their attacks. I confess that they had not always reason to praise their calculations, for the English troops gloriously broke the Sabbath. They thus justified the proverb current in Great Britain, "The better the day, the better the deed."'—*The English at Home*, vol. ii. 263. The duel between Pitt and Tierney was fought on a Sunday.

Climate, we have been told, aggravates the evils of an English Sunday, by leaving the unoccupied tradesman or mechanic no refuge but a dram; and climate, we find, is the cause of our ingrained heaviness, homeliness, dulness, habitual depression, common-place unimaginative way of living, and bad taste. Occasionally M. Taine bids fair to rival the traveller who said that Nature had adapted the Irish of the bog-districts to their bogs by making them web-footed. After referring to primogeniture, and the large number of children in which English couples rejoice, as stimulants to exertion, he continues:

'Second cause, the climate; I always recur to this, because there is no greater power. Consider that this humidity and this fog existed, and even worse, under the Saxon kings, and that this race has lived amid them, as far as can be traced, even in its earliest country on the coasts of the Elbe and of Jutland. At Manchester, last winter, one of my friends informed me that in the principal hotel of that city it was necessary to keep the gas burning for five days; at midday it was not clear enough to see to write; the sixth day the fog still lasted, but the supply of gas was exhausted. During six months, and during several days in the other months, this country seems to have been made for wild ducks.'

The ideal under this sky is comfort; 'a dry, clean, well-warmed habitation; a solid succulent dinner; a chat with a faithful wife, dressed with care; rosy-cheeked children, well-washed and in clean clothes.' Given these, the average Englishman believes that all the possible wants, bodily and mental, of an intellectual being are provided for:—

'On the contrary, in Provence, in Italy, in southern countries, the ideal is lounging in the shade, on a terrace, in the open air, with a mistress, before a noble landscape, amid the perfume of roses, amid statues and the music of instruments. In order to relish delicately the beauty of the light, the balmy air, the delicious fruits, and the configuration of the landscape, the senses have but to expand themselves; here the climate closes them, and, by dint of repressing, blunts them. Take an example in little: a poor person at Marseilles, or at Milan, buys a pound of grapes for a halfpenny, worthy of being placed on the table of gods, and thus he acquires the idea of exquisite sensation. How can you suppose that a like idea can be engendered in the brain of one whose palate knows nothing beyond a morsel of meat and a glass of gin or of ale? Shut out from this path, the man never dreams of fine and sensual enjoyment; he would not understand how to essay it, he is hardened, stiffened, habituated to the exigencies and hardship of his lot.'

In this, as in many other places, M. Taine forgets to draw the essential distinction between classes. The well-to-do Englishman

man may surely aspire to some higher enjoyment than mere warmth and food, although he may prefer sitting in a comfortable drawing-room with a wife to lounging on a terrace with a mistress. Let us confine ourselves, for the moment, to the comparative condition of the lower class :—

‘A poor person is not wretched in the South; he obtains the most beautiful and the best things gratis, the necessities of life for next to nothing, so many things which are necessities in the North he does not need: abundance of nourishment, artificial light, fire, a well-protected dwelling, warm clothing, frequent changes of linen, and much more. Here is a painful sight. Nothing can be more horrible than the coat, the lodging, the shirt, the form of an English beggar; in Hyde Park, on Sunday, when a poor family sits on the grass it makes a stain. Possess 20,000*l.* in the Funds here, or else cut your throat; such is the idea which constantly haunts me, and the omnibus advertisements suggest it still more in informing me that “Mappin’s celebrated razors cost only one shilling.”’

Eothen, after describing the burial of a pilgrim at Jerusalem, remarks: ‘I did not say Alas!—nobody ever does that I know of though the word is so frequently written. I thought the old man had got rather well out of the scrape of being alive and poor.’ This reflection was general, and made under a genial Asiatic sky. Is a Southern beggar a less painful sight than a Northern beggar? or does a Neapolitan lazzarone stand higher in the scale of thinking beings than an English peasant or mechanic? A sensual animal life, with the unrestrained indulgence of its instincts and its wants, is more degrading than hunger or cold: the call for exertion and the need of self-restraint are improving not lowering influences; and if to have the minimum of conventional wants, to be able to dispense with a well-protected dwelling and frequent changes of linen, is the *beau-idéal* of existence, we must repair, like ‘the Earl and the Doctor,’ to the South Sea Islands to look for it. There is no country of Europe where an out-of-door life, with thin clothing and a bunch of grapes or a melon for nutriment, is endurable for more than a limited portion of the year. The working-class in our most populous districts, the centres of manufacturing industry, where coal may be had for the asking, suffer less from the cold than the peasantry, including the peasant proprietors, in many departments of France. The scarcity of fuel at Paris, and the resulting amount of privation, are well known. ‘Nor let it be thought that Parisian gaiety is owing entirely to a Parisian climate. They who are now watching the weather-glass in our land of fogs, may like to know that the Parisians themselves have, in the way of weather, something to complain of. Paris has in the year (on an average  
of

of twenty years) but one hundred and twenty-six days tolerably fine.\* The variability of the English climate confounds averages; but it is an admitted fact that there is no country in the world where, from equability of temperature, it is possible to be so much in the open air without suffering from hot, cold, wet, or dry; and the beneficial effects are frankly admitted by M. Taine. He is never more eloquent or poetical than when expatiating on the advantages of humidity:—

‘I have paid many visits, and taken several walks. The things which please me most are the trees. Every day, after leaving the Athenæum, I go and sit for an hour in St. James’s Park; the lake shines softly beneath its misty covering, while the dense foliage bends over the still waters. The rounded trees, the great green domes, make a kind of architecture far more delicate than the other. The eye reposes itself upon these softened forms, upon these subdued tones. These are beauties, but tender and touching, those of foggy countries, of Holland.’

His enthusiasm rekindles when he takes his stand on the Suspension Bridge on a fine evening to gaze and meditate:—

‘There are tones like these in the landscapes of Rembrandt, in the twilight of van der Neer! the bathed light, the air charged with vapour, the insensible and continuous changes of the vast exhalation which softens, imparts a bluish tint to, and dims, the contours, the whole producing the impression of a great life, vague, diffused, and melancholy—the life of a humid country.’

At Richmond, again, on the very spot where the Duke of Argyll paused to point out the unrivalled landscape to Jeanie Deans, M. Taine breaks out:—

‘A sort of fond quietude emanates from the air, the sky, and all things; Nature welcomes the soul, weary and worn with striving. How one feels that their landscape suits them, and why they love it! Without doubt their climate befits trees, and, besides, they have had no invasion or popular rising to mutilate or cut them down; the national taste has favoured their preservation; olden things have been more respected and better preserved than in France, and among them must be numbered the trees.’

But the Frenchman is yet to be born who can dissociate the sublime and beautiful from the artificial or conventional. When Voltaire was told how well his trees looked, he replied, that, like fine ladies and gentlemen, they had nothing else to do; and M. Taine thinks that the charm of flowers and foliage

\* Balwer’s (Lord Dalling’s) ‘France: Social, Literary, Political,’ vol. i. p. 66, where the statistical details are given. French taste for external nature was well represented by Madame de Staël when she languished for *la belle France* on the banks of the Rhine.



is enhanced by their resemblance to a cluster of Parisian beauties in all the glitter and glory of diamonds, crinoline, and bare shoulders. 'Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these':—

'They have the tint of a beautiful lady; they, too, are patricians developed, preserved, embellished by all the refinements of art and of luxury; I have had the same impression at a full-dress morning party, before a staircase filled from top to bottom with young laughing ladies in swelling and sweeping dresses of tulle, of silk, the head covered with diamonds, the shoulders bare. This was a unique sensation, that of splendour and brilliancy carried to the highest pitch—all the flowers of civilization and of nature in a single bouquet and in a single perfume.'

A French traveller in Ireland, after trying the whisky, sets down: '*Le vin du pays est diablement fort.*' M. Taine finds the same fault with all English eatables and drinkables alike. 'All their common wines are very hot, very spirituous, and loaded with brandy. If they were pure, they would consider them insipid; our Bordeaux wines, and even our Burgundies, are too light for them. To please them it is necessary that the beverage should be rough and fiery: their palate must be either scratched or scraped.' He takes no account of the demand for Gladstone claret, which is light enough in all conscience; and he assumes throughout that the taste for stimulants is peculiar to us children of the fog. Did he never hear of the 'liquoring-up' of the United States, the *Schnaps* of Germany, or the absinthe-drinkers of his native land, who belong to the same category as the Turkish or Chinese opium-eaters? He is still more severe on our cookery:—

'I have purposely dined in twenty taverns, from the lowest to the highest, in London and elsewhere. I got large portions of fat meat and vegetables, without sauce; one is amply and wholesomely fed, but one has no pleasure in eating. In the best Liverpool eating-house they do not know how to dress a fowl. If you would tickle your palate, there is a cruets filled with pickles, peppers, sauces, and Chili vinegar. I once inadvertently put two drops of it into my mouth. I might as well have swallowed a hot cinder. At Greenwich, having already partaken of plain whitebait, I helped myself to some out of a second dish; it was devilled, and fitted for skinning the tongue.'

According to him, the English make up for quality by quantity: 'They consider us sober; yet we ought to consider them voracious. Economists say that, on an average, a Frenchman eats a sheep and a half yearly, and an Englishman four sheep. At the tables of the eating-houses you are served with a small piece of bread along with a very large helping of meat.' He  
does

does not say 'raw meat,' as a Frenchman of the old *régime* would have said; for the French have adopted the worst fault they were wont to find in our cookery, that of serving the meat underdone. A Frenchman, dining with an Englishman, let drop, 'I eat a great deal of bread with my meat.' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'and a great deal of meat with your bread.'

The comparative consumption of animal food cannot be decided by the average consumption of sheep in England, any more than by the average consumption of veal in Germany or of *filets de bœuf* in France. Assuming that we do consume a greater amount of animal food of all sorts, this, again, would prove no more than that the bulk of our population are better off. 'Fifty years ago,' says M. Taine, 'meat was a luxury among the peasants; they ate it but once a week; in winter they had salt meat only. Now, they require fresh meat every day; and England, which produces so much of it, is obliged, in addition, to procure it from abroad.' If this were true (which, we are sorry to say, it is not) the four sheep a year might be accounted for without any imputation of coarse feeding or voracity. Lady Morgan, who had an antagonistic theory of French appetites, tells a story of a little Frenchwoman at a German *table d'hôte* exclaiming, '*Mon Dieu, j'ai mangé pour quatre*;' which, adds Lady Morgan, was not far from the truth.

The physiological and psychological effects of diet are a matter of every-day remark. Kean's dinner was regularly adapted to his part: he ate pork when he had to play tyrants; beef, for murderers; boiled mutton, for lovers. Byron, seeing Moore sedulously occupied with an underdone beefsteak, inquired, 'Are you not afraid of committing murder after such a meal?' M. Taine, therefore, has high authority in his favour when he traces our national character to our carnivorous habits. Adopting some passages from Mr. Froude, he calls the English 'a sturdy, high-hearted race, sound in body and fierce in spirit, and furnished with thews and sinews which, under the stimulus of those great shins of beef, their common diet, were the wonder of the age:

'Invariably, by friend and foe alike, the English are described as the fiercest people in all Europe (the English wild beasts, Benvenuto Cellini calls them), and this great physical power they owed to the profuse abundance in which they lived, and the soldiers' training in which every man of them was bred from childhood.'

The Bishop of Peterborough was not afraid to declare from the Episcopal Bench in the House of Lords that, if driven to the alternative, he would rather that the people were free than sober.

AN

## England and France :

An Englishman with whom M. Taine conversed at 'the Derby,' approved of temperance societies, vowed that the race required stimulants, and maintained that even in India, where he had lived for five years, the entire abandonment of spirituous liquors would be a mistake. 'Our sailors cannot do without their glass of spirits. We are eminently an energetic people; we require strong meat and drink to sustain our frames; without them we should have no animal spirits; it is on account of this régime that our mariners are so hardy and so brave. When they board, after discharging their pistols, they fling them at random on the enemy's deck, saying that they are certain to find them again after the victory.' M. Taine more than half agrees with him: 'Certain organizations are prodigal: there are chimneys which draw badly unless the fire be great; besides, the climate, the fog, the large expenditure of physical and mental labour, necessitates copious repasts. Mr. Pitt did not find two bottles of port wine too large a quantity to take with his dinner.' Lord Stanhope will be surprised to learn that this habit of Mr. Pitt's, supposed to have been brought on by the weakness of his digestive organs, was nothing but a peculiarity of race. How happens it that in describing the English diet with its effects, M. Taine is silent as to beer; which M. Esquiros, an equally well-informed if less dashing and original observer, terms the national drink :

'Beer has inspired their poets, their artists, their great actors: they remember the tavern near Temple Bar, where Swift, Addison, Garth, and Steele met. An English workman who had been engaged for a long time in a wine-producing country, said to me, after describing all his sufferings and privations, "If John Bull forgot his beer, he would forget his country: but, before he came to that, his tongue would cleave to the roof of his mouth."

'The English attribute to the use of this liquid the iron muscles of their labouring classes, who struggle so valiantly, afloat and ashore, in factories and vessels, for the power of Great Britain: they even attribute their victories to it. "Beer and wine," an orator exclaimed at a meeting where I was present, "met at Waterloo: wine red with fury, boiling over with enthusiasm, mad with audacity, rose thrice against that hill on which stood a wall of immovable men, the sons of beer. You have read history: beer gained the day."

He calls ale 'the wife of porter,' and includes both under the generic term, beer:—

'One of the consequences of this double alimentary beverage is their substitution for bread among the northern people: and we shall not feel surprised at such a dietetic result if we reflect that beer contains, in a liquid form, the same substantial principles which the produce of our bakeries contains in a solid form. The Latin races eat bread: the Saxon drink it.'

A Turkish

A Turkish officer who came over to attend the autumn manœuvres complained of headache at Aldershot. An army doctor was called in, and, making no allowance for southern constitutions, gave him four grains of blue pill and a black dose. The consequence was that he was utterly unable to take the field, and remained at his quarters, looking very like a sick monkey: an animal who is no more disposed than a true believer to regard sickness as a kindly dispensation, and always looks very sorry for himself. We suspect that M. Taine was once ill-advised enough to follow a similar prescription, for he says that the medicines here might be compounded for French horses. 'If you ask a chemist for a purge, he hands calomel to you; an Englishman often keeps it by him, and takes a pill of it when his head feels rather heavy.' Let us now reverse the picture. This combined system of meat, drink, and physic produces calmness, presence of mind, solidity, laconic forms of expression. 'An officer relates that an English admiral, after a long fight, forced the enemy's vessel to strike, and received the captain whom he had made prisoner on the poop with the single phrase "Fortune of war."' A friend of the author's writes that his coachman the other day thought fit to rattle down a mews in full speed. He frightened two carriage-horses which were being harnessed to a carriage. The groom advanced, took hold of the bits, and calmed the horses. Not a single word passed between these men. 'Picture to yourself the same scene in France. The taunts of the lackey, proud of his master, the blackguardism of the jealous menial,' &c. One would have thought that this picture was favourable to England. But this is not the opinion of M. Taine's friend, nor, it would seem, of M. Taine himself, when quoting the remainder of the letter:—

'That is, my dear friend, what I have seen of most significance in England, and by means of which I figure to myself English liberty. These people have water mixed with their blood, exactly as their cattle are deficient in juice. Compare the gigots of St.-Léonard with those of London. That is why they are allowed to combine together, to brawl, to print what they please. They are primitive animals, cold-blooded, and with a sluggish circulation.'

They will not even allow that our mutton, of which we eat so much, is better than their own! It is its want of juiciness that makes us cold-blooded, and deprives us of the excitability which so advantageously distinguishes the French. Therefore is it that we have adopted a different and lower basis for the moral principle:

'In France it is based on the sentiment of honour; in England on the idea of duty. Now, the former is rather arbitrary; its reach  
varies

varies in different persons. One piques himself upon being rigid on a certain point, and thinks himself free on all the rest; in the circle of bad actions, he cuts off a segment from which he excludes himself but this part varies according to his preferences—for example, he will be truthful in speaking, but not in writing, or the reverse. My honour consists of that wherein I place my glory, and I can place it in this as well as in that. On the contrary, the idea of duty is strict and does not admit of the slightest compromise.\*

This makes us, male and female, matter of fact, unimaginative, uninteresting, commonplace; although it may certainly conduce to sundry prosaic qualities, such as constancy in women or patient endurance, firmness, and intrepidity in men :—

‘A French officer who fought in the Crimea related to me how an English battalion of infantry destroyed two Russian regiments; the Russians fired incessantly, and did not lose a foot of ground, but they were excited and aimed badly; on the contrary, the English infantry avoided undue haste, took steady aim, and missed scarcely a single shot. The human being is ten times stronger when his pulse continues calm, and when his judgment remains free.

In the late war the chassepot was a much superior weapon to the needle-gun; but its longer range became a positive disadvantage through the vivacity of the French, who frequently fired away all their ammunition before they had got near enough to take aim. Mr. Kinglake relates that, before the battle of the Alma had well commenced, swarms of French skirmishers were firing with a briskness and vivacity which warmed the blood of the many thousands of hearers then new to war. ‘A young officer kindling at the sound and impatient that the French should be first in action, could not help calling Lord Raglan’s attention to it. But the stir of French skirmishers through thick ground was no new music to Lord Fitzroy Somerset: rather, perhaps, it recalled him for a moment to old times in Estremadura and Castile, when, at the side of the great Wellesley, he learned the brisk ways of Napoleon’s infantry. So, when the young officer said, “The French, my Lord, are warmly engaged,” Lord Raglan answered, “Are they? I cannot catch any return-fire.” His practised ear had told him what we now know to be the truth. No troops were opposed to the advance of Bosquet’s column in this part of the field.’ M. Taine states that ‘in the Crimea the French wounded recovered less frequently than the English because they resigned themselves less rapidly.’ A passage in one of Tocqueville’s conversations with Senior\* throws light upon

\* ‘Correspondence and Conversations of Alexis de Tocqueville with William Nassau Senior.’ Edited by M. C. M. Simpson. A book replete with knowledge and thought.

the question whether honour, as understood in France, or duty, as understood in England, is the surest guide, prompter, safeguard, or security :—

‘A Frenchman is never bold when he is on the defensive. A few hundreds of the lowest street rabble, without arms or leader, will attack an established government, raise barricades under fire, and die content if they have enjoyed the excitement of bloodshed and riot. Two hundred thousand men, armed, disciplined, seem paralysed if the law is on their side, and they are required not to attack but to resist. Their cowardice when they are in the right is as marvellous as their courage when they are in the wrong. Perhaps the reason is that, in the former case, they cannot rely on one another; in the latter case they can.’

~ Like Hercules between virtue and vice, or Mahomet’s coffin between heaven and earth, M. Taine, dragged different ways by his taste and his principles, is constantly suspended between the agreeable and the good. This is particularly observable in what he says of our women. Admitting their sterling qualities, he cannot get over their rude health, their robustness, their bad taste in dress, their frankness of manner, or their culpable neglect of those arts of pleasing which come so naturally to a Frenchwoman. ‘As evidences of the state of the streets,’ he says, ‘look at the foot coverings (*chaussure*) and the feet of the ladies. Their boots are as large as those of gentlemen, their feet are those of watermen, and their gait is in keeping.\* But see them in Rotten Row :—

‘Many of the horsewomen are charming, so simple, and so serious, without a trace of coquetry; they come here not to be seen, but to take the air; their manner is frank without pretension; their shake of the hand quite loyal, almost masculine; no frippery in their attire; the small black vest, tightened at the waist, moulds (*montre*) a fine shape and healthy form; to my mind, the first duty of a young lady is to be in good health.’

Then why quarrel with them for adapting the means to the end? With amusing inconsistency M. Taine cites approvingly the sneer of Stendhal (Henri Behl) at the English girls who, ‘tired of staying at home, under the plea of necessary exercise, complete their three or four leagues a day. *In this manner they consume the nervous fluid by the legs, and not by the heart.* After which, forsooth, they presume to talk of feminine delicacy, and to despise France and Italy. Nothing, on the contrary, can

\* We cannot compliment Mr. Rae on his translation of this passage, which runs thus :—‘Comme documents, voyez la chaussure et les pieds des dames : bottines qui sont des bottes, forts pieds d’échassiers et démarche assortie.’—P. 22.

be more free from occupation than the young Italians ; the motion which would deprive them of their sensibility is disagreeable to them. An Italian beauty does not take in a year as much exercise as a young *Miss* in a week.\* If feminine delicacy were identical with languid sensibility, and intrigue or gallantry the chief business of life, the Italian beauty would bear away the palm ; but her indolent, self-indulgent habits not only unfit her for domestic life or intellectual companionship : they render her incapable of deep passion, or of an absorbing or lasting sentiment even of the illicit or forbidden kind :—

‘No—’tis not the region where love’s to be found :

They have bosoms that sigh, they have glances that rove ;

They have language a Sappho’s own lip might resound,

When she warbled her best, but they’ve nothing like Love.’

Speaking of an evening party at Lady S——’s, M. Taine says :—

‘Two other young girls are beautiful and pleasing ; but too rosy, and upon this rosiness are too many adornments of staring green which vex the eye. But as compensation, how simple and affable are they ! Twice out of three times when one converses here with a woman, one feels rested, affected, almost happy ; their greeting is kindly, friendly ; and such a smile of gentle and quiet goodness ! No after-thought ; the intention, the expression, everything is open, natural, cordial. One is much more at ease than with a Frenchwoman. . . . The conversation is neither a duel, nor a competition ; one may express a thought as it is without embellishment ; one has the right to be what one is, commonplace. One may even, without wearying her or having a pedantic air, speak to her about serious matters, obtain from her correct information, reason with her as with a man.’

He is prodigal of types. Here is another to illustrate what he calls the chief point, the absence of coquetry :—

‘This winter in a Paris drawing-room where I was, a stout, red-faced, bald man, related to a rather great English personage, entered leading his daughter of sixteen ; pretty gentle face, but what ignorance of dress ! She had dark brown gloves, hair in curls, not glossy, a sort of badly fitting white casaque, and her waist resembled a log in a sack. All the evening she remained silent, like a Cinderella amidst the splendours and supreme elegances of the dresses and beauties surrounding her. Here, in St. James’s Park, at the Exhibition, in the picture galleries, many young ladies, pretty, well dressed, wore spectacles. I put aside several other traits ; but it is clear to me that they possess in a much lesser degree than Frenchwomen the sentiment which ordains that at every moment, and before every person, a woman stands with shouldered arms, and feels herself on parade.’

\* Moore, ‘Rhymes on the Road :’ Florence.

The absurdity of requiring that a woman shall be studied and unstudied, natural and artificial, thinking of herself and not thinking of herself at the same time, never once occurs to him. But as our fair countrywomen think a great deal about their dress, and spend a great deal of money on it, their taste is a fair object of comment; and it is a French remark of long standing, that an Englishwoman resembles the lists at a tournament in which hostile colours encounter and give battle. 'I remarked to a lady' (says M. Taine), 'that female dress was more showy in England than in France. "But our gowns come from Paris!" I took care not to reply: "It is you choose them!"' M. Taine should know that French dressmakers of note, considering their own reputation at stake, leave their English customers little choice in the matter. In his chapter on 'Marriage and Married Women,' he institutes a fair enough comparison between the wedded life of England and that of France; nor is its fairness affected by the leaning he betrays towards a certain degree of laxity:—

'When the young man has made up his mind, it is to the young girl that he addresses himself first, asking the consent of the parents in the second place; this is the opposite of the French custom, where the man would consider it indelicate to utter a single clear or vague phrase to the young girl before having spoken to her parents. In this matter the English find fault with us, ridicule our marriages summarily settled before a lawyer. Yet C——, who is English, and knows France well, allows that their love-matches end more than once in discord, and our marriages of arrangement in concord.'

A love-match is, of course, more likely to end in disappointment than a marriage based on the fitness of things, on compatibility of rank, fortune, connexion, temper, age. It has been ingeniously contended that English marriages between persons of distinction would turn out better, if settled, after argument by counsel, by the Lord Chancellor. Mrs. Malaprop's theory, that it is best to begin with a little aversion, is not devoid of plausibility. But, on the other hand, a marriage of reason or convenience partakes too much of the nature of a mere forin, and the ceremony sounds like a mockery when the solemn promise to love, honour, and obey, is uttered like a lesson learned by rote, instead of being spoken earnestly and from the heart. The conversation at the Château Tocqueville happening to turn on French marriages, it was stated that, on the female side, they are generally early; a girl unmarried at twenty-one or twenty-two gets alarmed. The *curés* are the principal marriage-makers. They alone know everybody. A man of eight or nine and twenty may wish for a wife, but is too busy or too awkward to set about getting



getting one for himself. He applies to the *curé*, tells him, perhaps, that he has twenty or twenty-five thousand francs a year. 'Well,' answers the *curé*, 'I think that I have three or four charming *demoiselles* at that price.' So the introduction is managed, and the affair is concluded in a few weeks. 'The life of an unmarried girl,' added Madame de Tocqueville, 'is very *triste*. She never quits her mother's side except perhaps to dance, and then does not exchange a word with her partner. She takes no part in conversation; she effaces herself, in short, as much as possible. Were she to do otherwise, she would ruin her chances of marriage.'

To the French girl, therefore, marriage is escape from restraint; it is practically her *début* in society, her introduction to the world, in which she is now free to talk and act, to choose her own dresses and companions, to indulge her caprices, to enter into rivalry with the women, and lend a delighted ear to the flatteries of the men. It would be passing strange if, thus occupied and surrounded for the first time, her thoughts should be fixed exclusively on her husband and her home. The English girl of corresponding rank seldom marries till after her third or fourth season; she has run the round of gaiety, and haply begun to tire of it; she has undergone the ordeal of male attention; she has had her passing illusion or more serious interest: *l'amour à passé par là*; and her change of condition not unfrequently implies a considerable amount of self-denial or self-sacrifice, instead of being the 'open sesame' to untried realms of fashion and frivolity.

'Very often a lady, daughter of a marquis or baronet, having a dowry of 3000*l.* or 3250*l.*, marries a simple gentleman, and descends of her own free will from a state of fortune, of comfort, of society, into a lower or much inferior grade. She accustoms herself to this. The reverse of the medal is the fishery for husbands. Worldly and vulgar characters do not fail in this respect; certain young girls use and abuse their freedom in order to settle themselves well. A young man, rich and noble, is much run after. Being too well received, flattered, tempted, provoked, he becomes suspicious and remains on his guard. This is not the case in France; the young girls are too closely watched to make the first advance; there the game never becomes the sportsman.'

'Why did you cut me at the morning party at Strawberry Hill?' asked a younger son of a young lady on her preferment. 'The sun was in my eyes, and I did not see you.' 'Yes, the eldest son.' This peculiar description of sunstroke will occasionally affect the vision of the fair, and their liability to it is one of the inevitable inconveniences of our system. But, by way of  
set-off, 1

set-off, M. Taine tells us that, in order to marry, it is generally deemed necessary that they should feel a passion; and that 'many do not marry in consequence of a thwarted inclination.' As to the men:—

'Every Englishman has a bit of romance in his heart with regard to marriage; he pictures a home with the wife of his choice, domestic talk, children; there his little universe is enclosed, all his own; so long as he does not have it, he is dissatisfied, being in this matter the reverse of a Frenchman, to whom marriage is generally an end, a makeshift.'

M. Taine was assured that, when an Englishman is in love, he is capable of anything: that Thackeray's Major Dobbin, who waits fifteen years without hope, because for him there is only one woman in the world, was drawn from the life: that there were and are numbers of young men like him:—

'This causes silent readings of the heart and long inner tragedies. Numbers of young men experience it; and the protracted chastity, the habits of taciturn concentration, a capacity for emotion greater and less scattered than among us, carries their passions to the extreme. Frequently it ends in nothing, because they are not beloved, or because the disparity of rank is too great, or because they have not money enough wherewith to maintain a family—a very costly thing here. Then they become half insane; travel to distract their minds, proceed to the ends of the earth. One who was mentioned to me, very distinguished, was supplanted by a titled rival; during two years apprehensions were felt for his reason. He went to China and to Australia; at present he occupies a high post, he has been made a baronet, he presides over important business, but he is unmarried; from time to time he steals off, makes a journey on foot, in order to be alone and not to have any one to converse with.'

So marked a difference in the matrimonial tie at starting must tell materially on the after-life of the parties, and the tie will naturally be deemed most binding in the country where it has been eagerly sought as a blessing instead of being coldly accepted as a makeshift. In England, consequently, 'marriage is encompassed with profound respect, and, as regards this matter, opinion is unbending: it is quite sufficient to read books, newspapers, romances, comic journals; adultery is never excused; even in the latitude of intimate conversations between man and man it is always held up as a crime.' In France, the exact contrary is the fact: marriage is the never-failing subject of jocularitv; in the novel, the play, the opera, the vaudeville, the plot invariably turns on matrimonial infidelity, the deceived husband being held up to ridicule, the false wife to envy and imitation; indeed, one does not see how French dramatists or novelists could get on at

all if there were no Seventh Commandment to be broken or made light of. It has been the same from Molière downwards; and Frenchmen still quote complacently the grave irony of Molière: 'Que le Français ne parle jamais de sa femme, parce qu'il a peur d'en parler devant les gens qui la connoissent mieux que lui.' They do themselves great injustice: the national vanity discernible in the very exaggeration of their faults; the immoralism described by their dramatists could not co-exist with the bare decencies of life; and we lend a ready ear to the palliation.

M. Taine :

'In the first place, these irregularities are not habitual among us excepting in the case of fashionable upstarts; they very rarely reach the rich or well-to-do middle-class which possesses family tradition. Besides, in the provinces, life goes on openly, and scandal-mongering which is greatly feared, performs the part of the police. Finally the Frenchman flaunts that which a foreigner conceals; he has horror of hypocrisy, and he prefers to be a braggart of vice.'

Hypocrisy has been defined the homage paid to virtue and vice; and virtue will be found in a wavering unsatisfactory state wherever and whenever that homage is denied. When M. Taine relies on scandal-mongering as the safeguard of female honour, he unconsciously adopts the slippery doctrine of Byron :

'And whether coldness, pride, or virtue dignify  
A woman, so she's good, what does it signify?'

Besides, so long as what they call the *convenances* are observed there is no scandal; and the standard of conduct both in town and country will always be more or less modified by the drama and light literature, the tone and spirit of the day. M. Taine's estimate of the analogous state of things in England must all be taken with some grains of allowance :

'Breaches occur, of which I shall speak later, among the class of tradesmen; and in the lower order of the nobility which is fashionable, travels, and copies Continental manners. But, in the mass of the nation, among well brought up persons in the great world, the wives are almost always faithful. C—— tells me that I might remain here for eighteen months, and visit all the drawing-rooms without meeting an exception, *one only is cited among the high class*. More such cases occurred fifty years ago, in the time of Byron and Alfieri; since then, opinion has become severe, and the Queen has laboured with all her might in this direction, firstly, by her example, secondly by her influence; she excludes ladies of doubtful reputation from her Court; the extreme urgency and pressure of affairs were needed during the Crimean war for her to tolerate under the same roof with her, at Windsor, a statesman known as a profligate.

The frequent appearance of persons of inferior rank in the Divorce Court has given foreigners an erroneous notion of the commercial classes in England, by whom, as also by the whole of the middle class, the matrimonial tie is held in high respect. When they break loose, it is by coarse profligacy. They are wholly guiltless of gallantry; and a plot turning on the intrigues of shopkeepers with each other's wives, which sounds so natural and probable when the scene is laid in the Rue de la Paix, would be declared incongruous and preposterous if the 'dramatis personæ' were domiciled in Cheapside.

The Queen's married life was a moral lesson and an elevating, improving picture in itself. During the best part of a generation it worked wonders, and its influence extended far beyond the circle which is more or less compelled to follow the lead of the Court. But, of late years, there have been symptoms of a relapse. Temptations and irregular tendencies must always abound amidst the idleness and satiety of a rich, luxurious metropolis; the example of imperial Paris did harm; the vanity of dress was never more baneful than now; and if M. Taine were to spend eighteen months in searching London drawing-rooms for an erring spouse, he would be more successful than Diogenes when searching Athens for an honest man. The 'fast' girl has been discovered or sprung up: and Byron's 'drapery misses'\* have been outdone by drapery dames. There is a scene in 'Les Esclaves de Paris,' in which the famous dressmaker W—— is holding court. A married woman, deep in his books, exclaims in agony, 'Mais mon mari ne payera jamais.' 'Bien, un autre payera pour lui.' We regret to say that this expedient of the *autre* is not confined to Paris.

On being told, in 1814, at Paris, that a lady whom he had formerly known was no longer received in society, Mackintosh remarks, 'I really should like to know what her offence could be.' We really should like to know what the solitary exception cited to M. Taine could have done to merit her painful pre-eminence. To us she is a mythical personage; so is the profligate statesman whom the Queen tolerated at Windsor during the Crimean war; so is the heartbroken baronet who, after vainly trying China and Australia, takes refuge in solitary pedestrianism. The distinction drawn between the lower order of nobility and the higher is fanciful.

'Another guarantee [continues M. Taine] is the dread of publicity and of the newspapers. On this head our free and rakish manners grievously offend them. C—— related to me that, in a Parisian

\* See 'Don Juan,' canto xi. st. 49, and note.

circle, he heard a man of the world observe to another, "Is it true, then, that your wife has got a lover?" This remark he considers monstrous; and he is right. A book like Balzac's "Physiologie du Mariage" would give great offence; perhaps the author would be prosecuted by the Society for the Suppression of Vice.'

Society must be in a curious state where any doubt could be raised as to the taste or propriety of the remark declared monstrous by C —, or where Balzac's 'Physiologie du Mariage' could be deemed permissible reading for women. Its cold, hard, cynical materialism is yet more revolting than its indecency. One of the maxims is, 'Avant de se marier, on doit avoir *au moins* disséqué une femme.' But French novels of an extremely objectionable tone and tendency have found their way into English boudoirs; and it is the highest English aristocracy that supplies the crowded and applauding public for 'Madame attend Monsieur' and 'La Grande Duchesse.' The broad general conclusion at which M. Taine arrives, after tossing the subject to and fro, blowing hot and cold on it, and placing it in every variety of light, is thus expressed:—

'Generally an Englishwoman is more thoroughly beautiful and healthy than a Frenchwoman. The principal cause of this is the hygiene; the children ride on horseback, are much in the open air, do not dine with their parents, do not eat sweetmeats. Moreover, the nerves are less excited, and the temperament is calmer, more enduring, less exacting; what is the most wearing in these days, are incessant and unsatisfied desires.

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'On the other hand, the Englishwoman is less agreeable; she does not dress for her husband, she does not know how to make a pretty woman of herself; she has no talent for rendering herself fascinating and enticing at home; she is unacquainted with a number of fine and delicate graces; she considers it unworthy of her to employ minor means for re-awakening love or fondness; more frequently still she is not clever enough to invent them. She puts on handsome new dresses, is most careful about cleanliness, but nothing more; she is not attractive; one soon wearies beside her. Fancy a very beautiful pink peach, slightly juicy, and alongside of it a perfumed strawberry full of flavour.'

But let us look a little closer at the perfumed strawberry: let us see if there is not a small maggot at the core:

'medio de fonte leporum

Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat.'

'There is a small piece now [1834] acting at one of the minor theatres called "Pourquoi." It is very popular; everybody goes to see it, and says, "It is so true." What tale lies hid under this mysterious

mysterious title? There are two married friends living together. The wife of one is charming, always ready to obey and to oblige; her husband's will is her law. Nothing puts her out of humour. This couple live on the best of terms, and the husband is as happy as husband can desire to be.—Now for the other pair! Here is continual wrangling and dispute. The wife will have her own way in the merest trifles as on the gravest matters. . . . In short, nothing can be so disagreeable as this good lady is to her grumbling but submissive helpmate. Happiness and misery were never to all appearances brought more fairly face to face than in these two domestic establishments. "Why" is one wife such a pattern of good nature and submission? "Why" is the other such a detestable shrew? This is the *pourquoi*. The spouse whom you shrink from in such justifiable horror is as faithful as woman can be. The spouse whom you cling to as such a pillow of comfort is an intriguing hussy. Hear, O ye French husbands! you must not expect your wives to have at the same time chastity and good temper: the qualities are incompatible. . . . This is the farce which is "so popular." This is the picture of manners which people call "so true."\*

It is as true now as it was in 1834, and there is another stock-piece of the French stage from which an equal amount of instruction, with a sounder rule of conduct for both sexes, may be deduced. It is entitled, 'La seconde Année, ou, A qui la faute?' The marriage here is a marriage of affection: the young couple had seen each other, and become mutually attached, whilst the family arrangements were in progress. The first year passes like a prolonged honeymoon, but before the middle of the second, the husband indulges a hankering for his old haunts, steals off to his club, and renews his acquaintance with the actresses and opera dancers *à la mode*. A friend, Edmund, seizes the occasion to amuse Madame la Comtesse, and things are looking bad, when the husband receives a timely warning, and soliloquises somewhat in this fashion: 'It's all my own fault, and, luckily, it's not too late to mend. She liked me better than Edmund when we were both suitors, and, *au fond*, she likes me better still. Vulgar jealousy would be unworthy of us both. Strong measures are out of the question. *Allons*, I must be *aux petits soins* again.' He sets regularly to work to win her back; no longer lounges into her drawing-room to leave it, after reading his newspaper, with a yawn; lingers round her with marked interest, pays her graceful compliments, and lays the most beautiful bouquets on her dressing-table. This system is

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\* Bulwer's 'France,' vol. i. p. 94.

crowned with well-merited success: the husband is reinstated in all the privileges of the lover, and M. Edmund, fairly beaten with his own weapons, is bowed out. This piece, unexceptionable as it reads and acts in point of moral, could not be effectively adapted to the English stage, because it is out of keeping with our manners and modes of thinking to trifle with the duties and relations of married life, or to take for granted that infidelity is justified by neglect. Neither would such conjugal tactics have the attraction of novelty or originality for an English audience. Madame — (at Paris) said, 'The English are excellent people: when no one else makes love to their wives, they do it themselves.' 'Yes,' added —, 'I observed Mr. — (an Englishman) the other evening talking to his wife for half an hour together.'\*

Strengthened by the authority of his omnipresent and omniscient friend C—, M. Taine pronounces an Englishwoman to be incapable of presiding in a drawing-room like a Frenchwoman, to be consequently incapable of forming a *salon*:—

'The Englishwoman has not sufficient tact, promptitude, suppleness to accommodate herself to persons and things, to vary a greeting, comprehend a hint, insinuate praise, make each guest feel that she thinks his presence of much consequence. She is affable only, she merely possesses kindness and serenity. For myself, I desire nothing more, and I can imagine nothing better. But it is clear that a woman of the world—that is to say a person who wishes to make her house a place of meeting frequented and valued by the most distinguished persons of every species—requires to have a more varied and a more delicate talent.'

The talent in question has been possessed and displayed by many Englishwomen. Lady Palmerston, for example, had it in as high a degree of perfection as Madame de Recamier, of whom Tocqueville says, 'The talent, labour, and skill which she wasted in her *salon* would have gained and governed an empire.'† The *salon* jars with our habits; we cling too much to the privacy of the domestic circle, and we have no sympathy with the Frenchman exclaiming, '*Où passerai-je mes soirées?*' which it had become a second nature to him to pass out of his own house. But it is customary for women of the higher class to

\* 'Life of Mackintosh.' By his Son.

† 'Correspondence and Conversations,' vol. ii. p. 209. The rest of the passage is curious: 'She was virtuous, if it be virtuous to persuade every one of a dozen men that you wish to favour him, though some circumstance always occurs to prevent your doing so. Every friend thought himself preferred. She governed us by little distinctions, by letting one man come five minutes before the others, or stay five minutes after; just as Louis XIV. raised one courtier to the seventh heaven by giving him the *bougeoir*, and another by leaning on his arm, or taking the shirt from him.'

receive visits from three to six on Sundays: these afternoon receptions closely resemble the *salon*; and in the height of the London season M. Taine's friend C—— might have taken him to more than one in which he would have found an Englishwoman doing the honours with Parisian grace to a succession of distinguished visitors, putting each of them at their ease, leading the conversation to the appropriate topics, and rendering to all what was socially or intellectually their due. Such an introduction would have had the additional advantage of showing M. Taine how the dull monotony of an English Sunday may be relieved.

The narrowness of the family circle in England is no less remarkable than its exclusiveness. It is commonly confined to a single branch. Rarely do we see in England, what is common in Germany and France, several branches living together under the same roof; at one time two or three married brothers, at another the parents with their sons-in-law and their daughters, and so on. 'We (says M. Taine) coalesce, we hold everything in common; as for them (the English), even when living together, they maintain distinctions, they draw lines of demarcation. Self is more powerful; each of them preserves a portion of his individuality, his own special and personal nook, enclosed, respected by every one. Thus a father or mother is more imperfectly informed than among us as to the sentiments of their daughter, as to the business and the pleasures of their son.' Thus Madame de Sévigné writes to her daughter what her son has told her about his mistresses; and M. Taine says that many young Frenchmen of the present day make similar avowals to their mothers, who, instead of being scandalised, are pleased at being made confidants. 'B—— is of opinion that this is impossible in England: the son would not dare to do it; the mother would be shocked and indignant.'

Prince Pückler-Muskau, who travelled through England in 1826, after complaining of the stiffness of the English aristocracy, remarks:—

'Far more loveable, because far more loving, do the English appear in their domestic and most intimate relations; though even here some "baroque" customs prevail: for instance, the sons in the highest ranks, as soon as they are fledged, leave the paternal roof and live alone; nay, actually do not present themselves at their father's dinner-table without a formal invitation. I lately read a curious instance of conjugal affection in the newspaper. The Marquis of Hastings died in Malta: shortly before his death, he ordered that his right hand should be cut off immediately after his death, and sent to his wife. A gentleman of my acquaintance, out of real tenderness [was not



not the Marquis actuated by real tenderness ?], and with her previous permission, cut off his mother's head, that he might keep skull as long as he lived ; while other Englishmen, I really believe would rather endure eternal torments than permit the scalpel to come near their bodies. The law enjoins the most unscrupulous fulfilment of such dispositions of a deceased ; however extravagant they may be they must be executed. I am told there is a country-house in England where a corpse, fully dressed, has been standing at a window for the last half-century, and still overlooks its former property."

These caprices are not confined to a country or a class. The corpse of the cosmopolitan Jeremy Bentham may still be seated in the philosopher's chair in his ordinary costume. The Prince complained that 'Politics are here a main ingredient in social intercourse ; as they begin to be in Paris, and will in time become in our sleepy Germany : for the whole world has a tendency. The lighter and more frivolous pleasures suffer by this change, and the art of conversation, as it once flourished in France, will, perhaps, soon be entirely lost. In this country (England) I should rather think it never existed, unless, perhaps in Charles the Second's time.' M. Taine leans to this opinion. 'So far as I can judge, the English do not know how to amuse themselves by means of conversation. A Frenchman accounts his happiest moment of his life the period after supper, in the society of well-educated and intelligent men. All the treasures of human intellect are there handled, not in heavy ingots, or in large sacks, but in pretty portable golden coins. It seems to me that these coins are rare in England, and that, in addition, they are not current. They are regarded as too thin.' The exact opposite would be nearer to the fact. The fault of English conversation at present is its frivolity, its want of depth or earnestness, the habit of skipping hastily from topic to topic, the anxiety which seems to haunt everybody of being voted bores if they venture beyond a fresh bit of gossip, a short anecdote, or a *mot*. Lord Grenville used to say that he was always glad to meet lawyers at a dinner-party, because he then felt sure that some good subject would be rationally discussed. Lawyers have degenerated since his time, but not more than other classes or professions in this respect ; for (except in a few small and select circles) whether lawyers, authors, doctors, bishops, peers or members of Parliament, make up the party, there is a decided want of what Dr. Johnson emphatically termed 'good talk.'

'I cannot understand,' said Tocqueville, 'how your good people, after having passed six months of representation in London, like to erect a little London for themselves in their country. We never think of filling our country houses with

crowds of acquaintances. Our parties are mere family parties, and all our arrangements are meant for ease and comfort. There is no luxury or display in our furniture, no ostentation in our dinners.' Senior replies that 'in London, where one has to go three or four miles to see one's friends, where few busy men can spare more than one or two evenings in a week, one scarcely sees the persons that one likes best a dozen times in a season, and then perhaps it is at a large dinner, or a crowded one. One can really enjoy their society in the country.' The same difference is remarked by M. Taine, who, in addition to the explanation given by Senior, says that the Englishman is hospitable, not only from generosity and kindness, but from *ennui*, from the need of conversation and new ideas. This excites the indignation of his translator, who protests that 'neither the word nor the thing is known in this country.' Yet we read in Byron:—

'For *ennui* is a growth of English root,  
Though nameless in our language: we retort  
The fact for words, and let the French translate  
'That awful yawn which sleep can not abate.'

*Ennui* is a growth of every clime; and Mr. Rae might as well contend that no one is ever *bored* out of England, because the word is English and untranslatable. At the same time we see no necessity for any nice analysis of motives to explain why a nobleman or gentleman, with a spacious country house, including fine pictures and a library, and surrounded by well-stocked preserves, should receive a succession of visitors during a portion of the year, and be especially anxious to entertain foreigners of note.

Speaking of the England of her youth, Miss Berry says, 'No man intending to stand for his county, or desirous of being popular in it, would have permitted his table at his country house to be served with three-pronged forks or his ale to be presented but in a tankard to which every mouth was successively to be applied. Sofas conveyed ideas of impropriety; and baths, and every extra attention to cleanliness and purity of person, were habits by no means supposed to refer to superior purity of mind or manners.\*' Contrast this with M. Taine's account of the superabundant luxury of country-house life now: 'In my bedroom is a table of rosewood; upon this table a slab of marble, on the marble a round straw mat: all this to bear an ornamented water-bottle, covered with a tumbler. There are two dressing-tables, each having six drawers: the first is provided with a swing looking-glass, the second with one large jug, one small one, a medium one for hot water, two porcelain basins, two soap-dishes,

\* 'England and France,' second edition, vol. ii. p. 41.

&c. Napkins are under all the vessels and utensils : to provide for such a service, when the house is occupied, *it is necessary that washing should be always going on.* That inconvenience may certainly arise, as the Englishman said to the Frenchman who, on being recommended to put his feet in hot water for a cold, objected that this was tantamount to washing them.

‘Several of these mansions are historical; they must be seen in order to understand what inheritance in a large family can bring together in the form of treasures. One was mentioned to me where, by a clause in the conditions, the possessor is bound to invest every year several thousand sterling in silver plate; after having crowded the sideboards, in the end, a staircase was made of massive silver. We had the opportunity of seeing in the retrospective exhibition an entire collection of precious curiosities and works of art sent by Lord Hertford. In 1848, he said to one of his French friends, greatly disquieted and a little put out, “I have a mansion in Wales which I have never seen, but which I am told is very fine. Every day dinner for twelve is served there, and the carriage drawn up at the door in case I should arrive. The butler eats the dinner. Go thither, make yourself at home; you see that it will not cost you a farthing.”’

Both these stories have been told of Spanish grandees. Neither is true of any English nobleman. The late Lord Hertford was by no means given to princely hospitality; but the Duc d’Ossuna, whilst resident Ambassador at St. Petersburg, kept up an establishment at Madrid, at which a dinner of twenty-four covers was regularly served, and horses and carriages were always at the disposal of his friends.

In M. Taine’s animated description of the magnificent domain of Blenheim he mentions ‘a large stream of water, crossed by an ornamental bridge.’ This bridge was constructed by the first Duke, and the smallness of the stream suggested the epigram :—

‘The lofty arch his high ambition shows,  
The stream an emblem of his bounty flows.’

M. Taine’s mistakes are almost all upon the surface. He seldom fails to penetrate to the truth when he is investigating the sources of our permanent well-being and prosperity. He has the imaginative as well as the intellectual grasp, and can take in all the bearings of a time-honoured institution, with its elevating and refining influences, as well as its assigned object or direct practical utility :—

‘I have no park, and yet my eyes are satisfied with beholding one —only it must be accessible and well-kept. It is the same with the lives of the great; they perform the functions of parks among the garden plots and tilled fields. The one furnishes venerable trees, velvet greenswards, the delicious fairy-land of accumulated flowers  
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and poetic avenues; the other maintains certain elegancies of manners and certain shades of sentiments, renders possible a cosmopolitan education, supplies a hotbed for statesmen.'

One of the first manufacturers in England, a radical and supporter of Mr. Bright, said to M. Taine, 'We do not wish to overthrow the aristocracy; we consent to their keeping the Government and the high offices to members of the middle class; we believe that specially trained men are required for the conduct of affairs; trained from father to son for this end, occupying an independent and commanding station. But we absolutely require that they should fill all their places with competent persons. Nothing for mediocrities; no nepotism. Let them govern, provided, however, they have talent.' M. Taine thinks that these conditions have been tolerably well performed on both sides since 1832. One of his friends knew Vincent, the itinerant orator, and was told by him, 'I can utter all that comes into my head, attack it matters not whom or what, except the Queen and Christianity. If I spoke against them, my hearers would throw stones at me.' From a similar appreciation of the popular instincts, Cobbett set up his first shop under the sign of 'The Bible and the Crown.' Although M. Taine's speculations on the Established Church partake somewhat of the spirit of Pope's *Universal Prayer*, they are marked by feeling and good sense:—

'The more I read the "Book of Common Prayer," the more beautiful and appropriate to its purpose do I find it. Whatever be the religion of a country, church is the place to which men come, after six days of mechanical toil, to freshen in themselves the sentiment of the ideal. Such was the Grecian temple under Cydon; such the Gothic cathedral under St. Louis. In accordance with the differences of sentiment, the ceremony and the edifice differ; but the important point is, that the sentiment should be revived and fortified. Now, in my opinion, that occurs here; a day labourer, a mason, a seamstress who leave this service carry with them noble impressions, suited to the instincts of their race, a vague notion of an august I know not what, of a superior order, of invisible justice.'

Then what becomes of Stendhal's notion, that, in England, religion spoils one day in seven, destroys the seventh part of possible happiness? Surely the sentiment of the ideal, thus freshened and revived, adds to it. 'On the fundamental point, which is the moral emotion, all are agreed, and, in consequence, all reunite to surround with assiduous respect, visible and unanimous, the Church and the pastor.' M. Taine thinks that this respect is materially enhanced by the social position of the working clergy; by their being gentlemen, which (in the conventional sense) can rarely be said of the working clergy in France.

France. 'When you come to our château (said Tocqueville), you will find the *curé* dining frequently with me, and once a year Madame de Tocqueville and I dine with him. A brother of the predecessor of the present *curé* was my servant: the *curé* has dined with me while his brother waited, and neither of them perceived in this the least *inconvenance*.'

The complex and irregular construction of our society is a puzzle to M. Taine, as it has been immemorially a puzzle to all foreigners, and (to own the truth) is still a puzzle to ourselves. 'How is it (writes Tocqueville in 1853) that the word *gentleman*, which in our language denotes a mere superiority of blood, with you is now used to express a certain social position, and amount of education, independent of birth; so that in two countries the same word, though the sound remains the same, has entirely changed its meaning? When did this revolution take place? How, and through what transitions? If I had the honour of a personal acquaintance with Mr. Macaulay, I should venture to write to ask him these questions. In the excellent history which he is now publishing he alludes to this fact, but he does not try to explain it.' These questions were put to Lord Macaulay, and he was unable to answer them. M. Taine has devoted some pages to the attempt with indifferent success, although he has not failed to perceive that the word has no fixed and well-defined meaning, being indiscriminately used to express position, education, tone of mind, conduct, bearing, manners, and birth, in conjunction or apart. Thus B—— was merely referring to conduct or character when, speaking to M. Taine of 'a great lord, a diplomatist,' he said, 'He is no gentleman.' But Dr. Arnold was using it to imply the rarest assemblage of qualities when, writing from France, he spoke of the total absence of gentlemen, and added, with less than his usual liberality, 'A real English Christian gentleman, of manly heart, enlightened mind, is more, I think, than Guizot or Sismondi could be able to comprehend: no other country could, I think, furnish so fine a specimen of human nature.' It is a well-known Irish boast that a finished Irish gentleman would be the most perfect gentleman in the world, *if you could but meet with him*.

'Most modern legislators resemble the children who, after having stuck a frail branch into the ground, pull it up every morning to see if it has taken root.' This is one of the published 'Thoughts' of a statesman who has had the good fortune to see a constitution, which he largely aided in planting, take root.\* The same thought occurred to M. Taine when an

\* 'Pensées diverses de M. Sylvain van de Weyer': published in the first volume of the 'Opuscules,' edited by M. Delepierre.

eminent French publicist talked of transplanting the English or American form of government to France, adding, 'It is the locomotive; it is enough to bring it across the water, and instantly it will replace the diligence.' No, we reply with M. Taine, a constitution, a system of government, has no analogy to a locomotive: it is not a mere mechanical contrivance; to copy it is one thing, to acclimatise or assimilate it is another. You may as well talk of transplanting an historic mansion with its hereditary associations and its oaks.

'We admire the stability of the English Government; this is due to its being the extremity and natural unfolding of an infinity of living fibres rooted in the soil over all the surface of the country. Suppose a riot like that of Lord Gordon's, but better conducted and fortified by socialistic proclamations; add to this, what is contrary to all probability, a gunpowder plot, the total and sudden destruction of the two Houses and of the Royal Family. Only the peak of the Government would be carried off, the rest would remain intact.'

Charles Lamb was wont to say that there were two historical events which he wished had turned out differently. He regretted that Charles I. did not hang Milton, and that Guy Fawkes did not succeed in blowing up the two Houses of Parliament. As regards the two Houses, he had possibly in view the solution of the problem started by M. Taine—what the nation would do in such a contingency. We agree with him, that 'in each parish, in each county, there would be families around which the others would group themselves; important personages, gentlemen and noblemen, who would take the control and make a beginning;' that the exploded peers and members would be speedily replaced, and that much the same course would be taken which was taken when James II. fled the kingdom, after throwing the Great Seal into the Thames.

'Thus their Government is stable, because they possess natural representatives. It is necessary to reflect in order to feel all the weight of this last word, so simple. . . . Thus all our establishments, Republic, Empire, Monarchy, are provisional, resembling the great drop-scenes which in turn fill an empty stage, disappearing or reappearing on occasion. We see them descend, reascend, with a sort of indifference. We are inconvenienced on account of the noise, of the dust, of the disagreeable countenances of the hired applauders, but we resign ourselves; for what can we do in the matter?'

M. Taine devotes some pages to aristocratic ascendancy, having discovered unerring signs of it on every side; like the inscription on tins of biscuits and pots of pomade, 'Adopted by the nobility and gentry.' B—— came to France during the Exhibition, and

and was surprised at the familiarities of the soldiers. 'When a Captain of the Guides was looking at a picture in a shop window, two soldiers, standing behind him, bent forward and looked over his shoulder. B—— said to me, such conduct would not be tolerated with us; we have distinctions of ranks.' It was the want of such distinctions that produced the fatal insubordination of the French army during the late war and both advocates and opponents of the Purchase System were agreed as to the advantage of having an army officered by a class to which the privates could look up. A medical man was mentioned who had declined a peerage. The Englishman who told M. Taine this added, 'He was right: no man who has held out his hand for guineas could take his place among peers of the realm.' Mr. Rae, the translator, cites this as an instance in which M. Taine has been led into 'notable error' by inexcusably ignorant persons. 'His informant must have been strangely unacquainted with the fact known to everybody, that barristers not only take guineas, but accept them willingly, and that the more guineas they receive, owing to the increase of their practice, the better are their prospects of a seat on the woolsack and elevation to the peerage. Moreover, at least one member of the House of Lords entered it not many years ago solely because as a banker, he had handled the money of his customers so judiciously as to have accumulated an enormous fortune.'

It is Mr. Rae who errs from not perceiving the point of the remark. The barrister and the banker do not hold out their hands for guineas. The barrister's fee is paid by the attorney to his clerk, and the banker does not personally receive the money of his customers. The merchant and the shopkeeper both make money by trade, but it is the manner of making it which creates the recognised social difference between the two.

After eighty years of political experiment, involving an incalculable waste of life and property, the French, beginning to despair of liberty, are proud of having attained equality—at least that kind of it under which every man claims to be the equal of his superior and the superior of his equal. After nearly two hundred years of settled government, the English have obtained a reasonable share of liberty, but are content to put up with some social anomalies, the shreds and patches of the past and M. Taine, forgetting all he has said of the softening, elevating, refining influences of an hereditary aristocracy, sneers at us for not placing an artist or man of letters, merely because he is an artist or a man of letters, on a level with the noble and the millionaire. It is not enough that he takes his station by the  
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side when he has won his spurs, or that 'a few authors, on account of the moral or political nature of their writings, are considered and esteemed':—

'According to what my friends tell me, the position of the others is lower than with us. The able journalists who write masterly leading articles three or four times monthly do not sign their articles, and are unknown to the public. Properly speaking, they are literary hacks. Their article is read at breakfast, as one swallows the bread and butter which is eaten with tea. One no more asks who wrote the article than one asks who made the butter. If next month the article and the butter are of inferior quality, one changes one's newspaper and butterman. No journalist becomes Member of Parliament or rises to be a Minister of State, as in France after 1830.'

We are unable to see the injustice of not doing honour to the unknown. It is far from clear to our minds that France has gained at any period by making journalism a stepping-stone to power; and we challenge M. Taine to name a man who has obtained honourable distinction in any walk who is not received on a footing of equality in the most refined circles, provided his habits and tone of mind fit him for blending easily and naturally with them. The fact is, M. Taine has placed too much reliance on the authority of one whose finest veins of thought and observation were alloyed by an unaccountable weakness on this subject. We say 'unaccountable,' because, besides being a man of genius of the kindest and most generous nature, he was a gentleman by education and by birth. 'I had a conversation with Thackeray, whose name I mention because he is dead, and because his ideas and his conversations are to be found in his books. He confirmed orally all that he had written about the snobbish spirit. He said that he admired our equality greatly, and that great people are so habituated to see people on their knees before them that they are shocked when they meet a man of independent demeanour. I myself,' he added, 'am now regarded as a suspicious character.' This is preposterous. 'Great people' are shocked when they meet a man who is deficient in self-respect, who exhibits an uneasy consciousness of social inequality of which they themselves are unconscious till they are reminded of it by his constrained manner, his air of mock deference, or his sneer. He is not regarded as a suspicious character, but as a jarring or uncomfortable one. He ruffles their self-complacency, is voted ill-bred or vulgar, and let drop. Plutocracy just now is more in the ascendant than aristocracy; but, in the social arena, celebrity and agreeability combined beat both.

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In a chapter headed 'De l'Esprit anglais,' M. Taine maintains that 'the interior of an English head may not unaptly be likened to one of Murray's Handbooks, which contains many facts and few ideas.' But any passing indignation that may be roused by this comparison will abate on finding what sort of ideas he prefers to facts. After finding fault with John Sterling's letter (published by Carlyle) from the West Indies, describing a hurricane, for being a pure statement of facts, he says that the impression produced is the same if we consider in turn the journals, the reviews, and the oratory of the two nations. 'The special correspondent of an English journal is a sort of photographer that forwards proofs taken on the spot, and these are published unaltered.' A French editor would deem himself bound to lighten them, to fling in some clever touches, 'to sum up the whole in a clear idea, embodied in a telling phrase.' There is a French translation of 'Eothen' in which M. Taine's theory is carried out. The translator, thinking his author deficient in enterprise or 'slow,' has interwoven an affair of gallantry of his own invention, as if it formed part of the original work. This is what M. Taine would call supplying the deficiency of ideas. This deficiency (he says) is particularly remarkable in our English writers on classical antiquity. They are thoroughly versed in Greek, and they have made Greek verses from the time of leaving school:—

But they are devoid of ideas, they know the dry bones (*matériel*) of antiquity, but are unable to feel its spirit; they do not picture to themselves its civilisation as a whole, the special characteristic of a southern and polytheistic spirit, the sentiments of an athlete, of a dialectician, of an artist. Look, for example, at Mr. Gladstone's extraordinary commentaries on Homer. Nor has Mr. Grote, in his great "History of Greece," done anything more than write the history of constitutions and political debates.'

These are singularly ill-chosen illustrations. Mr. Gladstone abounds in ideas: he revels in myths and theories: he is of speculation all compact. One of the finest and most distinctive features of Mr. Grote's 'History' is his appreciation of the spirit of antiquity,\* and the strictly historical portion is surely not confined to constitutions and political debates. Can M. Taine have read either Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Grote? We strongly suspect that this is one of several instances (his criticism on English Painting is another) in which he has framed his conclusions by the *à priori* mode of reasoning, or by the rule of conditions and dependencies. But we part from him in perfect good humour,

\* We refer M. Taine to (amongst others) ch. xvi. 'Grecian Myths'; ch. xvii. 'The Grecian Mythical compared with that of Modern Europe'; ch. lxvii. 'The Drama, Rhetoric, and Dialectics: the Sophists'; ch. lxviii. 'Socrates.'

and (what is more) on the best possible terms with ourselves. We English are the least sensitive and consequently the most provoking nation upon earth. *Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo.* Although an exasperated public, in both hemispheres, may be crying shame on us for our selfish indifference when thrones and presidential chairs are rocking and toppling or half a continent is laid waste, we point complacently to our accumulated wealth, our boundless resources, our unshaken credit, our laws, our liberty, our flag on which the sun never sets, our time-honoured monarchy, fenced round with time-honoured institutions, like the proud keep of Windsor girt with its double belt of kindred and coeval towers. We listen with equal equanimity to reflections on our social habits or personal qualities, especially when the estimate is favourable upon the whole. So long as courage, firmness, energy, industry, fidelity, constancy, elevation of mind and warmth of heart are conceded to us, M. Taine may expatiate as he thinks fit on the dulness of our Sundays, the humidity of our climate, our unidea'd fondness for facts, our unsentimental regard for duty, the clumsy boots of our women, or the portentous consumption of mutton and strong drinks by our men.

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ART. VIII.—1. *Thoughts upon Government.* By Arthur Helps. London, 1872.

2. *Papers relating to the Reorganization of the Civil Service. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty.* London, 1855.

3. *Reports of Her Majesty's Civil Service Commissioners, together with Appendices. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty.* London, 1856-1871.

4. *A Letter, respectfully addressed to the Honourable the Members of the House of Commons, by the Temporary Clerks and Writers in Her Majesty's Civil Service, upon their Present Position, consequent upon the Queen's Order in Council, dated at Balmoral, 19th August, 1871.* London, 1872.

THERE is no characteristic of modern English politics more marked than the prevalence, the ever-growing and widening prevalence, of that which for want of an English word we call *doctrinairism*. In proportion as we have democratized our institutions, we have made way for the *doctrinaire* among our politicians. The democracy is given to a belief in 'principles' or 'ideas' with which the eminently practical genius of a commercial middle-class has as little sympathy as the conservative

servative caution of an aristocratic government. It is easily moved to enthusiasm for a principle, or a phrase which it mistakes for such, and it lacks the instincts and the experience which might deter it from putting implicit faith in abstract reasonings. Hence, as soon as democracy gained a powerful footing in the constitution, *doctrinairism* began to influence our polity. The statesmen trained in the old aristocratic school steadily distrusted the *doctrinaires*; but when Lord Palmerston died and Lord Russell gave way, that school was practically extinct, and England has now for the first time a Ministry whose official course is actually governed by certain dogmatic formulas, and which appeals to the popular imagination by a series of striking phrases, miscalled political principles. Such phrases are now-a-days a real power in politics; a power against which practical reasonings, accumulations of facts, arguments drawn from historical experience, are absolutely useless. 'Payment by results' revolutionized the teaching of our elementary schools; 'religious equality' destroyed the constitution and confiscated the property of the Protestant Church in Ireland; 'promotion by merit' has forced through Parliament a costly military reorganization in which Parliament did not half believe, and to which it was very much averse. No argument would have availed, no evidence would have been sufficient, to inspire even a distrust of these so-called principles; to suggest even a misgiving that payment by results meant discouragement of all education but such as could be made to exhibit results that would be paid for; that the 'religious equality' demanded by an Ultramontane hierarchy must be equality of a very peculiar kind indeed; and that 'promotion by merit,' in the absence of any defined standard of merit, might chance to mean promotion by favouritism. The 'principle' was clearly a just one; to assail it directly was to court defeat and disgrace; and to endeavour to discriminate between the embodying phrase and the embodied idea, the abstract doctrine and the actual application, was a function far too subtle for the rudeness of platform debate and election controversy. The *doctrinaires* prevailed; and their doctrines have taken their place among recognised political truths. The recollection of the past is not encouraging, when we address ourselves to resist the establishment of another doctrine of the school—one which, in many minds, is we believe accepted as a necessary and obvious corollary of promotion by merit—we mean Competitive Examination for all first appointments in the public service. Fortunately, this principle has not gained popularity abroad as it has gained practical acceptance within; it has not, like its predecessors, usurped a name that at once begs the

the question of its propriety ; and we shall therefore venture, if not in the most hopeful spirit, to point out a few of the considerations which lead us to regard it as logically unsound and practically mischievous.

It is due, however, to the able and eminent men, *doctrinaires* though they be, who are primarily answerable for the introduction of competitive examination into the Civil Service of this country, to say in starting that the desire of excluding dunces seems to have been that which weighed most strongly with them, and that though, for obvious reasons, they might prefer to dwell upon their higher and more chimerical aspirations—on the hope of rendering the public patronage a mighty instrument for the encouragement and reform of public education, and at the same time attracting to the immediate service of the Crown the very intellectual flower of each rising generation—they were more deeply impressed with the importance of at least securing that that service should not be a refuge for indolence or mediocrity. There had been gross abuses, no doubt, though these had been much exaggerated, and there was a tendency in the conditions of the service to accumulate incapacity in a degree which would hardly have been possible elsewhere. Civil Service appointments had acquired by custom something of that freehold character which legally belongs to many clerical and other offices, so that dismissal for mere stupidity was hardly thought of. Still in the higher posts the sense of responsibility and the personal interest of the political chief was on the whole, as it is now, a sufficient guarantee for the competence of his nominees. But in the lower ranks the salaries were small and the duties at first mechanical : able men, with a career open to them, did not care to engage themselves to copy letters for five or ten years at 100*l.* a year, and dull men seemed competent to such functions. They could do little harm, and the harm they did would not tell upon the credit of the office or the convenience of its chief. Once admitted, they had an almost indefeasible claim to rise by seniority ; and hence had arisen in some of the offices a state of things described in strong terms by Sir J. Stephen, and which certainly called for redress. But it must be observed that before 1854 correction had already begun : the nominees of the Minister were subject to examination and rejection by the permanent heads of departments, and this check—in the nature of things a very effective one as against any but the personal connections and *protégés* of the political chiefs (a very small class of candidates)—had been honestly and effectively applied. Still, appointments in the Civil Service were given by political favour, on the application of Parliamentary supporters, and often with no knowledge on the Minister's part

of his nominee, and no reason to believe him possessed of more than the average of capacity ; and, for the reasons above given, the service was more attractive to the slow and dull than to the clever and self-reliant. Sir C. Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote sought a remedy for this evil in the universal application of competitive examination to first appointments in the regular service of the Crown, excepting, of course, those which are habitual, filled by the introduction of men of middle age from Parliament and from the professions. Recognising, however, that the offer of 100*l.* a year, and the prospect of copying-clerks' work till thirty, would not attract the first-class men of Oxford and the Wranglers of Cambridge, they also proposed to divide the clerical force of the different departments into two branches according to the character of their duties, mechanical or intellectual. The copying and book-keeping and other analogous work was to be the task of writers taken from a lower class and paid at a lower rate, as well as qualified by very inferior attainments ; the higher duties of the office, involving anything like responsibility, however subordinate, or exercise of judgment, however strictly limited, were to be entrusted to a secretariate, to be recruited by competition from among the finest intellects of the rising generation.

The Report embodying these principal recommendations was submitted to the Treasury in 1854, and by the Treasury printed and circulated among the heads of departments in the Civil Service on the one hand, and the authorities of the great schools, colleges, and universities on the other—each being invited to express their opinions upon the recommendations therein contained. Considering that the very appointments under which Sir C. Trevelyan and Sir S. Northcote had acted, and the circulation of their Report by the Treasury, confirmed the general impression that the highest authorities looked favourably upon the proposed reform, the result of the invitation is not a little curious. The several replies were collected in the volume which we have placed second at the head of this article. With scarcely an exception the men of theory were in favour of the scheme ; with scarcely an exception the men of experience were against it. The teachers had no doubt that their best pupils would make the best Civil servants ; the examiners were just confident of their power to examine a thousand or ten thousand candidates, and place them in order, according to the technical rules of the game ; the head-masters were charmed at the prospect of some hundreds of prizes yearly available to reward scholastic diligence and proficiency. The permanent chiefs of the Civil Service, almost to a man, deprecated the proposal in terms

as decided as were ever used by a body of gentlemen remarkable for the caution and moderation of their criticisms on any scheme supposed to enjoy the favour of their superiors, and accustomed by the necessity of their position to accept in submissive silence the crudities of each new politician who has to learn the rudiments of his business at their expense. The energy and unanimity of their condemnation—scarcely one man whose character and experience gave authority to his judgment approving the suggestions of the Report—would have sobered any but enthusiasts, and staggered any but *doctrinaires*. The reporters persevered in their recommendations; but the Government of the day could not altogether disregard the unanimous remonstrances of all the ablest and most trusted servants of the Crown, and they ventured only on a tentative and partial application of the new principles.

The first step taken was to institute, as proposed by the Report, a Civil Service Commission, to supervise the admission of candidates for employment, and to conduct such examinations as might from time to time be thought expedient. The next step was the introduction of a pass or qualifying examination, extended gradually from one department to another—the subjects and general idea of the examination being prescribed by the permanent chiefs of the department, the standard being necessarily dependent on the judgment of the examiners. Thirdly, by cautious and hesitating steps, the so-called ‘limited competition’ was introduced. The Minister in whose hands the patronage lay appointed two or more candidates for each vacancy, and the Civil Service Commissioners selected the one who obtained the greatest number of marks in examination. Also, by degrees, a division on the principle suggested by the reporters was made between writers and clerks: the former, on whom have devolved almost exclusively the lower and mechanical duties of the office, being paid at a rate proportioned to the remuneration of similar services out-of-doors, and shut out from the prospect of promotion; the latter no longer commencing their service with these mechanical functions, but entering at once upon more important duties and a somewhat higher rate of pay than heretofore.

So far the change had proceeded before the accession of Mr. Gladstone’s Ministry to office; and the experiences acquired under the transition system were interesting and valuable. The general effect of the qualifying examination was confessedly good: it excluded simpletons, and protected the service against the intrusion of that class of ‘hard bargains,’ for which it had had such powerful and peculiar attractions. It is also confessed by those who are least favourable to the system that.

that, admitting the principle, the examiners did their work, on the whole, very well. There were numerous complaints from the rejected or their friends, and many sharp sarcasms were levelled at the pedantry and exacting spirit supposed to be shown by certain of the questions asked. But it did not appear that in any one case a candidate had been rejected merely for his ignorance of abstruse points of science or of elegant scholarship. In an overwhelming majority the failures were due to rudimentary ignorance: men were 'plucked,' not in astronomy, or geology, or Greek, but in spelling, in English grammar, or in the simpler rules of arithmetic. In more than one case chiefs of departments complained to the Commissioners of the rejection of men whom they knew to be clever men and most efficient clerks, and whom they had therefore desired to promote from subordinate or temporary service to a place on the regular establishment. But we believe that in every instance the complaint was silenced by an inspection of the candidate's papers: the remonstrant, while maintaining that the man was fully competent, was compelled to allow that no examiner could possibly pass him. And this admission the Commissioners and their friends appear to think a complete vindication of the principle as well as of the practice. But in truth, the more complete the justification of the one, the more conclusive the condemnation of the other. Had it proved that the examiners had been too exacting, or the examination misdirected, it might be possible to contend that a good system of examination would be a safe criterion of merit. But when it is shown that an examination with which no fault can be found constantly rejects very good men and admits very inferior men, you have a conclusive evidence that examination is a very defective test—that a man may be able, efficient, qualified for the duties of a post, who yet cannot stand an examination, by question and answer, in the very kinds of knowledge considered by his superiors the most cognate to its functions; for, as above said, the character of the examinations was determined by the chiefs of departments. *A fortiori*, the man best qualified for practical duties may be the man who will be beaten most egregiously in a competitive examination.

After all, examination is recommended only as a means of testing probable merit in the absence of proved merit: it is surely absurd to apply it where the merit has already been proved in practical service—to rectify the results of the certain test by applying the doubtful one. We have heard some curious instances of the signal miscarriages of justice resulting from this piece of *doctrinaire* pedantry. There have been and are men holding temporary, supernumerary, or subordinate positions in

in different offices—probably cases could be found in half the departments of the service—whom their chiefs know to be competent for higher duties, who deserve higher remuneration, who have simply *earned* promotion, and whom their superiors, one and all, wish to promote, but who cannot pass an examination, and who must, therefore, be deprived of their deserved reward, while young and untried men, who may or may not be fit for the duty, are appointed to the places for which the former are notoriously and specially qualified. Is not this *doctrinairism* run mad—theory actually preferred to practice, probability to certainty, the presumption of capacity afforded by scholarship to the proved capacity ascertained in service? It is obvious that under a system of open competition this class of cases will be multiplied tenfold, inasmuch as the supernumerary of proved official fitness will *almost invariably* be beaten by the lad fresh from school or college. One would think that the absurdity and injustice of a rule which leads to such results were obvious enough to induce the veriest theorist—to say nothing of experienced statesmen—to provide for exceptions; to enact, for example, that a certificate of competence, or at any rate a certificate of special fitness, signed by the chief of a department or by a responsible Minister of the Crown, should dispense the holder from examination, competitive or otherwise. But the tendency is to apply the rule of competition more and more generally, more and more stringently, till we have come to this—that under the regulations of 1870 and 1871 first appointments to Civil Service clerkships are thrown open to general competition, without restriction or reserve; that already, in a majority of departments, and soon no doubt in all, every vacancy is to be awarded, like an open scholarship at Oxford or Cambridge, to the candidate who obtains the highest number of marks in an examination at which every subject of the Queen, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four, has an equal right to present himself—is, in short, to become a prize for general proficiency, to be contested by the foremost pupils of every school and college in the empire.

The new system is briefly this: The Civil Service—by which term we mean to exclude the holders of what are called staff appointments, which lie outside the routine of regular promotion, and to include all other permanent servants of the Crown—is divided into three classes, separated by an impassable line. The lowest class consists of writers hired at so much per week, or per hour, or by the piece; men who are mere mechanics employed for the nonce, and discharged when not wanted, like bricklayers or carpenters. They are forbidden to dream of promotion; they cannot even hope to earn, by long and meritorious service,



service, an increase of salary. And yet, as it is impossible to draw a hard and fast line between mechanical and intellectual functions, not a little work belonging to the higher order must practically fall into the hands of these ill-paid, hopeless, untrusted men. Next come what we will call the clerks proper, selected by competitive examination in 'the various branches of a sound English education' from among the pupil-teachers of our elementary schools, or any other class of clever lads whose parents can just manage to obtain for them that kind of schooling which implies no true education, no home training, none of that mental and moral development, that improving social intercourse of which a University career is the stamp and sign, and for which alone a pass degree is valuable. Thirdly, there is the class destined for what we may call secretarial functions; a select body of higher clerks, who win their places by competition in Latin and Greek, mathematics and science, French and German, history and literature—in short, by proof of proficiency in any and all departments of academic study. There is to be no promotion from the one class to the other, no matter what merit may be developed in the lower, or what demerit, not worthy of dismissal, in the higher. The *status* of the Civil servant, for all his life, is to depend not on what he proves himself in office work at thirty or forty, but on what he showed himself in scholarship at twenty.\* The rate of salaries, in general, remains unchanged, but we may fairly believe that ere long a higher initial salary will be offered to the class which it is desired to recruit with Cambridge wranglers and Oxford double-firsts.

At last, then, Sir C. Trevelyan has triumphed absolutely. The recommendations of his report are to be carried out almost to the letter: the bright dreams of the professors and head-masters who applauded them are to be realised, or disappointed; the system against which the heads of the Civil Service with one voice remonstrated is to be enforced in all its strictness. Here, then, for the first time, the arguments of the two parties are fairly put to the test: hitherto the provisional compromise that has prevailed has been as far from fulfilling the hopes of theorists as from realising the alarms with which men of experience regarded

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\* This involves a peculiar injustice to men comparatively poor. They are necessarily at a disadvantage in youth, because they cannot afford an expensive schooling; but, with fair play and extra diligence, they would in the end reach that place in active life to which their real capacity entitled them. The effect of the new system is to fix their position *for life* according to the results of that schooling in which they are placed at special disadvantage, and to deprive them of the opportunity of retrieving that disadvantage by efficiency in practical duties. And many of those thus wronged, in the Civil Service, will be socially the equals of their favoured superiors—their equals in birth, and breeding, and all except wealth: often, it may be, the sons of meritorious Civil Servants.

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the original scheme; but now the scheme to which those hopes and fears applied is a practical reality, is even enforced, as we shall presently note, on a wider field than was at first proposed, and it becomes a grave and practical question how far this system of open competition—this plan of making every opening in life the reward of success at school—is likely to benefit the schools or to injure the Civil Service as much as those respectively interested in each anticipated in 1855.

The academic authorities were then generally enthusiastic in favour of a scheme which promised to distribute every year a number of prizes of the highest value for academic proficiency. Their mode of regarding the question was natural enough; indeed, from their standpoint, no other view was to be expected. What could be more agreeable to their feelings than that the places hitherto distributed among the *protégés* of a Minister should henceforth be given to their own favourite pupils; that the passport to official employment should henceforth be in their gift, rather than in the gift of political partisans? To those who were engaged in a constant struggle with idleness, it was a satisfaction that henceforth one of the great resources of the idle should be cut off; that the refuge hitherto open to the incorrigible Nobooks should for the future be filled with industrious bookworms; that scholarship, instead of being limited to such rewards as the Universities had to bestow, and being apparently useless in practical life, should henceforth be the sole key to unlock the entrance to one of the most honourable of practical careers? Accustomed to look chiefly, if not solely, to academic proficiency as the one form of intellectual superiority with which they were concerned, and to appraise men, by competitive examination in academic studies, it was inevitable that they should unconsciously overrate both the value of academic proficiency as a proof of general capacity, and the efficiency of examination as a test of comparative attainments. They naturally left the Civil Service to take care of itself. They thought and said, justly enough, that they could undertake to supply, through the medium of competitive examinations, any required number of young men of more than average ability. They thought, very naturally, that in the prospect of a great mass of secure and honourable appointments held out to youths of eighteen or twenty-one as the rewards of scholarship, according to relative qualifications—clerkships and private secretariats for the first-class University man; secondary places, writerships, bookkeeperships, and the like for head boys of commercial schools; tidewaiterships and gaugerships for the successful aspirant from the national school—a great stimulus would be  
given

given to study: that parents, seeing that their sons might really turn their schooling to direct account, would be the more willing to send them to school and keep them there; that boys, seeing that their future might be made or marred by their conduct at school, would be encouraged to earnest and persevering exertion. They thought of the influence which a Board, with all the patronage of Government at its disposal, for the reward of scholastic merit, might exercise on all the schools of the country from the dame-school of a Welsh parish to Harrow or Eton of the pressure that would be put upon bad schools to improve upon schools persisting in antiquated methods to make progress of the encouragement of new studies and a higher style of instruction, when it should depend upon a boy's schooling whether or not he should at the age of twenty-one be provided for, honourably and comfortably, for the rest of his life. We ought hardly to wonder that they failed to consider how much mischief such an influence might do; for at that time the evil of stagnation and neglect was the one apparent evil, and the dangers of a misdirected movement were not of a kind to force themselves into effective comparison therewith.

Nevertheless, some uneasiness was expressed even then as to the consequences of the immense power over the educational system of an entire empire which it was proposed to place, and which is now being placed, in the hands of a single body. For though we may change the examiners from time to time, as the elements of human body are changed, the identity of the corporate existence remains; the ideas, the traditions, the system are the same; we put into the hands of those who happen to stamp the impress of their views upon that system, you commit a control over the standard of the style, the subject matter of education in every school in the United Kingdom, as great as would be exercised over Russia and Harrow by Oxford or Cambridge, if Oxford or Cambridge were the only University in the kingdom. Such-and-such study will not *tell* at the grand central examination; it is therefore neglected. Such-and-such knowledge will *pay*; it is therefore abnormally stimulated. The Board manifests the Oxford taste for elegance of expression, or the Cambridge preference for the technical minutiae of grammar (we name these simply for illustrations, without affirming that our phrases accurately scribe the distinction of which all are conscious), and the teaching of every school from John o' Groat's to the Land's End is affected thereby. Moreover, the very fact that a large proportion of the best scholars in any school are looking to a particular competitive examination as the goal of their studies cannot but tend to lower the tone of teaching therein.


approximate it to cramming. The object is not to instruct them thoroughly, but to give them knowledge that will *tell*—that will show. Even the system of competitive examination in vogue at the Universities has relation only to a fixed course of study, and encourages proficiency in that alone. It tests industry within the limits of the regular *curriculum*; it tests ability as shown in the prescribed direction. But not only does it not afford any test of ability, or any encouragement to industry outside of the set limits of the course, but it proscribes and discourages them.

We believe that a man who should read hard at Oxford or Cambridge, but with a determination not to take honours, would at the end of his time be a better read, better educated man, a more truly accomplished scholar than one who had given the same amount of work to the beaten track, with the usual object in view. We do not on that account deprecate examinations, or deny their necessity in the Universities; we only desire to point out the heavy drawbacks which accompany their usefulness. But what must be the consequence when over every school of every class hangs the shadow of one gigantic examination, at which every prize is a lifelong provision, and in which all the sharpest intellects of a thousand schools will be measured against each other? In the first place, you put into the hands of a single body a power which no single body ought to possess. Every one will admit that it would be a great misfortune if England had but a single University, or if either of its two great Universities had had a decided and permanent preponderance; that much as England owes to Oxford and to Cambridge severally, she owes more to their separation; to the fact that from the revival of learning the final training of the youth of the higher classes, the completion of the higher education, the distribution of the great academic prizes, and the immense power over the general education of the country which these confer, have not been centred in one University, but divided between two of equal authority, of equal rank, with tolerably equal wealth, and with distinct tendencies and different preferences, one of which has given ascendancy to letters, and one to science, and which have encouraged different views of even classical education, distinct styles of scholarship and modes of training. Had Oxford or Cambridge stood alone, every superior school throughout the kingdom must have been moulded upon a single type; as it is, the conflicting influences of the two Universities have secured to every school a certain independence; and as one has shown a preference for Oxford and one for Cambridge, different models have prevailed in different schools, and within the

the same school an equal chance has been afforded to youths of somewhat differing talents and tastes.

But the influence of an examining government is in many ways more dangerous than that of a single University. It is a much narrower body. Within each University are several colleges, each exercising an independent influence on the examining authority of the University itself. The Government Examiners are not only a single University, but a single college. The prizes of the Universities—except those distinctly academic or ecclesiastical—are not tenable for life; and their full power is therefore exerted only on those who are destined for a learned life, and may be supposed to love study for its own sake: the very minds which can best resist the cramping and degrading influence of examination on study. On the other hand, the prizes awarded by Government are held for life, and are meant to attract men who will look to their studies only as the means of giving them a permanent provision and a practical career, and who, therefore, will have no motive to hold out against the all-pervading influence of the examination: will learn just what the examiners require, just in the way that suits their purpose. The success of the pupils of any given school at the government examinations will measure the credit of that school with the public: boys will be sent where they will have the best chance of winning the greatest prizes offered to study; and no headmaster will be able to stand out against the tyrannical influence, or to persevere in a course of teaching too good for the Civil Service examination. Finally, the influence of that examination will be far wider, as well as far stronger, than the influence of the Universities; it will reach, through its lower prizes, schools beneath the reach of the Tripos or of Moderations, beneath even the reach of the local examinations; will govern the tone of instruction, and fix the course and the standard of elementary and commercial schools, as well as of Eton, Harrow, and Rugby. It may be, indeed, as we shall presently see, that it will affect the lower class of schools more than the higher; but if the latter escape its influence, it will only be because their foremost pupils decline its prizes, and let them fall to the foremost of a lower grade; about the most deteriorating result, so far as the character of the service is concerned, that could possibly occur.

We must refer here, in connection with the special character and general influence of the Civil Service Examination, to the tendency of competitive examinations to engender cramming. When you have only to arrange men in classes, according as they reach or fall short of a certain standard, you may easily so conduct your



your examination that cramming shall not raise a man from one class to another. But if you attempt to place them in order, the crammed man must, *ceteris paribus*, get more marks than the uncrammed; and when the difference of one mark in two hundred may make the difference between success and failure—a life-provision, and a defeat which wastes the labour and disappoints the hopes of years—no dislike of cramming, no love of genuine study, will prevent a man from taking that course which gives the best chance of success. It is certain that in proportion to the number of subjects admitted and the wide range of an examination does it encourage cramming. Boys cannot learn many subjects thoroughly; and in 'going up' for such examinations the rule, we believe, is to break off their thorough study of the usual school *curriculum* a year or two before the fatal day, and 'cram' the multitude of 'extras' under the guidance of a professional master of that degrading art. Now it is inevitable that in an examination open to all the world, on the results of which all the prizes in the gift of a government are to depend, a great variety of subjects should be included. Even if the necessity of the case did not require it, the outcry of one set of complainants against the absurdity of preferring a knowledge of Latin and Greek to a knowledge of French and German, ancient to modern history, algebra to geography, and so forth, and the clamour of another for the encouragement of the practical branches of knowledge, would be such as no Government could resist. It is inevitable, then, that you should include a vast range of subjects; and this involves, first, the minor evil of unreality and arbitrariness in the result, as different candidates, proficient in different subjects, can be placed in order only on arbitrary and artificial principles—marks for Greek, for mathematics, and for geography, being really incommensurable quantities; secondly, the major evil of encouraging 'cram,' inasmuch as no man ventures to rely solely on that which he really knows; and the classical scholar spends months in getting up a factitious knowledge of arithmetic and modern geography, the mathematician in learning by heart a quantity of dates and extracts which may enable him to figure in English literature, and so forth. By limiting the number of subjects in which any one candidate may be examined, you limit the evil, but certainly do not eradicate it. The plan adopted in the Indian examination of striking off all marks below a certain minimum obliges a man to concentrate and prolong his cramming; but the proof that it does not prevent cramming is to be found in the numerous advertisements of those who undertake to 'prepare' candidates for that struggle, and the general resort to their help. Indeed,

we might rest our case against competitive examination, outside mere academic contests, on the single point of the employment of professional crammers. Whenever it becomes customary to 'prepare' specially for a competitive examination, the pre-examination is, for the purpose either of testing real capacity or of promoting real knowledge, already worse than useless. How many youths will venture to 'go up' for the Indian, or the new Civil Service or Military Competition, straight from the ordinary studies of Eton or Harrow, Rugby or Cheltenham, without an intermediate course of laborious cramming at school or elsewhere? The official competitors have created a new and lucrative profession, not of teachers but of 'preparers,' whose trade it is to defeat the purpose of competition, to secure the prize by adroit and ingenious cramming, as against true general education and genuine ability. The resort to them proves their success; and their success is the failure of the competitive system.

If such are the probable effects upon the personal education of the candidates, and the general education of the country, of turning the vacancies in the public service into prizes for scholastic proficiency, how will the service itself be affected? On this point the chiefs of that service were unanimous, nearly so, in 1854; we believe that they are generally of the same mind now. With one voice they condemned the principle then; now, as we are informed, their successors are equally averse to the practical shape it has assumed; despite the fact that the political superiors on whom they depend, and to whom they are accustomed to defer, are resolute in its favour. Their objection, rest, of course, on none of those inherent defects in the working of competitive examination of which we could say much, if space allowed, but which do not fall within the scope of their experience. Their argument is that if competition will give you the sharpest, cleverest, best read youths of from ninety to twenty-two to be found in the kingdom, it will have given you the wrong men for the work; and that in fettering discretion and taking away the whole of the patronage hitherto exercised by the Ministers of the Crown, it cannot but interfere seriously with the efficiency of the Civil Service. Of course, no amount of experience, no arguments so mean and narrow as those of practical convenience and probable operation, can weigh for a moment with the true *doctrinaire* against the indefragable justice and self-evident wisdom of one of his axiomatic dogmas; or we should be inclined to wonder how it was possible for the present Ministry, with the representations of 1854 before them, and knowing that those representations were con-

firmed by a great preponderance of authority at this day, to enforce without misgiving the whole and perfect theory of open competition.

In the first place, the chiefs of the Civil Service then argued, competition will give you the wrong men. Patronage, it is true, except in special instances, has no tendency to give you the right men; but it gives to all classes of intellects a pretty equal chance; taking men at random, it will give you at least as large a proportion of the kind of men you require as is to be found generally in the classes of society from which the nominees are taken. But competition actually ensures that you shall get none but clever, smart, ambitious young fellows, with minds early developed to their full growth; and those who have advocated competition have always silently assumed that these are the men you want. The men of experience affirm the contrary. The duties of the Civil Service, except in its highest ranks, hardly call for brilliant abilities; the conditions of the service will neither content nor remunerate them. The pay of the service is low. Originally it was, for many years after the first appointment, a miserable pittance, and even if the recommendations of Sir S. Northcote and Sir C. Trevelyan should be carried out to the fullest extent, and a good initial salary be given, it is still certain that a man who is receiving 500*l.* a year at thirty, 800*l.* at forty, and 1500*l.* at fifty, may be considered as an example of brilliant success in the service of the Crown. Had such a man entered at the bar, or in a merchant's office, or gone to India or the Colonies, the abilities necessary to bring him to the point he has actually attained, would have sufficed to make him independent at thirty, and a rich man at fifty. A system which would attract the flower of our schools and colleges into the Civil Service—which would make wranglers and first-class men into Treasury Clerks and India Office Clerks, and leave the optimes and second-class men for the professions and business, would result in this—that the former, by the time they had reached middle life, would find themselves poor, just able to maintain their station as gentlemen, but unable to save or make provision for a family, while those who are *ex hypothesi* their inferiors in ability would in right of that very inferiority be receiving far larger incomes, and enjoying an indefinitely better prospect for their children. Is it not clear that bitter disgust and discontent must be the result? It may be said, and with truth, that money is not the sole measure of remuneration, nor the sole inducement to enter or remain in a profession. Honour, opportunities of distinction, social rank, congenial work, political power—professions which offer these may satisfy their members



members and attract the highest class of aspirants, however low the rate of pecuniary remuneration. But then the Civil Service does not offer any of these things. The work of its members is done in silence and obscurity; in hardly any case do they get the credit of it, save with their immediate colleagues, and with those chiefs who take the credit before the public. Opportunities of distinction are probably rarer in the service of the State than in any other walk of life. Nor does a clerkship, even in the Treasury or the Foreign Office, convey any passport to society, any stamp of social status; rather those offices receive the kind of *éclat* they enjoy from the social rank of the majority of those who have hitherto entered them. The work is for the most part dull and laborious, and is to be done, moreover, with strict obedience to orders of which the worker may probably disapprove, but against which he must not murmur; and from political life he is peremptorily excluded. The character of the Service is well painted, in a few sentences, by one of its most eminent members:—

‘1st. The prizes to be won are not worthy of the pursuit of such young men as I am constantly observing among the foremost of the competitors for academical honours. A Bachelor of Arts is seldom much less than twenty-two years of age. He would be seldom less than twenty-three, before a successful contest had placed him as the junior clerk, and at the bottom of the list, in the office of one of the Secretaries of State. During the next twenty-seven years his official income would not average more than 250*l.* per annum. He would be in his fiftieth year before it rose to 550*l.*, and a sexagenaria by the time he came into the annual receipt of 1000*l.* Such, at least, is the result of my experience on the actual rates of salary, and the actual frequency of promotions. Now, during all this slow advance to competency and independence, the supposed graduate must have been living in London, and maintaining the appearance of a gentleman. Why expect to attract, by such inducements as these, any men of eminent ability to whom any other path of life is open? For

2nd. The money to be earned is the solitary attraction. A clerk in a Public Office may not even dream of fame to be acquired in that capacity. He labours in an obscurity as profound as it is unavoidable. His official character is absorbed in that of his superior. He must devote all his talents, and all his learning, to measures, some of which he will assuredly disapprove, without having the slightest power to prevent them; and to some of which he will most essentially contribute, without having any share whatever in the credit of them. He must listen silently to praises bestowed on others, which his pen has earned for them; and if any accident should make him notorious enough to become the suspected author of any unpopular act, he must silently submit to the reproach, even though it be totally unmerited by him. These are, indeed, the indispensable disadvantages

of the position of a clerk in a public office, and no man of sense and temper will complain of them. But neither will any man of real mental power, to whom the truth is known beforehand, subject himself to an arduous examination in order to win a post, so ill paid, so obscure, and so subordinate. Or would he win it, no such man would long retain it. Of the six clerks in the Colonial Office in my time, whom I should select as the most able of the whole body, three quitted it altogether, after a sufficient, though comparatively short, experience of it; two (by an otherwise unexampled good fortune) were able by serving in Canada, to obtain distinction, and consequent advancement, to a higher rank in the Public Service at home; and one has found in his literary reputation a more than ample atonement for the obscurity of his official life and labours.'—*Papers on the Reorganization of the Civil Service*, 1855, Sir J. Stephen, pp. 75-76.

It may be said that the Civil Service offers an earlier and a surer, though a smaller maintenance than is to be found in other walks of life. And this may be granted, and has a great influence on a certain class of minds—but not on the class who prevail in competitive examinations. Such men, at the age of twenty, are not apt to be dubious about the future. They have abilities which if intelligently and honestly used ought to ensure them a competence, and give them a fair prospect of success, in any suitable career; they are disposed to be over-confident rather than despondent; they would not deliberately barter all chance of wealth and fame for a sure income rising from 150*l.* to 800*l.*, with a chance of 1500*l.*; and if they find that they have done so, they will be displeased and dissatisfied. In short, such men will never be content in the service, because it neither pays them what they are worth in money, nor gratifies their aspiration after those higher rewards which they value more than money. Sir James Stephen testifies, in the passage just quoted, to the frequency of the instances in which the abler class of Civil Servants have thrown up their situations, to seek for more precarious, but also more promising employment elsewhere—employment in which utter failure was a possible contingency, but which, at least, offered something more than bread to an able and a fortunate labourer. For one who thus emancipates himself, it may fairly be assumed that two remain in discontent and sullenness, conscious of their mistake in life, but restrained by caution, by marriage, or by the remonstrances of friends, from attempting to repair it. The youths who will prevail in competitive examinations will belong to the more adventurous, the more independent, the more self-confident class; to them the security of the Civil Service is of little value, while its poverty, its obscurity, the necessity of strict and silent obedience which attaches to it, are to them especially hateful. You get.

then, by competition a class of men who are too good for your work, and whom you will not remunerate. You exclude men who could do your work well, and would be content with your pay; the slow-maturing, quiet, diffident men of sober sense and sound judgment, though devoid of brilliant talent, who will in time make even better clerks than the former class, and to whom the restraints of the service are not irksome, while its advantages are sensibly appreciated. In particular, you exclude the men who, as we have just said, mature slowly; those who as boys are rather silent and stolid, who as youths are undistinguished, who never would succeed in an examination, but who, about the time they begin to show what sort of stuff is in them, and some of whom at forty approve themselves among the soundest judgments and most powerful intellects of their generation. You give places to the calculating boys; you shut out the Wellingtons and the Cromwells, the born rulers, deep thinkers, and practical statesmen, whose brains are too powerful to reach their full development early in life.

There is, indeed, a possibility that you might, through open competition, get a class of men smart and clever enough, but who would be well content with the pittance and the position offered them. It might be that the Wranglers and first-class men would, after a while, recognize that the prizes were not worth their acceptance and that their places would be filled, not by the second-class University men—who would suit your purpose admirably—but by the first-class men of a lower social order and an inferior style of education, the forward pupils of second-rate grammar schools and of commercial academies. These have all the qualities you can test by competitive examination, and if the test were a satisfactory one, we ought to be well content to fill our Government Offices with them, or even gradually to recruit a bureaucracy from the Mechanics' Institute and the Training School. More than one thoughtful servant of the Crown noted this, in 1855, as a possible result; but no one, we venture to think, who has either felt or reflected how much England has gained in being governed by gentlemen, would willingly exchange the present class of public servants for men more able perhaps and not less honest, but who had not the hereditary culture, the domestic traditions, the social training, all that insensible education in courtesy, in loyalty, in honour, which forms that subtle and undefinable, unmistakable character whereby the veriest democrat cannot but recognize the gentleman. The risk may be somewhat shadowy; the evil may not, to modern Liberals, late converts to the extremest doctrines of democracy, seem very serious, even were it realized; but statesmen who have worked with the act

servants of the Crown will hardly, we venture to think, contemplate with satisfaction such a result of their new principles as this.

Two writers of the highest authority, and of eminently thoughtful and practical temper, speak with equal emphasis of the tendency of the system, both in England and in France, to introduce the wrong men into the Civil Service, and to deteriorate its character.

Mr. Helps's estimate of the system is very unfavourable:—

'How ineffective this mode of procedure is likely to be, may be inferred from the following statement. You wish to ascertain that a man will be zealous, faithful, true, reticent, cautious, and capable of dealing rapidly with current business; and also as he advances in office, of taking a certain amount of responsibility upon himself. You think that you have accomplished this end by ascertaining that he can construe Latin, and has been crammed with a certain knowledge of the facts of history, which facts, having been devoured rather than digested, stand very little chance of being well used by him for the future, and will probably be entirely forgotten.

'As a humorous person, I know, is wont to say, "If you were to try the candidates in whist, there might be a chance of discerning whether they would be capable of dealing with the real business of the world."

'There is one very important point to be considered in reference to this question; and that is, not only is the talent for acquiring knowledge not a talent of imperative necessity, as regards the conduct of the business of the world, but it is absolutely injurious in some respects. Young people very often manifest a readiness to acquire knowledge merely from a certain docility of mind, which makes few enquiries, is easily satisfied with what the teacher tells it, and never cares to take an original and independent view of what is taught. These qualifications are exactly opposed to those which are wanted in the conduct of business. Putting aside, however, for the moment, any conjectures about the matter, I venture to assert that much of the greatest and the best work in the world has been done by those who were anything but docile in their youth. This bold statement applies, I believe, not only to the greatest men in Science, Literature, and Art, but to the greatest men in official life, in diplomacy, and in the general business of the world. If I were asked to point out the men who, in my experience of public affairs, have shown the most remarkable competency for the conduct of business, they would, in several instances, prove to be men of very limited education. One of the principal qualifications for the conduct of business is decisiveness; and surely no one will contend that decisiveness is, of necessity, promoted by the acquisition of much knowledge in youth.'—*Thoughts upon Government*, pp. 63-65.

Mr. Senior reports M. de Tocqueville's observations as follows:—

'In the evening we discussed the new scheme of throwing open the service of India and of the Government offices to public competition.

"We have followed," said Tocqueville, "that system to a great extent for many years. Our object was twofold. One was to depress the aristocracy of wealth, birth, and connexions. In this we have succeeded. The École Polytechnique, and the other schools in which the vacancies are given to those who pass the best examinations, are filled by youth belonging to the middle classes, who, undistracted by society, amusement, or by any literary or scientific pursuits, except those immediately bearing on their examinations, beat their better-born competitors, who will not degrade themselves into the mere slaves to success in the *concours*. Our other object was to obtain the best pupils servants. In that we have failed. We have brought knowledge and ability to an average; diminished the number of incompetent employes and reduced, almost to nothing, the number of distinguished ones. Continued application to a small number of subjects, and those always the same, not selected by the student, but imposed on him by the inflexible rule of the establishment, without reference to his tastes or to his powers, is as bad for the mind as the constant exercise of a set of muscles would be for the body.

"We have a name for those who have been thus educated. They are called 'polytechnisés.' If you follow our example, you will increase your second-rates, and extinguish your first-rates; and what is perhaps a more important result, whether you consider it a good or an evil, you will make a large stride in the direction in which you have lately made so many—the removing the government and the administration of England from the hands of the higher classes into those of the middle and lower ones."—*Correspondence and Conversations of Alexis de Tocqueville with Nassau William Senior*, vol. ii. p. 85.\*

Again, the men who are admitted by competitive examination will hold their places, so to speak, by right of conquest. They will be there because they have won, in open contest with all their compeers, the right to be there; to rank as the very foremost of their generation. We have heard something of official insolence already; what are we to expect when the Jack-in-Office sits there in virtue of his proven superiority to the common folk who wait his pleasure outside the barrier? May it not be expected that something of this consciousness of right and might will find its way even into his intercourse with his superiors in place; and that not only he, but the public, will look upon him as having earned not merely a preferential right to a trial in the public service, but a sort of freehold in his office—a title, only to be divested by grave misconduct, to

\* We have already in the preceding article in this number made some extracts from these interesting and instructive volumes, and only regret that space prevented us from giving a separate notice of them. They deserve and will repay a careful perusal.

lifelong employment and remuneration? There has, at times, been something too much of this even with men who owed their places to personal or political favour: with men who have won them in competitive tourney, and as the prizes of merit, the idea of right may easily become so strong as to create a privileged order, and hamper the power of the Crown and the authority of its Parliamentary representatives. At any rate, we can conceive of no system better calculated to foster inordinate self-conceit and self-importance than one under which a bureaucracy is recruited by universal examination—continually supplied with a fresh stream of youths invited and entitled, by the very mode of their appointment, to regard themselves as the ascertained and certified Protagonists of their time, appointed in virtue of their proven intellectual superiority to any and all Her Majesty's subjects of their age; nor would it be easy to fix on qualities less compatible with the position and duties of civilians, or more fatal to the efficiency of the service, than self-conceit and self-importance so fostered.

The remaining objections of the chiefs of departments applied less to the rule than to the absence of exceptions: were directed not so much against the general practice of selection by examination, as against the exclusion of all other modes of selection. It is said, with irrefragable truth, that examination at best affords a presumption of capacity, which may be very useful in the absence of any surer test; but that it is simply absurd to allow it to overrule and set aside all other and surer tests. The majority of vacancies, under the old system of patronage, were filled by the nominees of parliamentary supporters of the Government, on the recommendation of constituents and local magnates. In such cases there was no security for capacity of any kind; and competition may or may not be an advantageous substitute for sheer hap-hazard like this. But appointments made directly and really on the responsibility of the Minister—the selection of a personal acquaintance for this or that post on the ground of personal fitness—ought not to be hampered or restrained by the pedantry of examination; nor ought a man whose merit has been established by actual probation to be sent back to the inferior and practically superseded test. It should be in the power of every Minister, on his own responsibility, to appoint any man he may think fit to any office, formally dispensing with the certificate of the Civil Service Commissioners. There could be no serious apprehension that, under Parliamentary supervision, this power would be abused; and its existence is essentially necessary, first, to enable a Minister to select for a post requiring special qualifications a man who possesses those, without regard

to the irrelevant qualifications shown in examination ; second to enable him to promote a supernumerary whose capacity has been proved by actual probation. Yet such is the pedantry of the present Government that they have done their best to close all such avenues to public employment even more absolutely than before. The Foreign-Office, we believe, still insists on the right to choose its own instruments ; to appoint to a post in Bulgaria or Japan the only available man who can speak the language, whether he can answer questions in conic sections or Greek Grammar or not. But in most other offices the clear proofs of special qualification are of no avail against the sacred right of competition ; the man who can work the hardest problem and write the best Greek shall be entitled to the place whether he can neither Greek nor problems will help him one whit ; and the man who in all England is confessedly the fittest for the duties of the post shall be sent about his business. Could China or Laputa outdo this ?

Another exception for which a strong case is made, both in the Home and Indian service, is the appointment of the sons of meritorious public servants. Such, in this country, rarely has much opportunity of providing for their families. In India they are not unfrequently called upon to sacrifice their lives, and with their lives the future of their children, to their public duty. In India or at home, their health may be broken by the service. The Government of England before 1855, the East India Company before the Mutiny, felt it a duty and a pleasure to reward fidelity and length of service, or special merit, by giving appointments in the public employment to the sons of those who had deserved well of the State. There can be no just claim preferred on the part of an untried man ; no fitter exercise of patronage. But the inflexible rule of 'open competition' sweeps all this away. Henceforward there is no family connection between the people of India and the descendants of Indian statesmen. Henceforward the ill-paid Civil Servant who has worked himself out in arduous and obscure duties leaves his family to penury—his claim on the State is no longer acknowledged, and if it were, his superiors are bankrupt ; they have no patronage wherewith to satisfy it ; every place in their gift belongs by rigid rule, to those who have got the most marks at the open competition. Could anything be better calculated to discourage and disgust the elder and more valuable servants of the Crown ? Could anything be in itself more heartless or more unreasonable, or tend more thoroughly to destroy that interest of the chiefs in their subordinates which is so essential to the improvement of the latter and the harmonious working of the office ?

If we were to contend that competitive examination is altogether objectionable as a means—as one means among many, or as the principal and most usual means—of selecting recruits for the Civil Service, we should have something to say for our doctrine; but we should be fairly met by the rejoinder that the only practical alternative is patronage; and that patronage is open to objections quite as strong as can be urged against open competition. We might or might not admit this allegation; but the argument would certainly be tenable, and able and impartial judges might come to different conclusions upon such an issue. We do not mean, therefore, to insist upon this view. We will allow that—considering merely the interests of the Civil Service, and putting aside on the one hand the alleged evils of political corruption wrought by the exercise of Ministerial patronage, and on the other the educational influences, good or evil, of competition—the latter may be the better method of filling that very large class of places which, under the former system, were and always must be given by the Minister to men of whom he knew nothing, on the recommendation of political supporters who knew only that the nominee was the son, or brother, or *protégé* of an influential constituent. But what we do maintain is that personal responsibility is an infinitely better guarantee of the goodness of an appointment than examination can be; that actual and individual selection by a Minister, on his own knowledge of the man, is infinitely preferable to mechanical selection by a Board of Examiners upon answers to literary, scholastic, or scientific questions; and that the inferior mode ought not to be allowed to supersede and exclude the superior.

As regards what are called the Staff Appointments—those which are filled as a rule by the introduction of outsiders, and not by routine promotion, this is admitted. Not even Mr. Lowe, not even Sir C. Trevelyan, proposes to select a Commissioner of Customs or an Under-Secretary of State by competitive examination. In regard to these, the highest and most critical class of appointments, it is acknowledged that the mechanical choice by examination would be preposterous, and that personal selection can alone be trusted. It is thus confessed that, where personal selection is a reality, it is infinitely superior to competition. Why then introduce competition except in default of personal selection? Is it not plain that you should rejoice at every opportunity of bringing the latter to bear: that wherever a Minister is able to say ‘I know A. B., and I warrant him fit for the place, and on my responsibility appoint him to it,’ you have the best possible mode



mode of appointment, and that competition is tolerable or where, and because, such personal knowledge and consequent responsibility cannot be had? Yet from the Indian Service such personal selection is excluded: and in the new system enforced upon the Home Service, though a formal reservation made, it is so fettered by conditions, so jealously guarded and narrowly defined, that in the opinion of the best and most experienced judges it will have no practical effect. Everywhere in short, the principle of personal selection by proved or known merit is practically excluded in favour of mechanical selection upon the mere presumption of merit afforded by academic examination. Surely the true course would be the very reverse to encourage and accept personal selection wherever practical under the single guarantee of sincerity afforded by a distinct personal, producible declaration on the part of the official patron that he knows the nominee to be thoroughly qualified for the post. Room would thus be made for men who have earned their promotion by good service as supernumeraries, of whom we have already spoken; and room ought thus, on some similar way, to be made for the sons of meritorious public servants, whose parentage is surely as good a *presumption* that they will make good public servants in their turn, and a better *claim* to the favour of the State, than can be founded on mere academic proficiency. For, after all, academic proficiency—even if true proficiency always prevailed in competitive examinations—is at best only a presumptive evidence of general ability; to treat it as if it were a proof indispensable, entitled to override all others, or even as if it were the only, or the best presumption, is to take that silently for granted which, as a matter of fact, is notoriously and flagrantly untrue.

The special form which the present Government has chosen to give to its competitive scheme is worse by many degrees than the competition itself. It is not confined, like that, to the application of a dubious test, a mischievous barrier, at the entrance to the public offices: it penetrates the interior of the department, the official life of the successful aspirant, and does its best to ruin the discipline of the one and the character of the other. Hope and fear are the instruments of discipline; and the competitive system limits narrowly the influence of both. As regards the lowest class, indeed, it destroys that influence altogether; the worst that can happen to them is to be dismissed from service where they get rather less than the market rate of pay, and they have no prospect of reward, however faithful, diligent or capable they may approve themselves. No idleness can seriously injure their position; no merit can improve it. Un-

the former system the men who held a corresponding place and performed similar duties had, in the first place, the prospect, as the reward of especial merit, of an increase of salary from 30*s.* to 40*s.*, or even 60*s.* Next, they had the hope of promotion. There are at this day men holding very high office, and receiving salaries of 1200*l.* or more *per annum*, who entered the department in a rank even lower than that of the modern 'writers.' But a writer is for ever shut out from promotion, no matter what his merits; and even his salary cannot be raised.\* Then

\* We are anxious to call attention to the gross injustice done to these meritorious servants by the recent Order in Council. Their case is fairly stated in a pamphlet, the title of which we have placed at the head of the present article; and which we strongly recommend our readers to obtain. The claims therein made have, we know, received the approval of many heads of departments, who consider that these Clerks have been cruelly treated by the Treasury. We have, however, little hope of any amelioration in their lot, except by the action of the House of Commons. We subjoin some extracts from this pamphlet, that our readers may judge for themselves:—

'Prior to the Order in Council of the 4th June, 1870, a large number of intelligent men had been for many years employed in the Civil Service, at a low rate of pay; in the Admiralty, War Office, Customs, Inland Revenue, Board of Trade, Education Department, and other Offices; *presumably* to carry out the less intellectual portion of the official duties.

'The minimum rate of pay ranged in different offices from 5*s.* to 6*s.* 6*d.* per diem, with an increment, in most cases, after every year of service. A fortnight's leave of absence, without deduction, was granted at the end of each year, while in certain offices the Writers were allowed half-pay during sickness, and in some other respects enjoyed the privileges of the Established Clerks.

'By the Order in Council of 4th June, 1870, which threw the Civil Service open to public competition, the regulations under which Writers were thenceforward to be appointed were made extremely stringent and one-sided. Many Writers, who had already served in Government offices for periods varying from three to eighteen years, were compelled to present themselves as candidates for examination, and to pay the fees, and consequent expenses, varying from 15*s.* to 20*s.*, or give up their employment. Having passed the required tests, they were then reappointed to their respective offices at the old rates of pay, but were allowed neither sick leave nor holidays, excepting the few official ones (Christmas Day, Good Friday, &c.), while for any portion of time they were absent, even to the fraction of an hour, no matter how unavoidable the case might be, their pay was stopped. They were also most particularly informed that no service, however lengthened, would entitle them to superannuation or compensation allowance.

'Under such stringent regulations, and at such low rates of pay, these unfortunate individuals presumed that matters were at the worst, and hoped that better terms would in course of time be secured for them; but by a subsequent Order in Council, dated 19th August, 1871, immediately after the prorogation of Parliament, the interests of all Temporary Clerks and Writers were still more seriously affected.

'All absences, even to the fraction of an hour, were to be deducted; no holidays were to be allowed; no provision for sickness was made, and they were liable to dismissal at an hour's notice. Further, they might be called upon to proceed to any part of the United Kingdom, at their own expense, to fulfil an engagement for either a long or a short period.

'Against these cruel reductions, and the harsh and summary manner in which they were enforced, the Writers made many appeals, but were, for sole reply, offered the option of accepting these terms or leaving the service. In some departments,

Then as regards the two higher classes. Here, again, promotion from one to the other is forbidden. The indolent man in the first class need not fear that the clever, active second-class clerk will get ahead of him; he and his fellow have a monopoly of the higher promotion. The competitor by which he won his place was sharp enough; that within the department is so limited by the new rules that it can scarcely be said to exist. What is to keep him up to his work—make him do more than is needful to escape censure or penalties? What is to stimulate the able man in the second rank? His superior at twenty remains his superior all his life, in right of that one examination, although every year the severer and more trying examination of practical work should reverse that decision. And what becomes of the office? A time of hard work comes, as it comes to every department once and again, when it must make the most of every hand it has, and give the work to those who can do it best. Seymour and Fortescue in the first class are careless and listless on 500*l.* a year; Smith and Brown in the second class are diligent and able on 250*l.* The work should be done by the first-class clerk; but it cannot be left to him or it will not get itself done; so Smith and Brown must do the higher work, and take the real responsibilities, while Seymour and Fortescue draw the higher salaries and hold the nominal rank in the office. What department can work under such conditions? What but official anarchy and chaos can come of them? And yet such are the conditions which the present Government, without consideration for special circumstances, and, we believe, without reference to the judgment of the

departments, that of "Education" for instance, the Writers, on presenting themselves for their pay, 30th September, 1871, were informed, without previous notice, that thenceforth they would be paid 10*d.* per hour, or 30*s.* a week (the official day consisting of six hours) instead of 36*s.*, the amount they had hitherto received, and that they would be paid only for the time they were actually in the office.

Some of these men had been employed under the Committee of Council on Education, at Whitehall and South Kensington, for periods varying from three to eighteen years; but because they happened to be employed at the date in question (4th June) at South Kensington, and had been transferred to Whitehall shortly afterwards, the Treasury refused to consider this as continuous service in the same office, and reduced their pay equally with that of those whose appointments were of a few months' duration only.

The flagrant injustice of a wholesale reduction of pay, and withdrawal of privileges was thus supplemented by a code of regulations which not only fixed the remuneration of the Writers at an utterly inadequate rate of pay, but gave them no incentive to faithful and diligent service, and no prospect of an improved position. And, to render this anomaly more glaring, while the examination was somewhat reduced in stringency, the work upon which the majority of the Writers were and are employed, instead of being mere perfunctory and copying work, is of a class that demands a high degree of intelligence and business experience. All claims however for special rates, for special kinds of work, have been systematically refused by the Treasury.

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permanent chiefs, have forced upon a large majority of the offices of the Service, and intend to impose upon the remainder. As if a Procrustean system of this kind could ever be equally adapted to a score of utterly different departments, with utterly different work: as if *this* system could be adapted to any department whatever that had any real work to do!

Whatever may be said of competition in the Home Civil Service, there are yet stronger special objections to its application to India. Even suppose its operation confined to Englishmen, it not only does not tend to give you the best men for your purpose, but it tends to place them at a special disadvantage. The prize is great enough to attract the keenest competition among the most formidable competitors. A man who 'goes in' for the Indian Civil Service expects to encounter the best trained of his contemporaries, and knows that they will have made this examination the goal and end of their studies for years past. He must do as they. Consequently the competition tends to become constantly more severe and more special. Men must work hard and harder, and begin to work hard at an earlier age. They must keep the special end of their work ever in view; they must think not what is really worth studying, or what is congenial to them, but what will tell on the great occasion. Their school life is one long preparation—that is, more and more, one protracted cramming—for the Indian examination. What, then, are the sort of men that prevail? The men with special aptitude for book-learning, with specially receptive minds and retentive memories; who have no strong love of field sports or athletic exercise to divert them from their studies; who can, and will, sit over their books nine or ten hours a day from fifteen to nineteen or twenty. Inasmuch as men of special gifts in one direction are generally somewhat defective in other endowments, it is probable that most of these bookworms are originally deficient in observation, in quickness of insight, in the perceptive faculties generally; deficient in bodily vigour and activity; and the habits necessary to their success, formed at a critical age, have aggravated their defects. You get born and bred students, not born and bred statesmen and rulers of men. You want nothing less than bookworms. A lad who has diligently cultivated his mind in classical and mathematical studies, who is—as students generally are—a little shy, undecided, and perhaps absent, is almost as unfit for your purpose as the veriest dunce. India wants men who are at home in the saddle and the cricket field; who have the quickness of decision, the vigour, freshness, and promptness of mind and

and body, the aptitude in dealing with men and things, which English schoolboys learn in the playground, not in the school-room. And we venture to say that to take the Elevens of Rugby, and Harrow, and the Cambridge and Oxford Eights, and then throw out the nine or ten who wrote the worst answers of a chapter of history, would give you forty far better enquirers of India than you will ever get in the forty candidates who obtain the largest number of marks in an examination. Let that examination be ever so searching, subtle, and well-ordered. The very habits and qualities which won them the marks unfit them for their new task; they are worse men for the purpose than you would get by sheer hap-hazard. Moreover, the examination itself, even as an examination, falls inevitably into the vice inseparable from these public competitive examinations: great prizes. It is far too wide, too exacting, too technical, and success is obtained less and less by *bonâ fide* study, and more by cramming *ad hoc*: cramming knowledge which the candidate never would have sought save for the marks it brings, and which, when the marks are won, he casts off as fast as he can.

When you go beyond the Imperial race, and admit the several peoples to the competition, the absurdity of the results is manifest. Fitness to govern India has been tested by a shrewd and more efficient examination than the ablest academicians could devise; and the decided superiority of the Mussulman and Hindoo, the fact that the English is the master race of all the Bengalees of all others the feeblest and most incapable, the sovereignty, has been pronounced by an arbitrator whose decision is final. But Competitive Examination threatens to reverse the order of nature, to quash the verdict of experience. In the acquisition, in the faculty of collecting, in various departments of knowledge, a mass of available information, and making most of it on an intellectual parade, in the art of cramming, the tact of answering examination-papers, even in the somewhat higher power of writing plausible prize-essays, the Hindoo is out-and-out the superior of the Mussulman, and may prove a formidable rival to the Englishman. The weak-kneed, effeminate Bengalee, with a fair start and a good cramming, not improbably prove as far the first of all Indian races in the examination-room, as he has proved himself the last in the qualities of physical and intellectual manhood. Could there be a more conclusive proof of the utter futility of academic competition as a mode of selecting fit apprentices to the government? Or are we to rejoice in the hope that the British

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established by the sword may be redressed by the pen; that races subject by nature may be restored to supremacy by the artificial tests of literary examination? \*

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\* As this article is passing through the press, we have received an Essay on 'Competition and the Indian Civil Service, read before the East India Association on Tuesday, May 31, by George C. M. Birdwood, M.D.' There are many points in this able paper to which we should have called attention if it had come into our hands earlier, but at present we must content ourselves with making two or three extracts from it:—

'A competitive examination plucks the very candidates who, under a scientific system, would have passed—the very men wanted in India—and passes those who ought to be plucked. I say, advisedly, that it is the present competitive system which too often plucks the best men for the Indian Civil Service and passes the worst, and not the examiners, who have simply to examine faithfully to the system, the tripping-up system—to set puzzling and even more puzzling questions, not to test culture, which a single examination cannot test, and can be tested only by the continuous trial examination involved in the continuous following out of a prescribed course of discipline. Mr. Matthew Arnold writes, "I once bore part in the examination for the Indian Civil Service, and I can truly say that the candidates to whom I gave the highest marks were, almost without exception, the candidates whom I would not have appointed. They were crammed men, not formed men; the formed men were the public school men, but they were ignorant on the special matter of examination, English literature." Another distinguished examiner for the Indian Civil Service himself pointed out to me one of the successful candidates of the year in which he examined, and who stood almost at the head of the list, as the very type of an uneducated man. It is the fact that several of the successful candidates at the last competitive examination for the Indian Civil Service owe their places on the list to the accident of their crammer having on the very morning of the examination, in natural sciences, run them over the anatomy of the lobster, which was one of the subjects also of the examination on that day. They probably knew as much about it the day before, or the week after, as of the anatomy of the Chimæra."

The writer points out, as we have already done in the course of this article, that the whole system of Competitive Examination encourages the mere cramming of knowledge. 'The crammers,' he remarks, 'impress, crimp, sharp, quick boys for the service, warranting their passing on your pledging them a heavy premium. You must be quick and rich, or you have no chance. If a boy is not superficially clever, or cannot hazard their charges—the stake—they reject him off-hand. Competition, in short, instead of opening up, as was hoped, chances for poor men to rise in life, yearly makes it more and more difficult for any but the rich to attempt the public service. The risks run are too great, and failure irreparable. The costly training required is absolutely injurious, and is good only for the competitive examination, and worthless for all else beyond as well as below it; and to fail in the examination is bankruptcy in purse, in mind, and soul. Competition for the Indian Civil Services has failed utterly to benefit the poor. It opposes an insurmountable bar to poverty as to culture. Owing to the omnipotent crammers, the Indian Civil Services are as effectually closed against able but poor men, as the House of Commons, and it would be more straightforward and frank to sell the appointments at a yearly auction outright to the highest bidder. The money would go to the British taxpayer or Indian ryot then that now goes to swell the fortunes of these crammers. I know a Cambridge Wrangler who was told by one of these gambling crammers, "You have no chance unless you come to me for three months." . . . 'Our examinations for the public service not being pass, but competitive, tend also and necessarily to cram-subjects—"paying subjects," in the crammer's slang—"English literature" and the "physical sciences," falsely so called, and away from disciplinary, the dead languages, mathematics, grammar, logic, and the method of science, which draw out and give edge and polish to the intellect as the sword of the spirit, and on which—their geometry and admirable dialectics,

This is bad enough; but this is not the worst. To have selected the intellectual blades of finest razor-edge to chop the blocks of the Home Office and notch the tallies of the Exchequer; to stake the fate of India upon the governing capacities of triumphant scholars, and entrust the maintenance of the grandest empire ever built up by men of action to the men of books; this might have seemed enough for one generation—a sufficiently large experiment of a questionable principle, a concession adequate to the extremest desires of the most confident *doctrinaire*. But the competition fever had not reached its acme; its delirium was to run higher and higher yet, and to invade a region which, of all others, we had thought safe from the pestilence. It was possible to understand, if we could not accept, the theory which assumed that those who had been most successful in one kind of intellectual labour would be fittest for another; that those who had been most faithful in their school studies were best to be trusted with the graver duties of official life. But the theory itself, if carried to its fullest extent, applied only within the sphere of purely intellectual labour. Where depth of thought, extent of knowledge, subtlety of intellect, are comparatively useless; where quickness of observation, promptitude of decision, presence of mind, are of infinitely greater value; where the activity of body and the strength of nerve which severe study tends to impair are of more importance than any theoretical learning or capacity of abstract thought; in a profession which makes demands on the higher faculties of the mind only in its more exalted posts, and even in those on comparatively few occasions, while in every rank and at every moment it calls for the gifts which no study can bestow or improve—for physical strength, for the power of endurance, for personal daring, for moral courage, for the quick eye, the ready wit, the fertility of resource which are never learnt in the closet—and which distinguish rather the sportsman than the student—in such a profession it would seem that the most ardent and unhesitating of *doctrinaires* would admit that Competitive Examination

dialectics—the keen, bright mind of Greece was whetted; and the tendency of the present competitive system, therefore, is, and its result at the last must be, to revolutionise the teaching of the English schools, which, with all their old-fashioned and readily corrected faults, afford the best of all moral and intellectual training for men, as Prussia and France are both beginning to acknowledge, and as Englishmen have proved, not once nor twice, in the story of this island, from Elizabeth to Victoria. It must, if obstinately persisted in, subvert our old schools and fix the national intellect in the cataleptic immobility of China and Japan. In short, competition, as at present conducted, is an unqualified curse—in the case of the Indian Civil Service, potential, it may be, rather than actual—to the public services, to its victims, whether successful or unsuccessful, and to national education and the national character, intellectual and moral.

nation has no place, and the school prizeman no advantage. If Greek and Conic Sections have no special relation to the duties of a Foreign Office clerk, yet it may be said that the intellectual faculties and the industry which enable a youth to prevail over his rivals in the one will fit him for the other. But this presumption, such as it is, is wholly wanting when you pass outside of the sedentary professions; when you come to choose men not to write but to act; not to sit all day at a desk, but to spend days and nights in the saddle; not to word a despatch neatly, or to keep accounts correctly, or to maintain sound political and financial principles, but to discern at a glance the character of an unknown country, the signs of an ambuscade, the symptoms of a critical moment in the fortunes of battle; to inspire confidence in soldiers; to be undisturbed and cool amid the din of artillery and the whirr of bullets; to lead a desperate charge, or defend to the utmost an indefensible post.

There may be good reason to believe that a good cricketer, a good foot-ball player, a popular captain of the school, will make a first-rate officer; there is no reason to believe in the soldier-like capacity of a successful Grecian. All you know of him, for this purpose, is that he is not a dunce; and that you might ascertain just as well by a pass examination. You don't want fools in the army; that is granted. But, fools apart, is there any reason to fancy that the first-rate scholar will make a better officer than the second-rate? Is there any reason to prefer the lad of eighteen, who is near the head of the Sixth, to his cousin of the same age in the Fifth? Both will be easily able to master the theory and the book-work of their profession; in the field, which is likely to do best, the boy whose heart has been in the class-room, or the boy whose heart has been in the cricket-field? Competitive Examination not only does not tend to pick out the men you want, but it has a strong tendency to pick out the men you don't want—the men whose heads are a little too powerful for their bodies, whose brains have been cultivated a little too much for the good of their nerves and muscles, who are quick at catching the meaning of an author rather than the features of a country—and to shut out the best class of officers, the men who do not love books, and do love the boat-club and the partridge-stubble; who, without being fools, are still further from being students, and whose minds often will not reach their real maturity for ten or twelve years to come, during which time nerve and muscle will be trained and hardened into physical perfection. If the army were so attractive as to bring about a severe competition for every commission, it would, in ten years be simply paralysed; for, inasmuch, as with equal gifts, the book-

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worm must, in book competition, beat the man of action, yet an army would within that time be officered by bookworms, who could just pass the doctor, and who in the field would be simply useless.\* We shall escape this, in all probability, because the prospect offered by a commission in the army will not attract a sufficient number of first-rate scholars from our public schools and universities to make it intolerably severe. But in escaping Scylla we fall into Charybdis; the cause which saves the army from being officered by senior wranglers and double firsts, will expose it to be officered by pupil-teachers. These, who would have no chance in examination against the real scholar, would generally beat out of the field the present class of officers. Nothing could be more deplorable. These men are not men of action or of first-rate *physique*, still less of the athletic out-door habits of English gentlemen; and they will not make good officers. They will not be gentlemen; and not being gentlemen, they will lower the tone and character of the army, and impair its discipline. We shall not argue these points: we leave them fearless to the judgment of those who alone are fit to judge; of those who know in the first place enough of Competitive Examination to see how it will work, when it fails to attract an adequate number of candidates of the Sixth-Form and University-honour class; enough in the second place of English soldiers, and of Englishmen in general, to understand how readily and willingly they follow a gentleman who is no scholar; how contemptuous will be their feelings towards a scholar who is no gentleman. That any one should dream of officering the British army with men whose sole qualification consists in the number of marks achieved at a miscellaneous examination, will to such judges, as to us appear the *ne plus ultra* and sheer insanity of *doctrinaire* competition gone stark staring mad.

If the system of Competitive Examination is to be continued, the Civil Service Commission must be reformed both its constitution and its practice. In its place we should prefer to see a carefully selected and jealously watched board of examiners, whose duty should be to give certificates of competency to young men from whom the *heads of departments might select*, just as the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons

\* There are, happily, other avenues of admission to the Army still left open. But the same influences which have introduced competition tend to extend it at the expense of all other modes of admission: if the first fifty have a right to preference over the second fifty competitors, the latter have clearly the same right against those who have not ventured to compete at all; and it is only on grounds which justify resistance to the principle *in toto* that we can hope to prevent gradual extension to the exclusion of all other avenues to the Service.

give certificates to medical men, from whom the Government or the public may select. But if the heads of departments, who have after all the greatest interest in the efficiency of their staff, are not to be allowed to select their own officers, they ought, in every case, to be associated with the examiners in testing the qualifications of the candidates who are to serve under them. No greater or more signal proof of want of confidence in a public servant can be devised than refusing him all voice in the choice of his subordinates; and we should rejoice to see the heads of departments claiming this privilege, which we are convinced would contribute more to the efficiency of the Civil Service than any system of Competitive Examination.

In any case the Civil Service Commission cannot continue on its present footing. The idea of one board selecting qualified persons for every appointment in the Civil Service is preposterous. Let us take a case to test the proceedings of the Commissioners. The principal Librarian of the British Museum or the Director of Kew Gardens wants a man possessing special knowledge on some particular subject. After many inquiries he finds one who satisfies his requirements in every respect; the candidate has made this subject the study of his life, and perhaps knows more about it than any one in the kingdom; but neither the authorities of the British Museum nor those of Kew Gardens can give him the appointment without his passing the ordeal of the Civil Service Examination. He may be a foreigner, and cannot spell English correctly; or, having devoted his time and energies to scientific researches, he may be sadly deficient in history, and naïvely supposes George III. to be the son of George II. What can it matter, the intelligent reader may ask? The Civil Service Commissioners, however, take a different view. What! they say, appoint a man who cannot spell, and who is ignorant of the most elementary facts in the history of our country? Straightway he is rejected. In vain do the authorities of the Museum or Kew Gardens assure the Commissioners that the candidate is the very man whom they want, and that his deficiencies in spelling and history will not in the least interfere with the efficient discharge of the duties of the office. To all such representations the Commissioners turn a deaf ear. They appoint a man whose spelling is unexceptionable, and who can repeat by rote the names of all the sons and grandsons of Edward III., and lucidly explain the origin of the War of the Roses, but who is inferior in the special knowledge required to the candidate whom they have rejected. Is it surprising that the heads of departments should feel indignant when they see the interests of the public service sacrificed to such pedantry, and should

loudly call for a reform in the constitution of the Civil Service Commission?

The Commissioners have, indeed, power, under Clause VII. the Civil Service Regulations, to dispense altogether with examinations in certain cases ;\* but instead of availing themselves of this power, as we should have thought they would gladly have done, they actually court employment in examining for scientific appointments, though there is not a scientific man amongst the Commissioners—though the public has no confidence in the power of selecting good examiners in science—and, strangest of all, though they are themselves utterly ignorant of the means of apportioning the marks given to the candidates! This is far the greatest blot in the whole system. What should we say to a body of gentlemen ignorant of medicine calling together a council of physicians, to pronounce on the illness of a patient ; taking the opinion of each on a separate organ of the patient's body, and then proceeding themselves to apply physic to the poor patient according to the sums and differences of the physicians' opinions all in a heap ; and this not under any medical control whatever but by the light of their own ignorance? This is literally what has been done in the case of an appointment for which scientific qualifications were requisite, and which has come under our own knowledge : the Commissioners summoned scientific and non-scientific examiners, assigned to each a certain number of marks, and then, without any consultation, or any means of knowing by what standard each examiner measured the allotment marks, themselves decided on the candidate's merit by the sum

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\* We subjoin a copy of this Regulation :—

‘VII. In case the chief of a department to which a situation belongs and the Lords of the Treasury shall consider that the qualifications in respect of knowledge and ability deemed requisite for such situation are wholly or in part professional or otherwise peculiar, and not ordinarily to be acquired in the Civil Service, the said chief of the department shall propose to appoint thereto a person who has acquired such qualifications in other pursuits, or in case the said chief of department and the Lords of the Treasury shall consider that, either for the purpose of facilitating transfers from the Redundant List or for other reasons it would be for the public interest that examination should be wholly or partly dispensed with, the *Civil Service Commissioners may dispense with examination* wholly or partially, and may grant their certificate of qualification upon evidence satisfactory to them that the said person possesses the requisite knowledge, ability, and is duly qualified in respect of age, health, and character.’

It would, therefore, appear that even when the chief of a department and the Lords of the Treasury think that it would be for the public interest that examination should be dispensed with, they have no power to do so without the sanction of the Civil Service Commissioners! Why should the Commissioners have veto upon every public appointment, especially when they have made up their minds, as it appears, that it is never for the public interest to dispense with examination? Why should not the chief of a department and the Lords of the Treasury be trusted with the selection of officers under Clause VII. without intervention of a body which prefers examination to proved capacity?

total of these marks ; thus making the whole process little better than a lottery.

As we write, we hear rumours of worse things yet—of promotion, for example, by Competitive Examination from rank to rank in the army, from grade to grade in the Civil Service. But in despite of our past experience of impossible follies realised, we refuse to believe in the possibility of such folly as this. The certainty that it would at once and completely, to the extreme annoyance and discomfiture of the authors of the change, demoralise every regiment and every office to which it should be applied—every man forthwith neglecting the *duties* which would not help him to promotion for the *studies* which would—must restrain even Mr. Lowe from carrying the competitive-craze to this climax of consistent absurdity. Consistent—for if the principle be good at all, it is good so far ; if competition be a better test than experience for first appointments, it is so for promotion ; if a chief may not appoint an outsider to a clerkship on his own knowledge of the man's fitness, there is no reason why he should be allowed on his own knowledge of the man's fitness to promote the clerk to a higher post. Absurdity—nearly all will allow. And such a *reductio ad absurdum* of the system, were it not too much to hope for, would be about the best thing we could desire ; it would bring to an end, speedily, finally, amid general ridicule, a practice and doctrine which otherwise may linger long, and do an infinity of mischief before any political party has the courage boldly to denounce them as unsound and pestilent. Already, however, we discern some faint signs of a reaction in the political and official world ; and beyond that world, happily, the theory has not spread far or taken deep root. The present Ministry has pushed on too fast and too far ; its successors—if they choose to assert the rights inseparable from responsibility, and decline to be bound by any mechanical selection of the instruments with which they must work ; if they frankly deny the supposed divine right of the smartest, and insist that good breeding and social education are more valuable qualifications for an official than trigonometry or Greek ; that it is better for the British army to be officered by unlearned gentlemen than by underbred *litterates*—may yet have the opportunity of retracing the worst of the recent steps. There is nothing essentially popular in the competitive system ; fair play for talent is one thing, a monopoly of life's prizes for a special class of talents another, and a far less attractive one ; and on the whole we believe that Englishmen would quite as readily accept the assumption that

the high places of the national service, civil and military, are best filled by members of an aristocracy of birth, wealth, and breeding, open to the children of any man who can make his mark on the world around him (with fair play and full opportunity to able men of a lower class to rise by practical services) as the doctrine that these places are the perquisites of successful scholars and fortunate pupil-teachers. Of all oligarchies, of all monopolies, a recognised oligarchy of precocious talent, monopolizing the good things of life by sheer right of academic superiority, is one of the most offensive and irritating; and we see no reason to believe that, if the competitive system were swept away to-morrow, any considerable class of the community would bestir itself, even by petition or public meeting, to vindicate the vested right of scholastic proficiency to command the British army and administer the British empire.

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ART. IX.—1. *Debate on the Second Reading of the Ballot Bill in the House of Lords.* June 11, 1872.

2. *Judgment delivered by Mr. Justice Keogh at the Court House Galway.* May 27, 1872.

IT seems to be a prevalent impression that the political current in this country, as well as over the great portion of the civilised world, has set in so definitively and so strongly in the direction of democracy, that it is futile to withstand it and idle to lament it. It may be so; but men who take their stand upon a principle ought never, even in the darkest days, to despair of its ultimate triumph; and all to whom politics is a science, not a taste, would do well to remember that the current of popular opinion, like all currents, and more than most, has its ebbs and flows, its periods of slack water as of flood tide, and that the checks and dams and diversions that were powerless against it in its early violence, may suffice to control it, or even sometimes to turn it back, when its first impetuosity is spent. Be this as it may, and whether or not it be possible to stay or moderate the current on the bosom of which we are drifting, we should at least watch our course, note the disappearing landmarks as we pass, be prompt to take advantage of every pause and eddy as we drive along, and resolutely refuse to shut our eyes because we do not like the look of the ocean to which we are hastening.

Now, there is one point of view from which our representative system, in the form which it has at length reached, has scarcely yet been at all regarded; and yet it is probably the most momentous and significant of all. For forty years we have been busi-

basily at work transforming it,—a few of us wilfully and insidiously, most of us fatalistically and half maliciously; not pausing long enough in our plastic task or getting far enough from it to consider it with an artist's eye, and see how it looked; not giving ourselves time to reflect (if, indeed, we had been a reflecting people—which we are not) what we were doing and whither we were going. At last the transformation is complete. Mr. Disraeli, with his Household Suffrage in 1867, and Mr. Forster with his Secret Voting in 1872, have finished the work which Lord John Russell began with his great Reform Bill in 1832. Our practice has been brought into conformity with our theory and our profession; and *the Representation of the People*—that is, of the numerical majority—*has been made a reality at last*. This is the phrase and the fact on which we wish to fix attention. We were told in 1831 that England was *not* governed by representative institutions, though she professed to be so; that the different classes and constituents of the community were not actually reproduced in Parliament; that her so-called popular representation was a mockery and a sham; and—with the Members for one hundred boroughs nominated by Ministers and Peers, with Walls and Mounds returning two senators apiece, with scores of the great cities which created the wealth and contained the vigour of the nation, such as Manchester and Birmingham, wholly ignored in the House of Commons—it was impossible to deny the allegation. The monstrosities were rectified, some thought with too lavish and too bold a hand; and popular representation, it was thought, was made a reality. But after a period of pause and satisfaction, the arguments of the Radicals pointed out that the supposed reality was still a sham; that the largest class of the community, the true source of our industrial greatness, the bone and sinew of the country, as they were termed—the working men, in short—were still deprived of the suffrage, and that it must be forthwith conferred upon them, in order that theory and practice might be brought into harmony indeed. The exigencies of Party gave strength and auxiliaries to the Radical demands, and Mr. Disraeli, with the aid of Mr. Gladstone, gave an equal franchise to every householder and to many lodgers, rich or poor, ignorant or educated, without distinction; and a virtual revolution was thus silently effected, though its operation was not fully realised or indeed consummated at once. Almost immediately, however, re-rose the cry—a natural corollary of the recent step—that it was useless and indeed deceptive to give the franchise to these poor and dependent electors, unless you made them independent by enabling them to vote in secret, and thus protected them

them from all undue or external influence; that till this was done, the vice of 'sham' and unreality still hung over the system; and that, in fact, the representation of the People would not be complete and genuine till every man had a vote, till every man's vote was equal, and till no man could know how any other man voted. The cogency of the logic was admitted, and the job was done. Popular (and virtually universal) Representation has become a reality at last.

Now, what we have to notice—and not only to notice, but fully to realise and closely to consider—is, that this is precisely *what it has never been before*, at any period of our history. Previous to 1832,—in those old times when England was so great and paramount a nation, when we were so proud of our institutions, when we were so exceptionally free,—Representation was not a reality in the sense in which we have made it so now. Classes were represented; Property was represented; Education was represented; Guilds, *i.e.* Industries were represented; but individuals, numbers, the masses of the people were not. The House of Commons pictured and reproduced the nation in a sort of general and often faithful fashion,—that is, it shared and reflected the opinion of the important, motive, influential classes of the community; but popular Representation, in the sense in which it is now understood and carried out,—in which Rousseau and Sièyes understood it; in which France and America understand it,—did not exist. It was prevented from existing by four things:—By the limited suffrage, which gave votes only to proprietors, leaseholders, burghers, freemen, and graduates; by close and rotten boroughs, which gave members to extinct towns, and refused them to thriving cities; by the influence of Peers and landed proprietors, which practically placed the votes of the tenants at the disposal of their landlords; and by Party management, which largely overrode individual preferences. That representative system, which we were so proud of, which answered so well in the past (illogical and bristling with anomalies as it was), which surrounding nations admired and envied and fancied they were going to imitate, has been swept away. What we have installed now, under the same name, is something wholly different, something quite new, something as yet untried and problematic. It is no more the same thing, than Mr. John Smith the manufacturer is of the same family as Mr. Algernon Sydney, the extinct feudal gentleman, because he has purchased his estate and lives in his ancestral manor-house; nor can it be any more expected to act in the same way. In fine, we hitherto have lived under Representative Institutions *nominally* only,—that is, under

under such restraints, modifications, inconsistencies, almost denials, as made them yield most of their good and little of their evil operation. Other nations have lived under them *really*, in their bald and naked truthfulness, and we are now about to do the same. The 'sham'—to speak broadly—did succeed to us on the whole wonderfully. Will the actuality succeed as well? We cannot tell, and have no desire to vaticinate; as yet we have only foreign analogies, always imperfect, to guide our conjecture. Certainly, unrestricted suffrage, thoroughly popular representation, cannot be said to have succeeded—indeed may be said to have deplorably failed—in France and the United States. During the Restoration, from 1815 to 1847, Parliamentary Government worked fairly in France: so it did in America up to about forty or fifty years ago; so it did in Switzerland till a generation since; so it does in Italy at present. But in all these cases, and up to these dates, they had kept clear of anything like Universal Suffrage. In France, under Louis XVIII. and Louis Philippe, the electors scarcely exceeded 250,000, and there were nearly 600,000 Government appointments to divide among them. In Italy, the franchise qualification is not high, but the entire constituent body scarcely reaches a quarter of a million. In Prussia, all men have votes, or nearly so; but there the thoroughly anti-democratic system of double election is in practice.

'Representative Institutions are on their trial,' said the Prince Consort, on a memorable occasion. We may say so too, though in a different sense. We are now about to *try* them—to try them, not in the sense of judgment, but of experiment—for the first time. Household suffrage now virtually gives votes, and equal votes, to every man, and the Ballot has been devised for the purpose of enabling every man to vote as he pleases. Now, as the working or wage-receiving classes are far the most numerous, and as three-fourths of them may be said to be practically without anything that can fairly be called education, Household Suffrage and the Ballot combined will be found to have handed over electoral supremacy and political preponderance, whenever they choose to exercise them, to the uneducated masses;—that is to say, these classes can, if they like, return nearly the whole House of Commons, and each man can choose his candidate according to his own ideas or prepossessions, uncontrolled by any influence from without or from above. The Continental theory of representation has been carried out, and the English practice of representation has been demonstrated; and we have thus been landed in something altogether untried. Till now, the higher, wealthier, more educated classes



classes had political power, or at least political preponderance in their own hands: now they have handed over *power* to the lower classes, and have retained only *influence*; and moreover have jealously limited and conditioned the exercise of that influence by the sternerest barriers. And they have completed this transfer of governing supremacy precisely at an epoch when the old political questions which divided the strata of society *vertically* are nearly done with, and when new questions which divide them *horizontally* have come into the foreground. The higher ranks have given over their arms, their castles, and their artillery to the lower ranks just at the moment when the apparent severance between the interests of the two ranks has got paramount hold of the popular imagination, and when the poor are beginning to aspire most eagerly to the privileges and possessions of the rich. The capitalist who employs five hundred artisans, has given each of those artisans an electoral influence of equal potency with his own, and has therefore enabled them to outvote him in the ratio of five hundred to one; and he has done this exactly when the eternal struggle between capital and labour for the management of industrial enterprise and the division of industrial gains has reached a magnitude and vivacity never before approached, and when economical knowledge is too scantily diffused to make it probable that either equity or wisdom will be umpire in the strife. Does it not seem as if we had been doing that very thing which President Lincoln said no sensible nation would do—‘changing horses in the middle of the river’? We are arrived at that stage and crisis of our social progress, when all the deepest, subtlest, knottiest, most exciting social questions are urgent for discussion and settlement,—those which at once demand the coolest treatment, yet stir the fiercest passions; those which only the most tried sagacity, combined with the fairest temper, can deal with serviceably or safely;—and we have selected precisely this very crisis for handing over the choice of the representatives who will have to solve these problems to those sections of the community which, with all their acknowledged merits, are *the least* experienced, *the least* instructed, and *the least* dispassionate of all.

After the fashion of our tribe, when the steed was stolen, we thought of shutting the stable-door. Naturally, as soon as the mischief was irretrievable, those who had pressed on its consummation got a little startled at their work, and began to cast about for mitigations and counteractions. No wonder, then, that Mr. Lowe’s sagacious, but somewhat tardy and quite impracticable advice, to ‘educate our masters,’ found an echo throughout the nation. No wonder that Mr. Forster busied himself so resolutely and

and dexterously to provide something like instruction for the ignorant millions whom he had first helped to endow with supreme power at the polling-booths, and then done what he could to secure against all superior guidance and control in the exercise of it. But unhappily this 'education of our masters,' wise and hopeful as it sounds, loses nearly all its promise when it comes to be analysed and examined more closely. For, even supposing 'the religious difficulty' got over in some way or other under the pressure of urgent danger; supposing our miserable sectarian dissensions merged or silenced in the face of imperative national concern, and a decent system of primary education established throughout the country,—what will be the true state of the case? what the actual balance and residual outcome of our doings and our undoings? We have given the masses power *suddenly*: we are giving them education only *by slow degrees*. We have given them *much* power: we can give them only *little* education. Nay: we give them *supreme* power, with at best a most *superficial* and probably *transient* education. Finally, we give the power to the *existing* generation; we propose to educate the *next*. We give the votes on which are to turn, and may at any crisis turn, the destinies of the country, to the untrained adults between 21 and 75 years of age; we *intend to train* in the capacity to know how to vote the children between six and fourteen. And we plume ourselves upon being a just and sagacious, and above all a 'practical,' nation!

But this is not all. Can we 'educate our masters'? What sort and amount of that education which alone could fit them to understand political questions, to decide in political difficulties, to choose between political candidates and guides, can we bestow upon them? The great mass of them must go forth to earn their own living at the age of thirteen or fourteen, and toil hard ever after. The mere rudiments of knowledge are, therefore, all that can be drilled into them at any school. The larger number will have learned to read and write imperfectly, and will soon lose even that imperfect acquisition. A certain percentage will learn to write well, to read with fluency and ease, to take pleasure in what they have acquired, and will probably retain much of it, and take what opportunities fall in their way afterwards of adding to it. But is that an education which will render them competent to exercise the electoral franchise with discretion; to distinguish the demagogue from the statesman; to detect the nonsense of the popular fallacy, and the insincerity or ignorance of the fluent tribune; to turn away from the plausible socialistic delusion, and pounce upon and hold fast the dry economic truth? In short, is it possible—by any kind or degree of school training which is within reach

ach or can be brought within reach of those who, fourteen onward, must be striving toilsomely forward—to make them as competent to choose good rulers to support wise rulers, and to insist upon sound legislation and administration, as those from whom taken the prepotent voice in these matters?

But we have not only handed over the selection  
tives and rulers, and by consequence the determi-  
policy of the nation to the least qualified portion of  
nity; we have just consummated our work and  
perversity by taking the greatest pains that these  
perform their high and solemn functions according  
individual caprice, fancy, prejudice, and passion,  
guarded secrecy, without guidance or direction  
superiors, without the control of public opinion. I  
to protect from illicit influences, we have as  
possible shielded them from all influences whatever  
of Commons, indeed, shrank at last from punishing  
penalty as larceny and treating as a shameful crime  
was a necessity and an enforced duty in 1871, b  
secret voting a positive and universal obligation  
though reluctantly, so carry out its decrees to the  
important issue, by disenfranchising every man who  
up or left his own voting paper, which perhaps  
might have operated as a counteracting influence  
subsequently it imposed upon every elector a duty  
himself as well as to qualify for so. Now, it is  
—we believe in truth it is very probable—the  
the consequences of this and may prove injure  
and destruction of the nation may be too soon  
which only a small minority in the present  
now, whilst even the Liberal party in Parliament  
and which it is notorious would never have in  
it never before seen the spectacle of the House  
it was a day. It shows it implies, it im-  
plies serious evils will find some way if the  
country and they want that thing it will  
be the end of us unless they abandon a  
policy which has proved to be the worst  
policy of the century since the introduction of it  
is that they shall improve and so forth  
consequently it is more dangerous than  
any other policy ever conceived

test the performance, just as debts of honour are considered more obligatory than others, precisely because they cannot be legally enforced. In a word the Ballot may practically be found impotent to ensure that independence, purity, and secrecy of voting which it aims at—may be futile, may be evaded, may fall into desuetude. But it is safer and more to our present purpose to presume that it will attain its end, and that at last voting at the polling-booth will become as really secret as voting at a club is now. What then will be the reflex operation of this new contrivance? Oddly enough, the advocates of the Ballot have looked only at its primary intention, and have altogether ignored its secondary consequences; yet these deserve especial study, and may prove the most momentous and mischievous, as well as the most unexpected of all.

First of all, it is more than possible that elections will come to be regarded as nuisances, and that voting may cease to be habitual. Even now, except in times of great local excitement or great national interest, going to the polling-booth is felt to be a bore. Stripped of all factitious and stimulating accessories, no processions, no banners, no cries, no crowds, hustings-speeches, or fascinating rows, and above all no public-houses—reduced to the simple and dull-coloured dimensions of a public function to be gone through in secret and in gravity, for a purpose little understood and a candidate little known—it will become in ordinary times to the workman nothing but the loss of a day's wages (which no one will be suffered to replace) without the amusement of a day's holiday. To the man of business it will be just the annoying interruption it has always been, without the artificial interest which conflict has hitherto produced. The quiet and refined citizen, who hates formalities and functions, and who partly from laziness, partly from fastidiousness, partly from languid political preferences, frequently shirks the duty of recording his vote now—why, he will shirk it more than ever. Let any man of competent experience reflect how difficult it is to get masses of electors up to the poll even at present; how they have to be watched, urged, cajoled, carried—not to make them vote this way or that, but to make them vote at all; how few go without being asked; how entirely, in short, an election is, in nine cases out of ten, a case of 'whip';—and then ask himself how languid and exceptional voting will become when all factitious excitement is withdrawn (as under the Ballot Bill it will be), when there are no organized influences to drive men to the polling-booth, when the conveyance of electors to the poll in carriages is forbidden, or refused as a blindfold proceeding, when there is nothing but an elector's sense of public duty to make him vote, and when



no one is to know how he votes, and few will know whether he voted at all. We are little aware how very faint, in reality, and how far from spontaneous, is the ostensible interest taken in a contested election as it is—how few care personally for the candidate, how fewer still for the principle or the cause, though every means fair and unfair is put in action to arouse partisanship and enthusiasm. None of us can as yet adequately conceive how far fainter, more sluggish and more difficult to awaken this interest will be when the streets are as quiet as on Sundays, and the polling-places as dull and silent as a Quaker's meeting; when there is no music and no flags, nobody to belt and nobody to cheer; and above all, *no hourly publication of the state of the Poll*; and lastly, when both men and causes grow smaller year by year, and anything approaching to a principle more difficult to discover or define. We look upon it as nearly certain that, election after election, a smaller and smaller proportion of the electoral body will take the trouble to record their votes; the soberer, the more industrious, the less excitable,—that is, the better sort—will be found to have abstained in the greatest numbers; and we shall be driven in the end to fresh contrivances in order to secure that the results of an appeal to the people shall in some degree represent the real sentiments and views of the great body of the people. We may have to require that the successful candidate shall obtain an absolute majority of the electors on the register, as is already done in some countries; or we may have to adopt the plan long since suggested with the object of obtaining the votes of the more indolent and retiring class among the constituents, and send round voting-papers from house to house, to be afterwards re-collected by appointed officers, and thus almost compel every man to vote as regularly as he pays his rates. In fact, voting made easy—perhaps even made compulsory—will be found to be the necessary complement of voting made secret.

Sincere Liberals, in their eagerness to secure to every man equal rights and the free expression of his opinions, have been accustomed entirely to ignore the fact that, on most political questions, especially the broader and more general ones, the great body of toiling and struggling citizens have usually no opinions of their own at all; they have not thought about them; they do not understand them; they feel no particular concern about them; they have no desire to express convictions which indeed they do not entertain. Nearly the same may be said in reference to candidates: the working men, the numerical bulk of the constituency, often scarcely know one from another, and have no marked preferences among them. In giving such men votes, therefore,

therefore, you give them a privilege and power which either they will not care to exercise at all, or will and must exercise at the persuasion or dictation of others. The majority may or may not vote; but if they do vote, they will vote as the minority tell them. It may be the many who elect the candidate or give triumph to the cause—it will always be, as it now is, the few who decide for them what candidate to choose or what cause or watch-word to fight for. *They never do the thinking for themselves.* By giving them the suffrage, therefore, you have only done half your work, and probably just the half the better-minded among you did not wish to do. In order to arouse your newly-made citizens to exercise the suffrage which you have conferred upon them, you must do one or other of two very evil things—you must organize and manipulate them by a band of electioneers, or you must excite them by a sensational policy. You must run upon one or other of the two rocks which have gone so far to shipwreck and discredit representative institutions in America and in France. Or you may run upon both. It is hard to say which is most to be deprecated. If you go in for the last, you must often adopt an unwise and pernicious line of action, because it is startling and adapted to strike and fascinate the imagination of the masses. You must stimulate them by awakening hopes which you cannot realise, promising benefits you cannot confer, dazzling them by El Dorados to which you can never lead them. Or you must follow a practice perhaps in the long-run still more demoralising; you must make mountains out of mole-hills, and magnify geese into swans; you must inflate little issues into vast ones, lash up a storm in a teapot, get up vehement emotions and flatulent enthusiasms about interests and ideas and differences infinitely small. *Causes*, political doctrines, classes of opinions, will have far less potency than heretofore to stir up the constituencies and drive them in large numbers to the poll; sectional *interests* and fierce *fanaticisms* will have as much or more; mere local celebrities, and not the most reputable celebrities, will have a better chance. The new and enormously swollen electoral body will move rarely and sluggishly from its own spontaneous wishes and sentiments; it will require pressure from without even more than at present to stir it into action; it will be more the prey of those who can *excite* it or *work* it; more especially now that nearly all great political and national questions and conflicts, such as naturally stimulated men's minds and ranged them in opposite camps, are disposed of—with the exception, indeed, of such as concern the distribution of property, perhaps the most disturbing and dangerous of all. But there are still two sets of agencies which will be able to act upon the constituencies, and which

which it will pay to do so—powerful and wealthy interests, such as Railway Directors and Licensed Victuallers—and small but vehement fanaticisms, such as that which has lately operated with such disreputable and disastrous success in assisting the spread of Contagious Diseases. The first will manipulate the electors as a matter of business; the latter will inflame the passions and appeal to their ignorance as an affair of religion. Both operators have motives strong enough to make them do their work well, and (what is particularly to be noted) no one will have any motives of at all equal potency to oppose and counteract them. As long as contested elections were matters of politics, there were party leaders on one side just as energetic as party leaders on the other; but who will concern themselves to fight the Publicans and Brewers except those very few who have the true interests, not the coarse desires, of the working-class disinterestedly at heart? And who, except sincere patriots and statesmen, will care to expose themselves to odium and to the unscrupulous calumnies and misrepresentations of female tongues merely in order to mitigate the severity of an insidious disease which probably will never reach themselves? And statesmanship with us is always so shortsighted, and usually so timid; and patriotism and philanthropy so lukewarm and inactive in any rational and sober cause.

In our anxiety to shield the elector against dangerous and oppressive influences we have emancipated him from good influences as well. Publicity has kept many men straight as well as exposed many to go wrong. We occasionally meet with instances where an indifferent or corrupt politician has been paid for his vote, or a timid and dependent one has been coerced into voting against his conscience; and of course these evils to be checked, if they could be checked without too great expense or risk of alternative mischief. But we forget the, perhaps, as numerous instances where public opinion has withheld a weak and poor man from accepting the bribe he hankered after, because his backsliding was certain to be known; or has prevented a spiteful and vindictive man from voting against his party and his convictions in order to avenge some fancied affront to his vanity, or some unintentional encroachment on his personal interests. Moreover, the old undue influences which the ballot seeks to neutralise, though sometimes harshly exercised and sometimes shamefully abused, had usually something legitimately lying at their root—they were the influences of men of superior station and capacity, often of benefactors and sincere well-wishers. These influences (supposing the ballot to be tolerably effective) we have disarmed; but in doing so we have left

field of coercion open without counteraction to other influences far more pernicious and oppressive, and against which the best mode of secret voting we can contrive is utterly futile as a protection. We have guarded the dependent elector against his employer and his landlord, but we can afford him no protection against the coercion incomparably more mischievous and more indefensible of the Priest and the Trade Union. No influence is so inescapable; none so mercilessly used. There can be no secrecy as against the Priest; and his bribes are incalculably higher, and his threats incalculably more intimidating, than those of his rival the landlord. The Unionist leader has his eyes (or deputy-eyes) open everywhere and always; he has no decency or scruple to prevent him from *insisting* upon knowing the workman's vote; he will make him show it if he can; he will make him swear it if he cannot; he will assume it, and nearly always assume it correctly, if he has any suspicion of its hostile nature; and workmen live too much among workmen for their opinions and feelings to be unknown. Trade Unions are so much of secret societies themselves that the semi-secrecy of the polling-booth will be nothing but the most transparent veil for them. You simply cannot protect the Catholic voter or the industrial voter against the two most sinister and relentless influences that can be brought to bear upon him. And you make these omnipotent by the neutralisation of all *counteracting* ones.

In conclusion, let us sum up, in a single paragraph, the aggregate operations, so far as they can be foreseen with tolerable clearness, of the latest perfecting touches we have put to our transmogrified representative system. What used to be a representation of classes, we have made a representation of mere numbers. We have definitively handed over to that section of the community which not only is, but must always remain, the least instructed, the least reflective, the most impulsive, and the most misleadable, the preponderating electoral and therefore governing power—a preponderance scarcely felt as yet, but nearly certain to become absolute as the people become conscious of it, and are taught to organize it, and have their attention directed to class objects in furtherance of which they can use it with irresistible effect. We have removed these electors, so far as in us lay, from all the direct and indirect influences of property and superior intelligence, leaving the more sinister ones of class oppression and of priestly promises and terrors to operate all the more powerfully from the silencing of counteracting agencies. We have secured that sluggish inertia shall be the normal condition of this vast electoral mass,—a torpor only broken at times by organized and powerful interests, by artificial excitements, by sensational politics,



politics, or by small narrow and noxious fanaticisms. Electoral and Parliamentary struggles will be less political than heretofore, and more class and social—as elsewhere; and the only occasions on which a really national vote or decision can be looked for, will be when the whole country is wild with rage, or fear, or religious bigotry—just the epochs when the nation is least likely to express itself wisely, or for good. In a word, by Household Suffrage and Secret Voting, by the abolition of hustings, nominations, colours, banners, conveyance of voters, declarations of the state of the poll, and the like enactments, we shall effectually, and of set purpose, *have assimilated the representative institutions of England, where alone they had succeeded, to those of Continental and transatlantic nations, where they have uniformly failed.*

As far as the Ballot is concerned, we have never been able to understand the considerations which ultimately determined the present Ministry to bring it forward and make it a prominent Cabinet measure. The popular demand for it, once eager and resolute among a large portion of the liberal party, had very distinctly died away; the majority of the Ministers were recent converts to it; the grievance which it was designed to remedy—the undue influence of rank, landed property, and capital—was assuredly on the decline, and practically applied to a very small portion of the electoral body, indeed chiefly to a certain number of individuals in peculiar positions; and year by year a variety of circumstances was operating to diminish and remove the evil. Yet just to *hasten* the extinction of a dying mischief, our rulers have embarked us on an unknown sea, against (it is well understood) the private judgment and wishes of most of their supporters, in deference, not to a genuine popular demand, but to a fading popular tradition, and amid the gravest misgivings and uneasiness on the part of all who are calm enough or isolated enough from the noise and hurry of party strife to be able to weigh consequences or to investigate any issues but those which lie exactly on the surface. As far as we can perceive, the only set-off to the gloomy and uncertain prospect is to be found in the hope that the new and yet incalculable power which has been given to the working classes, will ensure a degree of prompt and practical attention to their real needs, interests, and just requirements, which, it must be confessed, has not hitherto been as a rule conceded. Having finished the alteration of our tools, we shall perhaps at last set heartily to work to use them.

One or two of the reflections we have suggested, have received a notable illustration and commentary from the incidents of the Galway election, and the startling judicial statements of Judge Keogh.

Keogh in reference thereto. We have no intention of discussing or defending the somewhat too passionate and Irish language in which that remarkable judgment was couched; but as to the substantial correctness of the allegations it contained, there is, we apprehend, no controversy whatever. Taken in connection with some other recent occurrences of a similar character in the same country, the circumstances of the Galway election teach us two or three lessons of singular significance, and we must not suffer the louder and more salient of these to monopolize our attention, or hide the others and perhaps the more important from our sight. It is clear that anything like freedom of election is simply impossible in a country where passions run so high, and where the great body of the people are so ignorant and uncivilized as in the West and South of Ireland. It is plain that the Ballot will afford no protection whatever to the voter against the two forms of intimidation which are incomparably the most pernicious and the most to be dreaded among them all,—intimidation by a brutal and excited populace, and intimidation by an organized and ultramontane priesthood. The educated classes, the gentry, and such of their tenants as were anxious to adhere to them, were driven away from the poll, and hunted through the fields by hostile mobs; secret voting would have been no help to them; it is known how people wish to vote, and are likely to vote: and those who are expected to give an unpopular vote are simply not suffered to vote at all. Landlords and employers, at the worst, threaten only a few individuals, and evict or dismiss them only if they have actually supported their opponents at the poll. The masses, the popular factions, threaten and terrify their antagonists and victims by the hundred and the thousand, and punish the contumacious as ruthlessly as the completed deed. But the operation of sacerdotal influence at Irish elections is still more suggestive of undeniable conclusions. Father Cohen appears to have declared boldly, that, if need were, he would use the secret commission to neutralise and violate the secrecy of the ballot-box. But this extreme would be quite unnecessary. Priestly intimidation has one peculiarity which effectually distinguishes it from landlord intimidation, and indeed from any other sort of undue influence,—it is *self-acting*. The priest need only say to the Catholic voter,—‘Pat O’Shaughnessy, the interests of the Church require that you should vote for Captain Nolan: the welfare of your soul requires that you should support the interests of the Church, of which I am to you the judge and the authorised exponent. I, as consecrated priest, have the keys of heaven and hell; and according as you vote right or wrong, I pronounce your support to one or to the other.’ After this there is no need

for him to ask Pat how he has voted. The doom pronounced contingent one, and in the simple belief of the poor ignorant ele will execute itself. If he be a sincere Catholic—and nearly the Irish peasants are as sincere as they are ignorant—he belie that his priest has really the authority which he arrogates himself, and can declare and decide his fate in the unseen wo and of course he does not dream of disobeying an order iss under such tremendous penalties. Unless, therefore, the land can exercise on his side a corresponding controlling men and unless the fear of being turned out of his holding (be certain and immediate) should prove more efficacious than fear of penal or purgatorial flames (which are remote, possibly conjurable by after penance and repentance), *the conferred upon the Irish Catholic is virtually and simply a given to the priest (ballot or no ballot) and exercisable only accing to his direction, or with his connivance.* Let us lay this elusion well to heart; for unless some flaw can be exposed in reasoning, the consequential inference is serious indeed. In matter in which the priest chooses to say that the interests of Church, that is, the interests of religion, are involved, the elec if he be really a believer, has no option but obedience. And what Irish elections are not the interests of the Catholic Ch directly or indirectly involved? What question, among those most agitate Ireland at the present day, is not more or less a q tion between Church and State? Indeed, we might almost What question, in a Protestant nation with a large populatio Roman Catholics, does not, for these last and their spiri guides, become, almost *ipso facto*, a question between Church State?—a question involving Catholic interests, and there a question as to which a sincere Catholic is bound to take opinion and follow the dictation of his priest.

But this is not all. The priest if he be an honest Cath just as much as his flock if they be sincere believers, r believe in his own powers to bind and to loose; in his right and duty, in all such social and political matters as a the welfare of his Church or the souls and instruction guidance of his congregation—(and in a country like Irel what political or social controversies do not come under description, or will not honestly be thought to do so by a zeal member of the sacerdotal order?)—to judge for them, and them how they ought to act, and by what course of action, cially by what vote, they can best promote the interests of Church which they so blindly and fanatically love. If he a believer, he must believe in himself; or it may be in solemn obligation to follow the directions of his superior

the Hierarchy. He cannot but think that the interests of his religion and his order are concerned most critically in nearly every question and every election that turns up. He must feel that he ought most actively and directly to interfere in every election; to interfere, as an intelligent man always fancies he has a right to interfere, with an ignorant one; to interfere by advice, by argument, by dictation, by remonstrance; to interfere in whatever fashion he can interfere most effectually. In his eyes, the right of the unenlightened peasant to decide for himself, to keep in his own hands the vote the Legislature has conferred upon him, to consult his landlord, or to seek to please his landlord in the matter, will weigh as nothing in the balance when pitted against the interests of THE CHURCH. To forbid him, therefore, to interfere in elections; to use undue influence, *i.e.* every influence short of physical coercion that he can; to intimidate, *i.e.* to make the most of those terrors of purgatory and hell which it is his legitimate and acknowledged privilege to wield; still more to punish him for doing these things, is to threaten and chastise him for doing that which he would violate his conscience and imperil his salvation if he did not do. In a word, and in fine, turn and re-turn the matter how you will, in a land situated politically as Ireland is, with a Catholic population forming part of the citizens of a free and heretical country;—and, given the two facts at the basis of our argument, which facts no one disputes, (*viz.*, that both flocks and pastors are sincere believers; that the people believe in the power of their priests to reward obedience or punish disobedience to their directions by salvation or damnation; and that the priests believe it to be their duty to use this power for the promotion of their creed and the interests of their Church, and under the guidance of their superiors)—then the conclusion is irrefragable: you must either disfranchise the whole Catholic population as being necessarily, permanently, and *ex vi termini*, under ‘undue influence,’ and in no sense free and independent electors;—or you must make up your minds to have the whole electoral power of Catholic Ireland wielded by Cardinal Cullen and Pio Nono; and in this case it would save much violence and riot, and many deadly passions, to dispense with contested elections altogether, and allow the members to be nominated by those potentates direct. You cannot forbid an ignorant fanatic, to whom you have given a vote, from exercising that vote under the direction of the adviser he most trusts, or whose power to help or harm him (*elsewhere*) he most believes in. And you cannot practically, scarcely even rightfully, punish that adviser because he assures the said ignorant fanatic—really believing it himself,

and therefore feeling it absolutely incumbent upon him to utter the tremendous warning—that if he votes wrong he will incur the withering wrath of those to whom the Almighty has entrusted the keys of Heaven and Hell. We are beginning to perceive now—and we were warned of it, and should have realised it long ago, but for the happy though misleading accident of having had moderate and sagacious men for a long period at the head of the Romish Hierarchy—that you cannot confer votes on Roman Catholics unless these should be so enlightened as to determine to judge and act for themselves in all political questions (and to judge and act in the interests of their country, and not of their Church), i.e., *not to be thorough-going believers, or acquiescent in sacerdotal pretensions*; or unless you intend to submit to the embarrassment and humiliation of seeing these votes guided by and for an alien and hostile Theocracy, against whose influence no ballot and no police can afford even the ghost of protection. It is well we should look the truth in the face, and without the veil of mystifying words, at last,—though it be somewhat late in the day for practical good.

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# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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**ART. I.—***Despatches, Correspondence, and Memoranda of F. M. Arthur Duke of Wellington, K.G.* [In continuation of the *Former Series.*] Edited by his Son, the Duke of Wellington, K.G. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1867–1871.

**T**HE career of the late Duke of Wellington, considered as a statesman, divides itself naturally into two parts. Throughout one of these he is either the Indian administrator, negotiating treaties and ruling conquered provinces; or he is the master-spirit which guides the councils of his own and of the Governments in alliance with it, and carries them, often against their will, to the successful issue of a great European war. Upon this portion of his public life we do not, on the present occasion, intend to touch. It needs no panegyric, it stands far above censure. But the other, as it brings him nearer to a level with ourselves, so it offers a fair subject of discussion and even of criticism. We propose, therefore, in the following pages to speak of the Duke exclusively as an English statesman—first, as a member, and by-and-by, as the head of a not very well assorted English Administration; the proceedings of which, when examined in detail, may furnish matter of grave reflection, both because of the light which they throw upon the motives and actions of public men just passed away, and on account of the influence which they have undeniably exercised over our own destinies, and must continue to exercise over the destinies of generations yet unborn.

Of Sir Arthur Wellesley's management of affairs while Chief Secretary for Ireland in the Portland Administration, it is unnecessary to say much. The times were sadly out of joint; wherefore over the means considered necessary to sustain the influence of the Government and to keep the peace in a province thoroughly disaffected, the sooner the veil of forgetfulness is drawn the better. Sir Arthur, it must be admitted, had some disagreeable work to do, and he did it. It was the common condition of things handed down by one Administration to another, of which nobody was ashamed, because all alike took part in it. And it is fair to add, that, in after life, he never spoke of his two years of

official life in Ireland, except as of time mis-spent. But in this process of barter of place and pension for votes, he had no opportunities of doing the State some service, and he embraced the opportunity. To Sir Arthur Wellesley Dublin is indebted for the police of which it still boasts. He laboured, by persuasive appeals to their patriotism, to diminish the evils of absenteeism among Irish landowners. He was compelled by legal process to dispossess the clergymen of the Established Church, who had been accustomed to spend their time in England or abroad, to reside in Ireland as benefices. His views on the subject of national education were in advance of the age in which he lived.\* It is evident that that of the real state of parties in Ireland, and of the state of public opinion, taken, with a view gradually to soften down its bitterness, which he entertained thus early convictions which time only could change. He was convinced, for example, that nothing which the Government proposes to do will make the Irish people contented and therefore loyal. Their passion is to recover from the hands of those whom for the most part they regard as usurpers, the lands which their fathers owned, and anything short of the accomplishment of that object will fail to satisfy them. As to the priests, who are disloyal to a man, and were the case otherwise they would not venture, circumstanced as they are, to preach loyalty to the people. In the first place, being themselves peasants, they naturally think as other peasants do. In the next place, being dependent for subsistence on the voluntary gifts of the people, they must float upon the crest of public opinion. Their own convictions may not always coincide with the public opinion, and from time to time they may make an attempt to guide it into a new channel; but, right or wrong, they will fail, and end in putting themselves at the head of the nation. Observe how completely the Duke's view of the case for Home Rule for the condition of Ireland at the present moment, and the course into which events are rapidly falling. The priests were the first to resist Home Rule when the movement began in 1840; they resisted and were beaten, and now they make no secret of their determination to support for the future only such candidates as shall go to Parliament pledged to bring about the dissolution of the Union. The Duke understood all this by anticipation. His anticipation suggested a rational mode of dealing with

\* The great object of our policy in Ireland should be to obliterate the law which allows us, the distinction between Protestant and Catholic, anything that can induce either sect to recollect or believe that its interests are separate or distinct from those of the other. I would apply this principle to the education which you intend to propose to the Board.—Letter to the Duke, one of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of Ireland.

'If what Grattan and Ponsonby declare be true, respecting the position of the Roman Catholic bishops in Ireland, and I believe that it is, there can be no objection to giving stipends to the Roman Catholic clergy, excepting the general objection of stirring the question at all during the King's life, and those which might be started and are felt by Perceval and some of the red-hot Protestants, to making any concession whatever, as it only creates fresh demands of greater danger to the State.'

After two years thus spent, Sir Arthur relinquished his office and quitted Ireland, never, we believe, to set foot in it again. He landed in Portugal on the 10th of April, 1809, a young Lieutenant-General and a Commoner. He returned to London in July, 1814, a Field Marshal and a Duke. By-and-by came the stern interlude of Waterloo, which to his previous glories added the greatest of them all, the overthrow of Napoleon in person. Then was his sword sheathed. He had conquered for Europe a peace, which, so far as England was concerned, suffered no interruption during the remainder of his days, and these stretched themselves out well-nigh to forty years. But not with the cessation of war did the country dispense with his services. Lord Liverpool's feeble administration threw itself for support upon the prestige of his great name; and he became in consequence, contrary to his own wish, a party politician and a leader of parties. There were many among the most devoted of his friends and admirers who regretted at the time his taking that step; there are some who regret it still; but the arrangement was inevitable. His perfect mastery of military subjects, not less than his knowledge, founded on experience, of the tempers and objects of foreign courts, made his presence in the Cabinet invaluable to men, whom his triumphs in war, much more than their own success in statesmanship, had raised to be the arbitrators of the fate of Europe.

And yet, as the event proved, this thorough acquaintance of his with the views and tempers of foreign Governments lay at the root of almost all the difficulties that by-and-by arose in the Liverpool Administration. So long as Lord Londonderry lived, all went smoothly enough. After his melancholy death troubles came. Not that the interval between 1819 and 1822 proved to be, either to the Duke or his colleagues, a season of quiet. It was the era of Manchester massacres, of Luddite conspiracies, of risings in the North of England and in Scotland, and of the Six Acts. A sudden transition from a state of war, with its profuse expenditure, to one of peace, with its large reductions in all the public establishments, threw the social machine out of gear, and only by measures, strong doubtless, but necessary, was revolution averted.



averted. Perhaps the Englishman's jealousy of the interference of soldiers with civil affairs was never more curiously illustrated than by the measure of blame which the leaders of the Opposition cast upon the Duke in reference to these transactions. Earl Grey, writing to Lord, then Mr. Brougham, speaks of the 'influence of the military mind' in proceedings 'which can only end in the destruction of liberty, or in a convulsion, which may too probably produce the same result.' While Brougham, alluding to Earl Fitzwilliam's removal from his Lord Lieutenant's office, says, 'Milton and I agree in thinking Wellington's hand appeared in it.' Now, no insinuations could be more unjust than these. Be the domestic policy of that era wise or unwise, just or unjust, the Duke had little or nothing to say in determining it. Before then and for some time afterwards he considered himself to be only a learner in the art of constitutional government, and followed, on domestic questions, the lead of men of greater experience. His hand, therefore, if it appeared at all, appeared only through the excellent advice which he gave to officers commanding troops in the disturbed districts. In the management of his own office, on the contrary, he took the greatest interest, remedying defects, correcting abuses, and systematizing details, till the Board of Ordnance became, under his manipulation, the perfect machine which every Committee that afterwards sat to inquire into and report upon it pronounced it to be. Our rulers found it expedient, first to dislocate that model Board at the opening of the Crimean War, by placing the Master-General at the head of the expeditionary army, and then, throwing the blame of their own shortcomings on what they were pleased to call the system, abolished it altogether.

There is nothing in the Duke's published correspondence to show how far he was a consenting party to the measures which resulted in what is commonly called the Queen's trial. We find indeed an account of the abortive attempt that was made to escape, through his agency, from the embarrassing dilemma, and it agrees in the main with that given by Lord Brougham, himself the Queen's representative in the negotiation. But, this incident apart, the Duke has thrown no new light upon the subject. Nobody can pretend to regret this. It was a discreditable business from first to last, and it ended in a fiasco. After carrying their Bill of pains and penalties in the House of Lords by a bare majority of nine, the Ministers found that they could not venture to go farther. In the House of Commons certain defeat awaited them, in order to avoid which, the Parliament was prorogued and the Bill abandoned.

We are inclined to believe that the Tory party—we are satisfied that

that the Liverpool administration—never recovered the loss of prestige which followed these unhappy proceedings. It was damaging enough to have embarked in an affair, which, be the facts of the case what they might, the people of England could never be brought to regard except as cruel and iniquitous. It was still worse to fail. Nor did the mischief end there. Mr. Canning, unwilling to push matters to an extremity, resigned. The King, furious at the issues, declared his intention of dismissing the rest of his Ministers. Against this resolution, the Duke sent in a respectful and statesmanlike remonstrance, and the King changed his mind. But Lord Liverpool never regained his Majesty's confidence, and his Majesty permitted no opportunity to escape him of showing that such was the case.

Lord Liverpool was one of those statesmen to whom Nature seems to have denied the qualities that belong to leaders of men. Not wanting in ability, by no means deficient in prudence, he arrived at decisions rather on the advice of others than by following the dictates of his own judgment. There were two members of the administration whom he consulted on all occasions, the Duke and Mr. Canning. The Duke's devoted loyalty to himself gratified him; the Duke's straightforward honesty of purpose commanded his respect. Mr. Canning threw a spell over him of a different kind; his wit, his eloquence, the prestige that attached to him as the favourite pupil of Pitt, took captive the imagination of a not very imaginative person. Lord Liverpool's reason did not always approve Mr. Canning's suggestions, as it did those of the Duke, yet he was moved to action just as frequently by the one as by the other. If these two happened to agree on any one point, opposition from other quarters was useless. If they differed, he might waver for a time, but the end invariably was some attempt at a compromise. The loss of Mr. Canning to a Government so circumstanced was a serious misfortune, and to the King refusing to take him back, the Prime Minister announced to the Duke his intention of resigning. The following letter in reply to this communication puts in a curious light the acts and motives of princes in the Georgian era:—

"The question arises, ought you to make it (a threat of staking the existence of the administration on the return of Mr. Canning to office) without being determined to carry it through. Your continued opinion, mine, that of several others of your colleagues, and of many of your friends, that it is highly desirable that Mr. Canning should be in the Government, and the claim preferred in the letter of the 29th of June to bring his name again under the King's view, show that you ought to propose him to the King; not only under present circumstances, but whenever an opportunity may offer; his own conduct and opinions in relation to the Government being

being the same as they are at present. I would recommend you to propose him to the King, then, not in the spirit of hostility, not as an alternative to be taken between Mr. Canning and us, or anything else the King can find as a Government, but as you did at first, as an arrangement calculated for the strength of the Government, the benefit of the country, and the honour of the King himself. . . .

'In respect to Lord Conyngham, your line is quite clear; you have nothing to propose, but you desire to remonstrate if the King should propose to appoint him Lord Chamberlain. This, you may rely upon it, he will not be allowed to do. If he does, I think the appointment of Lord Conyngham, unaccompanied by a satisfactory arrangement of the question of Mr. Canning or of the Government, would give you a good ground for quarrel. But why should we look for a quarrel? Is it not rather our duty to endeavour to settle this petty question, which, after all, is a mere trifle, and can affect us, and never was considered as affecting us, except as a point of honour? I don't mean to depreciate the importance of a point of honour to the Government; but, I would observe, that the prevention of this particular appointment became a point of honour and importance to the Government, after the rejection of Canning in June, the questions of the Irish peerages and of the green ribbons, and all the follies of the coronation. . . . As I told you at Walmer, the King has never forgiven your opposition to his wishes in the case of Mr. Sumner. This feeling has influenced every action of his life in relation to his Government from that moment; and I believe to more than one of us he avowed that his objection to Mr. Canning was, that his accession to the Government was peculiarly desirable to you. Nothing can be more unjust or more unfair than this feeling, and as there is not one of your colleagues who did not highly approve of what you did respecting Mr. Sumner, so there is not one of them who would not suffer with you all the consequences of that act.'

The Mr. Sumner referred to here was tutor to Lord Conyngham's son. He had laid the family under a serious obligation, and Lady Conyngham pressed the King to promote him in the Church. Lord Liverpool could not recognise his merits, and declined to recommend him; but Mr. Canning, when, through Lady Conyngham's influence, he obtained by-and-by the object of a life's ambition, proved more compliant, and Mr. Sumner became, and long continued to be, the pious and highly respected Bishop of Winchester.

Convinced by this reasoning, Lord Liverpool kept his place and the machine of the State worked on a little longer without Mr. Canning's assistance. But just as Canning was on the eve of embarking for India, the death of Lord Londonderry was announced, and the necessity of strengthening his administration by reconnecting with it his old colleague, presented itself with renewed intensity to Lord Liverpool's mind. There were, how-



ever, great difficulties to be surmounted. Not the King only, but his brothers also, the Dukes of York and Cumberland, were averse to the arrangement, and in the Cabinet itself a strong feeling prevailed that Canning was not to be trusted. Lord Eldon took this view of the matter, so did Lord Westmorland, so did others: their opposition must therefore be overcome; and who would undertake to grapple with it? Once more the Duke was appealed to. Now, it would be not only absurd, but untrue, to assert that the Duke's confidence in Mr. Canning was greater than that of his colleagues. He knew that Mr. Canning's talents were of the highest order; he knew also that his energies were irrepressible. In or out of office, he seemed always to have some end in view, which could be attained, or which he fancied could be attained, only by finesse. At the time of Mr. Percival's assassination, he had taken an active part in the endeavour to set up a new Government; but though acting with Lord Wellesley, he never intended that Lord Wellesley, or Lord Grey, or Lord Hastings should be Prime Minister: that office he meant for himself. When associated with Lord Castlereagh in the same Cabinet, he took advantage of the failure of the Walcheren expedition to intrigue for the transfer of the business of the War Department from the Colonial to the Foreign Office. Singularly handsome in his personal appearance, and endowed with manners the most attractive, he laid himself out for popularity, and achieved it. Finally, he courted the press. Himself a graceful and indeed a brilliant writer, he delighted in the society of men of letters, and took care to comprehend under that category the editors of influential newspapers. A statesman with these associations and tastes was not the sort of person in whom the Duke could repose unbounded trust. Yet, when appealed to by Lord Liverpool to be the medium of communication with the King, he at once consented. Was there any inconsistency in this? We think not. The Duke had before him a choice of difficulties. He might refuse to co-operate with Lord Liverpool, in which case Lord Liverpool would resign and the Government would break up;—he might co-operate with Lord Liverpool, and, carrying his point, bring into the Government a Minister, in dealing with whom it would be necessary to be much on his guard. But the breaking up of the existing administration would be tantamount in his eyes to the overthrow of all government; because, in his own party, there were none outside the Cabinet possessed of talent and experience enough to conduct the business of the country; and of the Whigs, he believed that they were incapable of carrying on the government at all except by conceding so much to their allies the Radicals, as to endanger, perhaps

perhaps to overthrow, the Constitution. How far events have or have not justified this vaticination, our readers must judge for themselves.

Thus reasoning, the Duke set himself to overcome the King's scruples, and succeeded. He prevailed also in winning for Mr. Canning the place of all others, short of that not then vacant which Mr. Canning coveted. The following are his reasons for acting thus. They were written out in order to reconcile Lady Londonderry to an arrangement which could not be other than painful to her feelings:—

‘When the misfortune occurred, it was necessary for the Government to consider what measures should be adopted for its reorganization. We could look to two persons to take the lead in the House of Commons, and to two modes of arranging the offices of the Government. If we looked to Mr. Peel we had only one individual who could pretend to take a great line in Parliament; and giving him even credit for talents, we could not believe that he would prove himself more capable than him whom we had lost to carry on such a concert alone and unsupported. His health is not very good, and he more than once complained in the last Session that he was not equal to the moderate share of the labour which had devolved upon him; and we could not expect that alone he would be equal to the whole. Then we knew, and were informed, that a large number of the supporters of the Government—some even in office—had, during the last Session, lamented that a person of Mr. Canning’s parliamentary talents should have been allowed to go away; and it found that many individuals, some in office, declared, that they could not support, if, under existing circumstances, an attempt was made to detain Mr. Canning in the country. These individuals were principally those who favour the Roman Catholic cause, and who call the *Liberals* among the supporters of the Government; I entertain no doubt that if we had determined to carry on the Government without making an offer to Mr. Canning, we should have lost the support of all these and of Mr. Canning’s particular partisans, and we should, moreover, have left ourselves, in respect of parliamentary talents, in a situation far inferior to that in which we have been for many years. It was determined to recommend the King to recall Mr. Canning to his councils. When this was determined, the question was—to what situation he should be called.

‘Upon this point, common sense, strengthened by former experience, could leave no doubt. Nothing can be so erroneous as to place any individual of great activity and talent in a situation in which there is no scope for his activity, and in which he must have his talents thrown away. His views must always be directed to disturb rather than preserve the existing order of things, in order that, out of a new arrangement, he may find himself in a situation better suited to him. He must be the leader in the House of Commons, and as such he must be either Chancellor of the Exchequer

or Secretary of State in one of the three departments. I believe it would be impossible to place two leading men in the Treasury; there remained, then, only the offices of the Secretary of State. Mr. Peel cannot talk French, and is totally unaccustomed to the Foreign Office; and Lord Bathurst's office in time of peace is certainly less important than either of the others. It was, therefore, deemed advisable to place Mr. Canning in the Foreign Office, on the principle above laid down (which is undeniable), of placing him in the situation in which there will be ample room for his activity and talents.'

Mr. Canning resumed the seals of office at a very critical period. Abroad there was a general upheaving of society; peoples complaining of breach of faith by their rulers, rulers striving to keep down with a strong hand what they called the revolutionary spirit of the age. Greece had gone into open revolt against Turkey. Brazil and Portugal were at variance. The South American Colonies, with the exception of Cuba, were breaking loose from Spain, and Spain herself had constrained her King to accept a democratic constitution. We cannot enter into details explanatory of the part played by England in these transactions. She had never been a member of the Holy Alliance—she made common cause with absolutism nowhere throughout the world. Her policy, inaugurated by Lord Castlereagh, had been one of honourable adherence to treaties, with a fixed determination not to interfere in the internal affairs of other countries, and an anxious desire to dissuade her allies from acting on an opposite principle. These are facts, better understood now than they were fifty years ago, and every day brings them more prominently to light. But it did not suit the purposes of the new Foreign Secretary to represent matters thus to the world. He managed, on the contrary, so to play his cards, that he should get the credit for whatever was or appeared to be liberal in the dealings of England with foreign States. Let us not be misunderstood. We by no means intend to charge Mr. Canning with wilfully falsifying the policy or the character of his predecessor; that is out of the question. But he permitted no opportunity to escape him of speaking contemptuously and even indignantly of men and measures with which his predecessors had of necessity been a good deal mixed up. Now a line of conduct such as this was particularly disagreeable to the Duke, as were the terms of intimacy on which Mr. Canning was understood to live and even to correspond with the leaders of the Opposition. Nor, in truth, can it be said that there was much unanimity of sentiment between the two men on almost any of the great questions which then agitated the public mind. Canning was eager to receive Greece, with a widely extended frontier, into the comity of nations. The Duke



Duke dreaded the growth of Russian influence in Europe, and desired to sustain Turkey in force enough to operate as a barrier against her Westward march. Canning, whether approving the revolution in Spain or being indifferent to it, would have dragged England into war rather than see the Spanish constitution thrust aside by French bayonets. The Duke, protesting against the invasion, declined to go further, and gave reasons:—

‘If the Spanish people,’ he said, ‘be unanimous in their determination to maintain the existing order of things, past experience proves that they will maintain it in spite of all that France can do. If they be divided, no interference on our part will stop the French or save the constitution.’

Again, Canning, bent upon establishing the independence of the Spanish Colonies, urged his colleagues in 1824 to announce this policy in the King’s Speech. The Duke stopped the arrangement at that time by a letter, which we cannot resist the temptation of inserting at length. It is addressed to Lord Liverpool, whom the Foreign Secretary had won over to his own views:—

‘MY DEAR LORD—I have read with attention the paper in the *Lancet*, and I sincerely wish that I could agree with your opinion on the subject to which it relates. I have likewise read with attention papers on the subject of the Spanish Colonies, now on the Cabinet table, and although I admit that we must, at some time or other, establish some relations with those countries which shall tend to recognize their existence as independent States, I am convinced that in view of our internal situation, to our relations with foreign Powers, our fair fame, and to our existing relations with Spain—considering the mode in which the contests with these States has been carried on, and to our own honour and good name, the longer the establishment of such relation is deferred the better. I am further convinced that the reasons for the decision of July last (they were adverse to recognition) exist at present in a still stronger degree than they did at that time. Nay more, I believe that if the Cabinet had then known the real situation of what is called the State of Buenos Ayres, the limited measure then determined upon was to be left to the discretion of Mr. Parish, and that that discretion would be exercised in signing a Treaty of Commerce with the city of Buenos Ayres although even that measure would not have been adopted.

‘I will not now enter into a discussion of the question. But be it decided that you will pledge your Government in the King’s Speech to Parliament to a substantial recognition of these States, the existence of each of which is here acknowledged even by these reporters, depend upon the result of a pending contest, I earnestly entreat you to ascertain the real opinion of your colleagues and that of the public. Excepting one, I believe the former are either disinclined

to stir further in the question, or are indifferent about it. All that they wish for is, that the peace should be uninterrupted.

'As far as the opinion of the public can be judged of in society, I should say, it is decidedly in favour of continued peace, and particularly that no steps should be taken in this question which can lead to discussion with other States. The opinion of many intelligent men is—that the moment you will formally recognize the independent existence of these States, your influence over their conduct will be at an end. But has it never occurred to you, that we lost the best fruits of the late war, by our connivance at the private wars of the King's subjects in those countries, and that the state in which we find ourselves in Europe at present is to be attributed in a great degree to our conduct in this question?

'Is it quite clear that we do not by further measures expose ourselves to the risk of war, and that the worst of all wars for us—one with a power whose only strength is its nakedness; to which, putting the Havannah out of the question, we can do no mischief, after we shall have established these independent States. Will such a war not be followed by other contests?

'But there is another opinion which it is desirable you should reconcile to your measure before you go further with it, and that is that of the King. Such measures are inconsistent with all his opinions, and with everything which he feels a pride in having done, since the establishment of the Regency; and you will find it most difficult to obtain his consent to pledge his Government in his speech to Parliament to any measures for finally separating these States from the mother country.

'As for my part, I came into the Government to support yourself and the principles upon which you had been acting, and for which we had struggled in the field for such a length of time. I should wish to go on as I have done, and nothing makes me so unhappy as to differ in opinion with you. But as you know, I am not inclined to carry these differences farther than is necessary. I have advised, and shall invariably advise his Majesty to follow the advice of his Cabinet. But I can easily conceive that it must be equally irksome to you to have a colleague, whose opinion on many subjects is so decidedly different from yours; and I am ready, whenever you wish it, to ask the King's leave to retire from his service.'

The concluding sentences in this letter give a pretty clear insight into what was already the condition of the Cabinet. Within two years of Mr. Canning's return to office it had split up into hostile camps. Nor can there be any doubt as to the immediate cause of this division. Mr. Canning, be his merits in other respects what they might, could not serve. He must be chief of all, or, failing that, he would make himself the head of a party. He did so on the present occasion to such good purpose, that his party



party comprehended, ere long, not only many members of Lord Liverpool's Administration, but a considerable following from both Houses of Parliament, as well of the professed supporters of the Government as of those who sat upon the Opposition benches. It is curious to observe likewise how soon his correspondence with the Duke begins to grow cold. For a brief space the Duke is or appears to be his Mentor. To him he submits all his despatches before they pass into other hands, and asks advice. But the Duke's advice proves to be sometimes distasteful, and Canning, in thanking him for it, is little careful to conceal his own chagrin and mortification. On the other hand, it was one of the Duke's peculiarities that by whomsoever his advice might be asked he expected it to be followed. A querulous reply accordingly to a stiff rejoinder, and the two men soon stood apart. Is this difficult to account for? We think not. Both were fond of power; both were tenacious of their own opinions; both were proud, and to a proud man there is nothing more intolerable than the sense of some heavy obligation, which he can never hope to repay. Mr. Canning knew that but for the Duke's interference he must have abandoned his career in Parliament and gone to India. We would not willingly do him wrong; but it appears to us that the Duke's action in this matter stirred Mr. Canning's jealousy, more than it awakened his gratitude.

How this alienation operated on occasions when the Duke represented the British Government at foreign Courts and Congresses, the plan of the present article precludes us from showing. An opportunity of remedying the defect may occur hereafter; but in the meanwhile it must suffice to state, that amid many jars and difficulties, the Liverpool Administration held together for three years more, and that it originated in that interval some excellent measures, for which the Administrations that came after it took care that it should not obtain the credit. From two great questions, however, more important perhaps than all the rest, the Liverpool Administration turned studiously aside. The Government opposed, as a Government, every motion that was made to introduce any change, however slight, into the electoral system of the empire. The Government shrank, as a Government, from dealing with the Catholic question. Fatal errors both; and the more to be regretted that, whatever their views might be in regard to the former point, we now know that on the latter the Duke and Mr. Canning thought alike. But the King was become by this time as averse as his father had ever been to break in upon the Constitution of 1688; and though there was no such compact with him, as Minister after Minister had

had entered into with George III., the First Lord of the Treasury approved his sentiments, and was besides too timid to move in opposition to them, however judicious or even necessary he might have felt such movement to be.

A good deal may be said in extenuation, if not in actual justification, of the Government policy in regard to Parliamentary Reform. The question had undoubtedly ceased in a great degree to occupy public attention. Lord John Russell, its consistent and persevering advocate, found himself session after session less supported in the House of Commons, and out of doors a thriving people seemed indifferent to the subject. That this appearance of content with the abuses of the borough system was fallacious we now know. We know likewise that opportunities were unwisely neglected of transferring to the great seats of industry electoral privileges, which by their own venality the lesser constituencies had forfeited. But, after all, the machine worked well, and *quieta non movere* is an accepted and not unreasonable maxim with politicians. The same thing cannot be said of what was by this time called Catholic Emancipation. Year by year the intelligence of the empire, so far as this was represented in either House of Parliament, expressed itself dissatisfied with the laws as they stood; and motions for their repeal, carried in the House of Commons, were thrown out in the Lords by continually decreasing majorities. Meanwhile the state of Ireland had become all but intolerable. There was little crime anywhere—using that term in its ordinary sense—for even agrarian outrages were rare; but from sea to sea the whole country was organized and the people brought under the absolute control of the Catholic Association. We recommend such of our readers as desire to refresh their memories on this subject, to read a paper which they will find at page 592 in the second volume of the Duke's recently-published 'Despatches.' The paper to which we refer was drawn up as early as 1825—whether with a view to bring the question before the Cabinet, or only as the custom of the writer was to deliver his own mind, there is nothing to show. But it is a curious and very valuable document, not alone because of the grasp which it takes of the actual state of affairs, but because it foreshadows the course which the Duke himself followed when the means of guiding the policy of the Government were put into his hands.

After passing in review the state of public opinion on the subject, and adverting to the Concordat then recently entered into between George IV., as King of Hanover, and the Pope, the Duke describes Ireland as divided into two parties—

'one

'one consisting of the Protestant proprietors of land, the clergy, and the mass of the Protestant population; the other of the Roman Catholic bishops, clergy, and gentry, and the populace reckoned at six millions. Of the former party a few among the gentry may think well of the Roman Catholics, a few more desire concession as the only mode of tranquillizing the country, but the great bulk are political partisans, and all alike live in daily dread of a rising against themselves. On the other hand some of the Roman Catholic proprietors, and of the higher order of the clergy, and some even of the priests, occasionally exert themselves in the cause of order. But these are exceptions to the general rule, which has converted the Roman Catholic clergy, nobility, lawyers, and gentlemen having property into a sort of theocracy which is supreme over the populace, and by means of the Rent and through the agency of the Association, has acquired a knowledge of the means of organizing the masses which it never before possessed.

'This,' continues the document, 'in my opinion is the great distinction between this and other religious parties in this and any other state. The Dissenters of different descriptions in England, however troublesome and factious, and the Greeks in Hungary are domestic parties, and have no connection with Foreign Powers. Nor have the Greeks even in the Turkish dominions, except by virtue of treaties between the Porte and the Emperor of Russia. But the Roman Catholic party in Ireland is, and acts in every respect as, and its existence has all the effects upon the prosperity and greatness of the empire, of a party connected with and protected by a Foreign Power.'

The inevitable hostility of this party to the Church of England, to the connection between England and Ireland, and to the Protestant proprietary of the soil, is next pointed out:—

'Only the strength of England keeps it down, particularly in war. William III. fully understood this, and to obviate the danger arising from these causes, his laws were enacted. But his laws dealt almost exclusively with the clergy; they banished the higher order of the hierarchy, as well as the regular clergy of the Roman Church. They obliged the parish priests to register their places of abode. They prohibited intermarriages between Roman Catholics and Protestants, and made attempts at conversion from Protestantism to Romanism penal. William, indeed, appears to have considered the Roman Catholics in Ireland as a beaten army, the heads of which were to be sent out of the country, and the lower ranks disarmed; and it does not appear that he thought of applying civil disabilities to keep in order a party, whose means consist principally in their numerical strength. Indeed the only disabilities found in his Irish laws, are those against solicitors, which can easily be understood from the previous forfeitures and renewed grants of the forfeited estates. It was not till the following reign that the war of civil disabilities in  
Ireland

menced, which having been extended in the three reigns of William, the system was at last relaxed in that of George III.; first by the Act of 1772, to enable all descriptions of subjects to testify their allegiance to him, in which was enacted; and afterwards by the repeal of many of the existing statutes in 1782-1792 and 1793.'

These premises the Duke draws the conclusion that the exclusive harshness on the one hand, nor concession on the other had produced the smallest effect for good; that the Catholic party was the same in 1825 that it had been in the reign of William; that, in point of fact, it was become more numerous because the higher classes of its members were more numerous; that the absence of all restraint upon the theocracy, together with the liberal spirit of the times, had made it, in 1825, bolder and less scrupulous in approaching a violation of the law.

He next at the various proposals made for getting rid of the existing laws, and recognizing the enormous difficulty of the question, the Duke shows how the power of Rome is maintained in Continental States by special treaties, and how well, in whole, these treaties work:—

He continues, 'as referable to Ireland, there are three particular questions—the King, the Pope, and the Roman Catholics

Of these the last named are incomparably the most difficult to deal with; they will not hear of the interference of the Crown to put an end to Papal encroachment and its consequences, and it is obvious that their object is to prevent the exercise of any power or control by the Crown, in order that the country may remain under the government of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. As long as the Roman Catholic religion exists, in this or any other part of the Kingdom, if out of the control of the Crown, it remains a system of concealment, and therefore of danger. It has not been known to exist in any country in Europe, whether governed by a Catholic or a Protestant sovereign; and we see from the transactions in Ireland, from the existing state of society in the country, and from what has come out in evidence before the Committee of the Lords, that of all the countries in Europe, Ireland is the one, in which such a system should not be suffered to

exist. Thus as the difficulty might be of settling this question, the Duke is of opinion that the time was come for attempting a settlement, and that the Ministers then in office were the persons to whom that attempt should be made. He believes that their friends, however angry they might be at the outset, would not act so suicidal a part as to go over to the enemy.

Nor



Nor could success, supposing the attempt to succeed, be regarded as a party triumph in the Cabinet; because though heretofore it had been agreed among the ministers that the question should not be taken up as a Government question, still each individual minister was free to deal with it as he thought best; and if a careful review of the whole case should induce a majority to arrive at a fresh conclusion, why should not the minority, in the interests of the country and for the King's service, frankly give way? As to motives,—

'Surely,' he continues, 'it is more manly and consistent with our duty to our sovereign and to the public, so to conduct ourselves, as to be able to render most service in the particular crisis of the time, than to be looking about to see what imputations can be brought against us of supposed attachment to office, founded upon our continuing to hold our offices, after a question has been carried, or about to be carried, contrary to our opinions, by our own friends in Parliament, and by the influence of those acting in the Cabinet with us.'

We refrain, for obvious reasons, from making further reference to this most interesting paper. The limits at our disposal forbid the proceeding, and if the contrary were the case the quotation would serve little purpose, because the plan laid down in 1825 underwent considerable modification in 1828, and in 1829 was entirely emasculated.

Between 1824 and 1827 various changes occurred in the composition of the Government. They were all calculated to strengthen Mr. Canning's hands, and proved in consequence highly distasteful to the Eldon party. Another effect produced by them was to draw closer the connection which had already begun to be formed between the so-called Liberal Tories and the Whigs in Parliament. The Whigs approved the commercial policy of their rivals, which they attributed entirely to Mr. Huskisson. They approved, also, the foreign policy of the Government, of which they gave all the credit to Mr. Canning. The Whigs were mistaken on both points. So far as the commercial policy of the country was concerned, it had, up to a certain point, no steadier supporter than the Duke. A disciple of Adam Smith, he advocated free trade, so long as the matter was not pushed beyond the limits assigned to it by his master. He objected, indeed, to repeal the navigation laws, because, like Adam Smith, he believed them to be the great prop of England's maritime superiority. He was averse to tamper seriously with the corn laws, which he regarded as necessary for the maintenance of the influence of the territorial gentry. His disinclination

nation to throw open the trade with China rested more upon political than fiscal reasons. He anticipated from the measure endless complications with that country, and it cannot be said that the result has falsified his views of the case. But these considerations apart, he was prepared equally with Mr. Huskisson, or anybody else, to sell in the dearest market and purchase in the cheapest. In like manner his views of what ought to be the foreign policy of the country may be gathered from his published correspondence. Revolutionary they certainly were not, but if it be true liberalism to leave foreign States as much as possible to settle their internal affairs for themselves, not to meddle and muddle with threats and remonstrances when these cannot be followed by more active measures, to maintain the faith of treaties, to be forbearing and moderate, to sacrifice much (provided the sacrifice involve no dishonour) rather than go to war,—then was the Duke of Wellington as liberal a minister as ever gave advice to the English Crown. The truth is, as we have elsewhere stated, that the Duke understood better than any statesman of his day both the tempers and designs of Continental Powers, and was wise enough (which is more than can be said always of others), in trying to settle differences with them or among them, rather to appeal to motives which they were capable of appreciating than to gain a little empty popularity by lecturing them on the abstract rights of man.

It is well known that in 1826 the Roman Catholic controversy reached its climax. The Duke of York made in London his not very judicious declaration, and Mr. O'Connell replied to it by a furious manifesto in Dublin. Parliament was dissolved, and England and Scotland sent to the new House of Commons a majority of representatives hostile to further concession, while the Irish members were, almost to a man, in favour of it. The result was that when the division came to be taken the Commons rejected, by a majority of six, the same Bill which their predecessors had passed. Meanwhile in the Cabinet proposals had been made to modify the existing corn laws, and Mr. Huskisson, when addressing his constituents at Liverpool, spoke as if the laws in question were doomed. This offended the Duke as much as it embarrassed Lord Liverpool, whose life between the Liberals among his subordinates on the one hand, and the old Tories on the other, was becoming, day by day, more of a burden to him. Again he meditated a resignation, and went so far as to see the King upon the subject. This fact is curiously brought out in a portion of the Duke's correspondence, not yet, we believe, given to the public, which has reference to his own severance from the Cabinet in 1827. A letter from the late

Lord Londonderry to the Duke describes an interview with the King, and puts the following words into his Majesty's mouth. The King appears to have been speaking confidentially to Lord Londonderry about Canning and his doings since 1822:—

'Liverpool announced to me, that they could not get on with Canning, and it ended, chiefly at the instigation of the Duke of Wellington, in my consenting to that measure of his introduction into the Cabinet, which was of all others the most disagreeable to me. I must, however, here do Mr. Canning the justice to say, that since he has served me, I have found him considerate, and behaving well to me in every respect. So things proceeded until the calamitous event, Liverpool, and what I formerly thought would have been a desirable event, has certainly turned out for me, one of the most unfortunate. It is true, however, that Liverpool would not have stayed in beyond the present session, and he declared to me, if he did not carry the Corn Bill, he would not remain Minister. *But had he gone out, he would have arranged matters, so as not to have placed me in the dilemma in which I now stand.*'

The elections were over, but Parliament had not yet met when the Duke of York, whose health had long been failing, died. There could not be two opinions as to his successor, the Duke of Wellington. The King, indeed, attempted to become Commander-in-Chief of his own army, which he proposed to manage, as was done long ago, through a Board of General Officers and the Secretary-at-War. But the objections to this arrangement were too serious to be overcome, and his Majesty gave way. It followed, as a matter of course, that the command of the army was offered to the Duke of Wellington, and was by him accepted. Under ordinary circumstances the presence of the Duke in the Cabinet of the Commander-in-Chief would have been objected to as unconstitutional. But the Duke could not be spared, and, in order to maintain his connexion with the Government, it was arranged that, with the chief command of the army, he should continue to hold the Master-Generalship of the Ordnance, receiving pay, however, for only one of the offices.

The Duke of York died on the 9th December, 1826. On the 17th February, 1827, Lord Liverpool was seized with that paralytic affection from which he never recovered. At once the question arose by whom should he be succeeded? The Duke, in his correspondence, appears to assert, and Lord Londonderry in his conversation with the King gives great force to the statement, that for some time back an understanding had been arrived at in the Cabinet, and even with his Majesty, that whenever Lord Liverpool should resign—an event anticipated at this time fr

one day to another—a nobleman should take his place, entertaining the same views on the Catholic question which he had entertained, and that under him the ministers then in office would, if the King approved the arrangement, continue to manage the business of the country. Whether this understanding amounted to a positive agreement is not so certain, but that it was recognized in the Cabinet, and acted upon in spirit, admits of little doubt, because the business of the Government went on for awhile just as if Lord Liverpool had been in full vigour both of body and mind. No one openly moved to suggest a successor to him, but all, as it seemed, waited till circumstances should determine for them on whom his mantle was to fall. It has been said of late in more than one quarter,—it was said at the time, and at the time openly contradicted,—that the Duke intrigued to win the vacant place. No one pretends to deny now—few doubted, forty years ago—that such intrigue was pushed forward, but from another quarter. Mr. Canning had become by this time the intimate friend of his ancient enemies. The King, and the King's household, delighted in his society. He had obtained for Lord Conyngham the much-coveted Chamberlainship; he had taken Lord Conyngham's son as Under-Secretary into the Foreign Office; it was known that if the power rested with him, he would promote in the Church the clergyman whom Lord and Lady Conyngham patronized. The press clamoured for him as the only statesman in whom the country could repose confidence. How all this ended we need not stop to describe. The correspondence between him and the Duke is now a matter of history. Mr. Canning became Prime Minister, and the Duke, Mr. Peel, Lord Eldon, Lord Westmorland, Lord Melville, and others, quitted the Government.

To his dying day the Duke maintained that he took the proper course on this occasion. His correspondence abounds with statements in justification of the act. In frequent conversations with individuals he adverted to it, and always in the same strain:—

‘Mr. Canning,’ he says in a memorandum on quitting office, which the reader will find at page 636 of vol. iii., ‘had, in a conversation which I had with him on the 2nd of April, explained to me, that in case his Majesty should consider of a scheme for the reconstruction of the Government, one of his designs was to propose that Mr. Robinson should be removed to the House of Lords and be made First Lord of the Treasury; and if the answer to my letter of the 10th had been, that this was the plan which he still intended to follow, it would then have been suggested by me, that he should think of an arrangement which might have been better calculated to keep the Government together.’

But the Duke, as is well known, went further. He resigned at



at the same time his command of the army; which, as an office was not a political one, there was no political reason he should have done.\* This was a severe blow to the

\* *Memorandum of conversation between the Duke of Wellington and the King of Kerry, the latter a member of Mr. Canning's Government.*

‘The Duke entered fully into the circumstances of his abdication of the command of the army. He had acted from no feeling of enmity to Mr. Canning or any else. Whilst discussions were carried on in private, differences were open to and friendly explanation; but when charges on one side or another became put then a man was bound by self-respect to sustain himself in the opinion of the world. When Mr. Canning introduced the King's name it made the case serious, and, considering his own position, it became necessary that his conduct should be open to misconstruction or compromise. In writing to ask Mr. Canning to be asked to be the head of the Government he meant no slight or offence. The inquiry grew out of the very nature of their previous conversation, in which Mr. Canning had discussed, and with reference to various arrangements, without the suggestion of himself being Prime Minister. The Duke was now convinced that at the time Mr. Canning wrote that letter he was not actually the Minister. As soon as found that Mr. Canning put a construction of an offensive nature on his letter he wrote to disavow it; but Mr. Canning's letter to him, which he thought uncalled-for, and which was quite unlike his usual style of writing, remained at the present moment unexplained. He disliked politics, they did not suit him. He could have continued in command of the army, and Mr. Canning might have governed the country in Downing-street without any difference or objections; but with the correspondence unexplained, he did not know to what ebullitions of temper he might be exposed, or how things could go on. He was perfectly ready to take the command of the army, whatever Mr. Canning's opinions on politics might be; but when was asked to form part of a Cabinet, it was necessary that he should inquire before consenting who was to be the head of the Ministers. Otherwise they might agree in the dark to form a Government which they might find at length with a head. His object and principle was to keep the old members of the Government together. The only advice he had given the King (and he saw him but once, viz. the day after his return from Brighton), was, “Sir, I advise you to make your arrangements complete, and take such a course as will keep together the members of the late Government.” His efforts had always been directed to preserve harmony. He had over and over again composed differences which arose between individuals. Many a time some hasty decision, or letter, which was probably repented of the moment it was written, had led to broils which he had remedied. In fact he was always called in on such occasions. Mr. Canning's temper was very unhappy, as we would soon find out. He had originally recommended to the King to take Mr. Canning into his service at a time when, in particular circumstances, he had very great influence with the King, and he had done his best at all times to keep things right. He could not, therefore, be supposed to bear any enmity of feeling towards him, and he had none. All these considerations forced on him the answer he sent to the King's letter; and when Mr. Canning dictated that letter, he knew that his former conduct had placed him in a position which left him no alternative. That letter was most affectionate and friendly, and in the tone in which the King was used to write to him; they clearly saw that no other arrangement could be made for the army. There really was no person to put into the situation; but if that bar had not existed could have carried on the command of the army without meddling in politics, which would be a great relief to him. He expressed again the *disgust* he felt for politics. He might differ in opinion on particular points with the members of the Government, but that could not affect him in his military position. He spoke a great deal more in detail.

‘N.B.—It appeared to me that whether or not this disinclination to politics existed originally in the Duke's mind, he has now brought his opinions to that point.’

Government. Lord Palmerston, no friend of the Duke, writes of it thus:—‘The Duke is a great loss to the Cabinet, but in the command of the army an irreparable one.’ But though ceasing to command the army, and to direct the business of the Ordnance Office, the Duke did not hesitate when appealed to, to give sound advice respecting both. A remarkable incident arose out of these intercommunications.

About a month or more after his resignation, the Duke, at Sir Herbert Taylor’s request, sent to him a copy of the correspondence which had passed between himself and Mr. Canning, subsequently to the explanation which he offered to the House of Lords, of the causes which induced him to retire from the command of the army. Sir Herbert was struck with the tone of the Duke’s letters, and ventured in reply to ‘express an earnest and anxious hope and solicitude, that the door was left open to further communication and explanation, and that they may lead to the result which the country and the army had equally at heart.’ Here is the Duke’s answer:—

‘London, 21st May, 1827.

‘MY DEAR GENERAL,—I have received your letter of yesterday. I stated in Parliament, as well as on every occasion elsewhere, that I considered that there was nothing of a political nature which ought to prevent me from taking the command at the Horse Guards equally as of an army in the field. I resigned the command, because I had received a rebuke for which I had given no provocation, and in which the authority of the King’s name was very unnecessarily introduced. I believe there is no difference of opinion between us on this subject, any more than there is—that this rebuke was such a signal mark of want of confidence, as that I could not continue to hold my office with advantage to his Majesty. Considering this rebuke as proceeding from the highest authority, I have never thought this affair a private matter, requiring what is called reconciliation. Those in authority will decide whether I was mistaken in the view which I took of these communications (which they have never yet said), and whether confidence exists, and under what circumstances, and in what manner, and at what time such decisions will be made. It will then remain for his Majesty and his servants to decide, whether it suits his Majesty’s service and his purposes, that I should resume the command. But it appears to me quite clear, that till they will have made up their minds upon the first point, it is needless to think of the last.’

To the above there is a note appended in the Duke’s handwriting, which runs thus:—

‘This is a letter I wrote to Sir Herbert Taylor, which Mr. Canning saw in the morning of the day on which he advised the King to write to me, viz. the 21st of May.’

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Concerning the objects of the above letter there cannot be two opinions. It was a frank avowal of the Duke's readiness to resume the command of the army, provided he were assured that Mr. Canning's letter of the 11th April did not convey, as it was not meant to convey a rebuke to the Duke from the King. And had the King seen the letter, there can be as little reason to doubt, that he would have at once detected this meaning and removed all the Duke's scruples. Mr. Canning, however, by whatever motives guided, did not think fit to submit the Duke's letter to the King, but contented himself with making a communication, which drew from his Majesty the following letter to the Duke:—

‘ St. James's Palace, 21st May, 1827

‘ MY DEAR FRIEND,—I learn from my Government, as well as from other quarters, that you have obligingly expressed your readiness to afford your advice if required, upon any matter of military importance or detail that might occur. These circumstances renew in me those feelings towards you, which God knows as you must know have so long and so sincerely felt, and I hope on all occasions prove at least it was always my intention to do so. I cannot refrain, therefore, from acquainting you that the command of the army is still open, and if you choose to recall that resignation which it grieves me so much to receive, you have my *sincere* permission to do so.

‘ Ever your sincere Friend,

‘ G. R.

Permission to recall his resignation was not that at which the Duke had hinted. He desired to receive a distinct declaration such as should satisfy his keen sense of honour, that there had been no intention on his Majesty's part to rebuke or withdraw his confidence from him ; and such a declaration the King would have undoubtedly required his Minister to make, had he seen the Duke's letter. But Mr. Canning, having for his own purpose withheld the letter, and himself avoiding the subject, the Duke believed that he had no alternative except in a dignified and respectful manner to decline withdrawing the resignation:—

‘ I earnestly hope that your Majesty,’ he wrote in reply, ‘ will be so good as to refer to the reasons which I stated to your Majesty on the 12th April, and more fully to your Majesty on the 6th May, as having imposed upon me the painful necessity of offering to your Majesty my resignation of the command of your Majesty's forces. I humbly entreat your Majesty to bear in mind, that those reasons still continue in force, and that were I under such circumstances to recall my resignation, I should by that act admit that I had not been justified in retiring.’

Thus far we have dealt only with that particular act of the Duke

Duke, which it suited the purposes of party to represent as gratuitously vindictive. Looked at from his own stand-point, the defence of this proceeding appears to us to be complete. But another and a graver question arises—Was it worthy of the Duke,—did it consist with that high sense of duty which on all other occasions seemed to guide him—of duty to his King and to the country, both sorely beset at the moment,—and never more in need of the support which he could render them—to quit the Government for no other reason, than because Mr. Canning had been selected by the Sovereign to be his Prime Minister? With all possible reverence for the memory of the Great Duke, we think that it was not. Undoubtedly Mr. Canning's conduct throughout the transaction admits of no justification. From first to last it was untrue towards his colleagues; pregnant with mischief to the party of which he professed to be one of the leaders; and ungenerous to the Sovereign. And the means employed by him to bring about the end which he had in view, the abuse of an influence in itself illegitimate, cannot be too severely censured. But there were points to be considered by a man in the Duke's high situation, of far greater importance than these. To leave the Crown in Mr. Canning's hands, was to break up the Tory party, and to break up the Tory party was tantamount, according to his view of the case, to the overthrow of Constitutional Government. No doubt the Duke's temper was sorely tried. The King appears to have been a good deal alienated from him of late. The Cabinet was mystified, and he naturally, and as the event proved justly, attributed these evils to Mr. Canning's underhand proceedings; and to serve with, much more under a man whose notions of public morality stood so far apart from his own, could not be thought of except with horror. Still, when the option lay between enduring this personal torture and handing over the Government of the country to persons of whom he was convinced that they would abuse it, we confess that the Duke in resigning his seat in the Cabinet, appears to us to have made a wrong choice. For our further conviction is, that had he submitted to this painful necessity, every one of the Ministers who resigned with him, would have submitted likewise. In this case Mr. Canning, whatever his sinister intentions might be, would have found himself powerless to carry them into effect, because the voice of a Prime Minister if he be in a minority in his own Cabinet, is not more potential than that of one of his colleagues. But it was not so to be. The Duke allowed personal feeling for once to obscure his judgment, and the Liverpool Administration fell to pieces.



It may be urged, perhaps, that had the Duke consented to serve on carrying his friends with him, Mr. Canning would have found ways and means to trip them up, in the event of their assuming an attitude of extreme watchfulness towards himself. A Prime Minister may not be able to dictate a policy to a Cabinet, but if he have private access to the Sovereign, and is not over-scrupulous in using it, he can always manage to create antipathies in that quarter towards individuals, and thus get rid, one by one, of such of his colleagues as turn rusty. To a certain extent we admit the fact, which was undoubtedly present to the Duke's mind, for he refers to it in more than one of the many letters which give the reasons for his own resignation. Still the stakes at issue were of such enormous importance, that even this consideration, weighty as it was, ought not, in our opinion, to have hindered the experiment from being tried. The Liverpool Administration, with Mr. Canning at its head, might have broken up in a year, but the effect of such catastrophe by whatever causes produced could not have been more disastrous to the party, and therefore to the country, than the voluntary surrender of power by the Tory statesmen, who refused to serve under Canning at all.

Mr. Canning, as is well known, enjoyed but a brief tenure of power. Defeated in the House of Lords, and ill-supported in the Commons, his administration and his life came to an end together, within a few months after he had achieved the object of his ambition. His fate is, indeed, one of the saddest in the history of party and of party men. Genius, industry, eloquence, knowledge, all were his in no common degree. His views, on many subjects, were most enlightened, his objects noble, perhaps grand; yet he failed to carry the country and the Legislature with him, because he was not always true either to others or to himself. His jealousy of the Duke had become latterly morbid, and it was shared with him by all the more intimate of his followers. They seemed to live in constant fear lest the King should become reconciled to the Duke, and they kept the place of Commander-in-Chief open, in the hope that the Duke might lower himself in public opinion by accepting, perhaps applying for it, on their own terms. But the Duke was not to be caught by such a bait. Having resigned, he kept himself studiously at a distance from the Court, and once only, when informed of the King's mortification at such marked coldness, went over from Strathfieldsaye to pay his respects at Windsor on his Majesty's birthday. The consequence of this solitary visit was, that immediately the tidings of Mr. Canning's death got abroad, the Duke was by public opinion marked out

as

as his inevitable successor. For that issue, however, neither time nor circumstances were as yet ripe. Lord Goderich took Mr. Canning's place, and for a few more months the vessel of the State staggered on under his feeble guidance.

We have nothing to do with the difficulties which attended the formation of Lord Goderich's Government. To the creation or prolongation of these, the Duke was no party. But Mr. Canning's death removed the only obstacle that stood in the way of his resuming, without loss of self-respect, the command of the army. Lord Palmerston, in his Autobiography, describes Lord Anglesey as being terribly put out by this arrangement. He had been employed by the Cabinet to convey their invitation to the Duke, and returning with his reply, exclaimed, 'I have brought you the Duke's acceptance as Commander-in-Chief, and by God, mark my words,—as sure as you are alive, he will trip up all our heels before six months are over our heads.'—'Before six months were over,' says Lord Palmerston, 'the Duke was in, and our heels were up.'

It is not for us to affirm or deny the accuracy of the above statement of facts; but for the inference drawn from it there is not the shadow of a justification. The Duke had no more to do with the break-up of the Goderich Administration than with the untoward battle of Navarino, which was the proximate cause of the catastrophe. Lord Goderich's Administration expired of pure imbecility, after having done, in the course of a brief existence, incalculable mischief to British interests. And now at last that to which his friends had long looked forward came to pass. The Duke was summoned to Windsor. Lord Lyndhurst, then Chancellor, went with him, and he thus describes the interview:—

'London, 31st Jan. 1828.

'MY DEAR PEEL,—I enclose a letter which I received from Lord Lyndhurst this morning, in consequence of which, having received him shortly after 8 o'clock, he told me that the Government being dissolved, the King wished to speak to me along with him. I went to Windsor with him immediately, and his Majesty told me to form a Government for him, of which I should be the head. I told his Majesty that I was so situated professionally that I could not say that I would form a Government of which I should be the head without consulting others; that I would not say that I could form a Government at all without such previous consultation, but that if he would give me a little time, and leave to go to town to consult with others, I would inquire and see what could be done, and report to him the results.

'I then inquired what he desired, whether he had any wishes for particular persons or objections to any? He said that he thought the Government must be composed of persons of both opinions in  
respect

respect to the Catholic question, that he approved all his late and former servants; and that he had no objection to anybody except Lord Grey. He afterwards expressed a wish to retain the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Carlisle in his service; but upon the whole he left me *carte blanche*, with the single exception above mentioned, and he repeatedly desired that I would form for him a strong Government. The Chancellor was present. Now my dear Peel, I entreat you to come to town, in order that I may consult with you, and have the benefit of your co-operation in the execution of this interesting commission. You will see that the whole case is before you for discussion. I have declined to make myself the head of the Government, unless upon discussion with my friends it should appear desirable; and excepting Lord Lyndhurst, who it must be understood is in office, everything else is open to all mankind except to one person. I have sent for nobody else, nor shall I see anybody till you come, which I hope you will do early in the morning. I send to your house to desire that a room may be prepared for you, in case you should come this night.

‘The King said that it was to be understood that the Roman Catholic question was not to be made a Cabinet question; that there was to be a Protestant Lord Chancellor, a Protestant Lord-Lieutenant, and a Protestant Lord Chancellor of Ireland.’

We have given this letter *in extenso* because it gets rid for ever of the idle rumour set afloat at the time, and subsequently repeated, that the Duke intrigued for office. Of intrigue, in the sense usually applied to that term, the Duke was incapable. He neither stood in the way of a summons to Lord Wellesley, as has somewhere been asserted, nor did he, directly or indirectly, make the slightest attempt to fix the King’s eye upon himself. On the contrary, he would have infinitely preferred to serve as Master-General of the Ordnance, under one of his old friends, if to another, and not to him, the King had entrusted the task of forming an administration. But neither the King nor the Tory party appears to have had any confidence in any one except himself. This was made clear to him by the letters and conversations of those whom he consulted; and he took upon him, in consequence, a burden which galled him from the first and to which he appears never to have become cordially reconciled.

That we have fairly stated the case as between the Duke and his political detractors, a thousand expressions in his speeches in his memoranda, and in his letters, now for the first time published, make clear. His memorable defence of himself in Parliament, when first accused of intriguing for power, was perfectly honest:—

‘Does any man believe that I could give up such gratification’ (the command of the army, and the opportunity of benefiting and holding  
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familiar intercourse with his old comrades) 'in order to be appointed to a station, to the duties of which I was unaccustomed, in which I was not wished, and for which I was not qualified?'—'He detested politics,' says the Knight of Kerry, quoting the Duke's own words: 'they did not suit him.'—'You will have heard,' he wrote to Lord Hill on the 1st of February, soon after his administration was formed, 'that in consequence of my being employed in the Government, I have been under the painful necessity of resigning my office of Commander-in-Chief. I certainly did not contemplate this necessity as being permanent, when I undertook for his Majesty the service of forming his Government. But even if I had, I don't think I could have declined endeavouring to perform the service.'

Again, on the 5th April he writes to the Prince of Orange:—

'I have been under the necessity of undertaking to perform the duties of a most arduous situation, under circumstances of great difficulty and in most critical times; a situation for the performance of the duties of which I am not qualified, and they are very disagreeable to me.'

But the most convincing proof of all that such were his real sentiments, that with him personal aggrandisement weighed as a feather in the scale against public duty, is afforded by the course which he judged it expedient to take on two subsequent occasions. In 1835, William IV. gave him *carte blanche*. Single-handed he kept the Government open for Sir Robert Peel, and, with all the offices connected with it, handed it over to him on his return from Rome. Again, in 1846, when Peel for the second time lost the confidence of his supporters, the Duke, though averse to the policy which had produced this effect, stood by him. Had he taken the other line, had he seceded from Peel's Administration, and pronounced for maintaining the Corn Laws, does anybody doubt that he would have been lifted into power, and supported there by the same majority which Peel threw over? Compare his conduct in these respects with that of Mr. Canning, of Lord Palmerston, and—may we not add?—of certain leading statesmen of the present day. Canning preferred office to old ties of political association, and to his own avowed opinions on one important subject. He broke up a Government with which he had long served, in order to secure the premiership, and made a compact with the King, never, as Prime Minister, to plead for Catholic emancipation. Lord Palmerston, when entrusted by the late Lord Derby with a delicate commission, delivered himself of it to Mr. Gladstone and the late Lord Herbert in such a way as effectually to defeat its object. He became, in consequence, First Lord of the Treasury himself. As to Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Disraeli, their best friends will scarcely deny that principles often



often enunciated and ably defended, became thin air when they stood between them and the great object of their ambition. What was the Duke's answer to the many appeals that were made to him during the momentous crisis in 1846?—'I think that it is of more importance to the country that Sir Robert Peel should continue Prime Minister, than that the Corn Laws should be maintained, or any other laws.' He who thought and wrote thus, might be deficient in some of the qualities that are necessary to make a successful English Minister; but surely it cannot be said of him that he was a slave to personal ambition, much less that he was wanting in that highest order of statesmanship which can detect the quarter whence real danger to the State will come, and is ready to guard against it, even at the cost of outraged personal prejudice.

What the King's intentions were in placing the Duke at the head of his Government, there can be no doubt. His Majesty had stipulated with Mr. Canning, the consistent advocate of Emancipation, that so long as he held office the weight of his authority should not be thrown into the scale of Repeal. He contented himself with reminding the Duke that Repeal was not to be made a Cabinet question, and that certain great functionaries of the State were to be what his Majesty called Protestant. The Duke found a Lord Chancellor in office, whom, whether Catholic or Protestant, the King desired him to retain, and he retained him. He found a Lord-Lieutenant who was not a Protestant, but with whom also the King expressed himself satisfied, and the Duke took no steps to remove him. Other offices he set himself to fill, after consultation with Lord Lyndhurst and Mr. Peel, so as to meet, as far as circumstances would allow, the exigencies of the times. These the Duke, in his letter to the Prince of Orange, describes as critical, and they were so. Turkey, her fleet destroyed, lay at the mercy of Russia. Portugal was passing through a crisis. Of France, the internal condition was little satisfactory, and Spain and Italy were both ripe for fresh revolts. But still more difficult to deal with was the state of things and parties at home. In the feeble hands which had recently wielded them, the functions of government had become paralysed. Ireland was at the absolute disposal of the Central Association, and in England and Scotland a desire of change had begun again to show itself, as invariably happens when States have ceased to respect their rulers. The Duke's first care was to apply a remedy, if such could be found, to the latter evil. Was this to be done by reinstating the old Tory administration, and trying to conduct the affairs of the empire on a principle of evasions and mutual concessions? The Duke had seen too much of this state of things to desire a renewal of

of it. Toryism, as it existed in Lord Liverpool's day, was dead. Neither could he look exclusively to the Whigs, believing, as he did, that they must shape their policy so as to secure the support of the Radicals, without whom they were powerless. But to him and his advisers it appeared possible to construct out of the two a third party, which, acting solely for the public good, might command the support of moderate men of all shades of opinion, and ultimately set the nation on its legs. It was a delicate operation to undertake, but they set about it with an honesty of purpose which deserved more success than actually attended it. The death of Mr. Canning, and Lord Ripon's collapse, had advanced Mr. Huskisson to the leadership of the Canning party. With him the Duke immediately communicated, writing, however, at the same time, and separately, to Lord Dudley and Ward, to Lord Palmerston, and to Mr. Charles Grant. There was some delay in getting an answer, and the answer, when it came, read ominously:—

‘Somerset Place, 17th January, 1828.

‘MR DEAR DUKE,—Having now received the opinions of Lord Dudley, Lord Palmerston, and Mr. Grant, that under all the circumstances of the case with which they are acquainted, there is nothing which should preclude me from accepting office with Mr. Herries in a new Government, consistently with a proper regard to my personal honour and public character, I lose not a moment in informing you that I mean to abide by their decision. I do so on the following understanding:—that it is not your intention to continue Mr. Herries in the situation of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that there is to be a Finance Committee; that Lord Althorpe shall be proposed as a member of that Committee. Upon this last point Mr. Herries and I were from the first entirely agreed, the difference arose respecting the chair.’

It could hardly be agreeable to the Duke to find that among those with whom he was about to act, a cabal had already been formed, and that the head of the cabal showed a disposition to begin their official connexion by dictating terms. If such feeling arose he suppressed it, and wrote to Mr. Huskisson frankly acceding to all his wishes. The case was different, when, a little later in the season, Mr. Huskisson went out of his way to explain to his constituents that he had consented to serve under the Duke only on the clear understanding that both the foreign and commercial policy of the country should be the same of which he had heretofore approved. The Duke having entered into no such agreement, took the earliest opportunity of saying so in the House of Lords, and Mr. Huskisson was obliged to get out of the difficulty as best he could. Again, Mr. Herries having, through inadvertence or otherwise, allowed the editors of certain newspapers

papers to divulge ministerial arrangements, as yet incomplete, the Duke did not hesitate to express his displeasure :—

‘It is absolutely impossible,’ he writes, ‘to transact public business in this country without secrecy. By secrecy I don’t mean mystery, but I mean that a member of the Cabinet should understand it, and make it a rule of his conduct, never to mention or make known to any person whatever, much less to a person likely to publish it in a newspaper, anything of which he has obtained a knowledge in his situation as a member of the Cabinet Council.’

The Duke’s attempts to conciliate the Whigs failed. They do not appear to have been very strenuously made, or to have taken a wide range ; but Lord Carlisle, the Duke of Devonshire, and one or two more, whom he offered to retain, declined to serve. His Government therefore, when formed, consisted of himself, Lord Lyndhurst, Mr. Peel, Lord Bathurst, Lord Melville, Lord Ellenborough, Mr. Herries, and Mr. Goulburn—with Mr. Huskisson, Lord Dudley, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Grant, and Mr. Wynne, representing the Canning party.

If we may accept as true Lord Palmerston’s account of the matter, the Cabinet thus put together worked inharmoniously from the outset. Mr. Huskisson pressed at once for the same change in the Corn Laws which the Duke, when in opposition, had prevented. The Duke naturally resisted the proposal, and was with difficulty prevailed upon by Mr. Peel and Lord Lyndhurst to consent to a compromise. Questions, likewise, arose in the department of foreign affairs, on which the Duke and Lord Dudley disagreed ; and the Duke was exceedingly annoyed at reading one day in the ‘Quarterly Review,’ an accurate and able *résumé*, not alone of the points most in dispute, but of the arguments used on both sides, as well by correspondence as in the Cabinet. These, with other incidents which we need not stop to particularise, soon destroyed whatever hope had been entertained of living down differences which were supposed to have their source rather in personal feeling than in diversities of principle. Meanwhile, outside the Cabinet parties which had nothing in common aided one another in trying to bring the Government into disrepute. The old Tories went about denouncing as an act of unparalleled treachery the coalition between the Duke and the Canningites. The Whigs, indignant with the Canningites for joining the Duke and throwing them over, foretold all manner of evil to the State. As to the Radicals, they spoke according to their wont, of liberty threatened, and their just rights withheld from the people. It was a bad beginning, which foreshadowed no triumphant or successful end.

The first decided reverse that befell the Government overtook  
them

em on Lord John Russell's motion for the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. Ministers opposed the measure, Mr. Huskisson and Lord Palmerston taking prominent parts in the debate; it, finding that the sense of the House was against them, they withdrew in a body, before the division was taken. Subsequently the Ministers adopted the measure as their own, introduced into it some trifling changes, passed it, and gained no strength from the proceeding. By-and-by came on the troublesome question of Penryn and East Retford, the details of which are too well known to require explanation here. The general results were these:—Mr. Huskisson, after reluctantly consenting in Cabinet to follow a particular course, voted, when the division was taken, against his leader, and in breach of this agreement. That proceeding he followed up by writing, ere he went to bed, a letter to the Duke, in which this sentence occurs, 'I owe it to you as the head of the Administration, and to Mr. Peel as the leader of the House of Commons, to lose no time in affording you an opportunity of placing my office in other hands.' All that arose out of this communication is a matter of history. Mr. Huskisson's quarrel was taken up by the members of his party. Lord Palmerston and Lord Dudley both saw the Duke, and argued that their leader had no intention whatever of resigning; that he meant no more than to leave to the Duke to determine whether he ought to retire from the Administration or not; and therefore that it was the Duke's part to say that retirement was unnecessary. Lord Francis Leveson-Gower, afterwards Earl of Ellesmere, took a somewhat different line. He proposed either that the Duke should state explicitly what he required Mr. Huskisson to do, or else that the quarrel between them should be referred to the King. The Duke was immovable. He had said enough to indicate indirectly that Mr. Huskisson might, if disposed, withdraw his first letter. Further he declined to go. Having explained to Lord Francis that anything like an appearance of collusion between the parties would damage both, he adds 'But I will say this, that the mode suggested by you—I say nothing of the details—would be most objectionable; first, as it would involve His Majesty in the affair; secondly, because it would be a verbal arrangement of an affair of which the details had been conducted in writing.'

His memorandum on the interview with Lord Palmerston is worth perusal, were it only because of the contrast which it presents to the elaborate account of the same matter given in Lord Palmerston's diary: and we regret that our limits will not permit us to give it at length. It bears date 28th May, 1828, and will not attract the attention of any who study these remarkable papers.



In speaking of the Duke's refusal to join Mr. Canning's Administration, we expressed some doubt as to whether his personal honour or the best interests of the country imposed that obligation upon him. A calm review of the difficulties between him and Mr. Huskisson and his party, must, we imagine, satisfy all reasonable persons that he had no alternative except to act as he did. Mr. Huskisson, Lord Dudley, Palmerston, and Mr. Grant, were, doubtless, men of mark as well as influential in Parliament. But the Duke felt, and his judgment he was right, that the loss of their services to the Government was a misfortune, serious indeed, yet infinitely less so than would have been incurred had he stooped to seek reconciliation on the terms suggested by them. Lord Palmerston's biographer more than insinuates that the Duke seized the first occasion that presented itself of severing his connection with the Canningites. We find no proof of this in the correspondence. But so much is made manifest that the suggestion offered was one which he could not overlook; that he did not overlook it, or affect to do so; yet that for six whole months he left a door of reconciliation open, which either the Canningites could not see, or, seeing, did not care to take advantage of.

Reference has been made to the effect, upon both the old Tories and the old Tories, of the unnatural coalition, as they called it, between the Duke and the Canningite party. The resignation which came in towards the end of May, 1828, produced a complete change of opinion on both sides. The Tories were reconciled with apparent cordiality to the Duke. They condoned the baseness of the Canningites and drew them to themselves. But the Duke's difficulties were not thereby removed. A cry arose that the Canningites had left him, because his Government was becoming retrograde and arbitrary. One by one the Lord Chamberlain in minor office threw up their places, and several noble gentlemen, to whom the Duke made advances, excused themselves from serving under him. Surprised, perhaps mortified, the Duke was not thereby cast down. He called to his counsels old friends in civil life and old companions in arms. Lord Aberdeen succeeded Lord Dudley's place at the Foreign Office; Sir Henry Hall succeeded Lord Palmerston at the War Office; Sir John Murray became Colonial Secretary, in Mr. Huskisson's place; and Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, afterwards Lord Fitzgerald and went to the Board of Trade, *vice* Mr. Charles Grant. Among the ultra-Tories Lord Westmorland alone was so far from taking office, and he did so. But in the constitution of the executive the only change that took place was the appointment of Lord Francis Leveson-Gower to be Chief Secretary in

of Mr. Charles Lamb. Lord Anglesey, though by profession a follower of Canning, made no proposal to resign, and the Duke willingly retained him.

In every Cabinet, as in every Board of Directors, there is, we presume, what the Americans call a 'caucus;' in other words, a select few who take intimate counsel together, and on important points determine what the policy of the ruling body shall be before proposing it to their colleagues. The state of Ireland, and how to deal with it, seems to have been to the select few in the Wellington Administration a subject of frequent and anxious discussion. The Duke, Lord Lyndhurst, and Mr. Peel were all convinced that to go on much longer as they had heretofore done was impossible. Every day brought in fresh evidence that, unless decided measures were adopted to take the government of the country out of the hands of the Catholic Association, there could be no security in Ireland to life or property, nor any force in law. But on what principle these measures should be based, and how framed so as best to secure the desired object, these were points on which, as the event shows, no agreement was reached. Nor is this surprising. Though the Government had undeniably been formed with a view to bring about, sooner or later, a settlement of this difficult question, the various sections of which it was composed never so far forgot their minor differences as to justify the head of the Administration in opening his mind to them on the subject. With the King avowedly hostile to concession, and a Cabinet which met only to wrangle, it was manifestly hopeless to attempt, on a question so momentous, a decided move in one direction or another. For if he were to propose measures of severity, though the King might agree, his colleagues would reject them; if of concession, no matter with what conditions weighted, the King would offer a determined resistance. And could it be supposed that the recalcitrant section in the Cabinet would fail to take advantage of his Majesty's humour to get rid of a chief whom they both feared and hated? Hence his delay in occupying ground, which, had it been seized a little earlier, might have been held, but which not even his great influence with a reconstructed Cabinet enabled him to keep, after the Government had been forced into a capitulation on the Test and Corporation Acts.

We have seen how much and from what an early date the Catholic question filled the Duke's mind. His memorandum, drawn up in 1825, shows that by that time his ideas had matured themselves into a plan. But in 1827, during his memorable tour in the Northern counties, he made the acquaintance of one who, even more than himself, was master of the subject, and with

whom he entered immediately into confidential and close correspondence. Dr. Phillpotts, then Rector of Great Stanhope, afterwards Dean of Chester, and subsequently Bishop of Exeter, was a man of extraordinary talents and great learning. Had he lived in earlier times, and been a Churchman, nothing could have stood between him and the management of empires. Had he chosen the Bar as a profession in his own day, he must have reached and adorned the Woolsack. As it was, he appeared before society as the ablest and keenest controversialist of his day. The world credited him with uncompromising hostility to Romanism as a form of Christianity, and to the admission of Roman Catholics to an equality of civil rights with their Protestant fellow-subjects under the British Crown. The world was so far in the right that Romanism, as a gross corruption of Christianity, he held in marked disesteem; but to the removal from Roman Catholics of the civil disabilities under which they laboured he was only so far opposed as that he was unable to discover in the terms of accommodation proposed by them any sufficient guarantee for the maintenance of the Protestant Constitution in Church and State. This difficulty was the Duke's also, and the two men soon understood one another. The Duke invited the Rector of Stanhope to set forth his views, not hiding from him the truth that he was himself anxious to discover a safe road to concession; and in a series of letters, all of which either are or soon will be accessible to the public, Dr. Phillpotts delivered his mind. No reader who compares these letters with the Duke's memorandum of 1825, can fail to be struck with the similarity of thought, and even of reasoning, which pervades them. In certain conclusions at which they arrive they differ; but the differences are slight, and the Duke, like a wise man, readily yielded his own judgment on such points to those of one who satisfied him that he had reason on his side.

Dr. Phillpotts' scheme is in substance as follows:—

'He is prepared to admit the Roman Catholic laity to a full participation in the privileges of the English Constitution; he is not prepared to do so on terms arranged, either by concordat or otherwise, between the English Crown and the Court of Rome. He is willing that the Irish Roman Catholic bishops and priests shall be paid by the State, but the payment is not to take the shape of an endowment. The bishops must be accepted as persons to whom the full powers of the episcopal order belong, but they are not to be recognized as vested with jurisdiction each in his own diocese, or See. His reasons are, that the recognition of a Romish diocesan episcopate, and the assignment to each See of a specific endowment, would be not only to acknowledge, but absolutely to establish a co-ordinate episcopacy, hostile to the episcopacy of the Established Church,

Church, and not less inconsistent with its just and essential rights than the acknowledgment of another King of Great Britain would be incompatible with the rights of the sovereign. The question of interference in the choice of persons to be Roman Catholic bishops he treats very summarily. Let there be no attempt of the kind. Leave the Irish Roman Catholic clergy free to elect whom they will, and to get the Pope's confirmation as best they may; but provide by Act of Parliament that the persons so chosen and approved shall not execute any episcopal function, except under control of the State. But this must be done both delicately and effectually. Might it not be best to avoid altogether meddling with or recognizing their elections or nominations, nay, even to avoid the mention of Roman Catholics in particular, and to make a simple and general engagement, that no person not being a bishop of the Established Church shall exercise any episcopal functions, or pretended episcopal functions, without first obtaining a licence from the Crown, through the Secretary of State for the Home Department in England, or the Secretary for Ireland—in cases arising in that country—or the ——— [blank, so it in MS.] in Scotland, in which last country the Protestant bishops will be subject to the same restraint; a matter perfectly reasonable and proper in a country where the Presbyterian Church Government is established by law, and likely to make the matter more palatable to all parties by being equal in its operations.'

These recommendations the writer founds on arguments drawn, some from Roman decretals, others from the acts of foreign governments, especially that of Russia. He is equally clear in his views as to the securities to be required of the Roman Catholicity, that they shall not abuse, to the detriment of Church or State, the power put into their hands. He advises that the declarations against transubstantiation and the Mass be abolished; that instead of the array of oaths then in force, members of Parliament, without distinction of creed or nationality, shall be required to swear that they will maintain and support the Bishops and Clergy of the Protestant Church of England and Ireland, by law established, in all such rights, privileges, and possessions as they or shall belong to them, and not exercise any political power or privilege to weaken or destroy the Protestant religion, by law established in the realm:—

'An oath like this,' he continues, 'would be a great constitutional recognition of the essential union of the Protestant Church and State. It would carry with it a more direct benefit to the Church; it would bind all who have seats in Parliament, whether Roman Catholics or Protestants, to abstain from all acts hostile to it. At present, none who sit there are so bound, the only security there sought or given is in the declaration against Popery. The Protestant enemies of the Church, whether in the number of its nominal members, or avowedly dissenters from its whole scheme of doctrine and discipline, may at present



present prosecute their plans of hostile legislation without any check whatever, except that which is presented by the King's Coronation Oath, and which it is obvious could only be brought into action by a most unpleasant, if not perilous, conflict of the Crown with the Parliament.'

The paper from which we have just quoted was in the Duke's hands before he became Prime Minister. It so far commended itself to his mature judgment, that when the time came for acting in the case, he founded his own scheme upon the conclusions to which it led up. Now, if he had only found his Cabinet, as first constructed, more amenable than it was to reason, it is quite within the range of probability that Lord John Russell's move for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts would have been anticipated, and that by one wise and comprehensive measure all the grievances of which both Roman Catholics and Dissenters complained might have been removed, not only without weakening the connexion between Church and State, but by giving to it additional stability. *Non Deus sic voluit.* The Dissenters carried their point by submitting to take an oath which still marked them as with a brand. The Roman Catholics, when their turn came, did the like. But men do not care to be distinguished from their fellow-men by engagements which curtail for them that freedom of action which others enjoy. Roman Catholics and Dissenters equally kicked against their special oaths, and where are the oaths now?

Time passed, and the state of Ireland became, week by week and day by day, more alarming. Whatever else of good the Government succeeded in achieving—the great reduction of expenditure at home, the maintenance of peace abroad, was rendered nugatory by the presence of one fearful shadow, the constant dread of an outburst in that unhappy country. The difficulties too, of dealing with the evil appeared to grow continually more formidable. The Duke, of course, kept his own counsel. To none, except to Mr. Peel and to Lord Lyndhurst, was his mind opened, and even with them he appears to have discussed general conclusions only. But his subordinates—some because the wish was father to the thought, others because the secret oozed partially out—soon began to speak and act as if the game were drawing to a close, and that the Catholics were to win it. Lord Anglesey in particular, committed indiscretions which were quite unwarrantable. His sons attended meetings of the Catholic Association. He himself, carrying the Irish Lord Chancellor with him, became the guest of Lord Cloncurry, a leader in that body. He threw in short, the whole weight of his office into the scale of sedition. Nor did Lord Francis Leveson-Gower, though less indiscreet than

his chief, exhibit either the firmness or loyalty to the Government that might have been expected of him. Add to this the result of the Clare election, the misconduct of Dr. Curtis in making public the Duke's confidential communication to himself, the uprising of Brunswick Clubs, Mr. Dawson's ill-timed speech at Derry—and some idea will be formed of the chaos into which Ireland was falling, and of the reasons for it. Till this state of things should be put an end to, and the law's authority at least partially re-established, the Duke felt that measures of conciliation, however wise in themselves, would be misunderstood. He set himself, therefore, in the first instance to allay the ferment by remonstrating with some, and dealing more rigorously with others, of those to whose lack of judgment he mainly attributed the mischief. Here is a specimen of the style in which he expressed himself on those occasions :—

‘Cheltenham, 26th August, 1828.

‘MY DEAR PEEL,—I return Dawson's letter. A Mr. Pleman, who is here, has just sent me a letter from him of the 22nd, containing the same sentiments and opinions as he has given you. Dawson should recollect that he is the servant of the Government; that he is supposed as the Secretary of the Treasury to be in my confidence; and as your brother-in-law to be in yours. He should be a little more cautious. I likewise return Lord Anglesey's letter. He is conducting himself in a very extraordinary manner. I understand that his whole conversation and every answer he gives to an address contain some insinuation or invective against the Government. He has been repeatedly heard to say that his hands were tied up by the Ministers, otherwise he would do everything that was wished. He declared openly that he would not have accepted office, and would afterwards have resigned, if Lord Holland and Sir John Newport had not advised him first to accept and then to stay. I think that you had better inquire whether it is true that he intends to disarm any of the yeomanry; otherwise the order might be given and even partially carried into execution, or resisted, previous to our knowing anything about the matter.’

Mr. Dawson, as our readers may recollect, resigned his office. With Lord Anglesey a graver tone was taken,\* which failing to effect its purpose, he was in due time recalled.

Thus ill-served by his representatives in Ireland, the Duke had to encounter at home—the King's prejudices, the hostility of the old Tories, the growing alarm of the Protestants of both kingdoms, and the timidity of his own colleagues. His intention had been to keep the details of his measures secret up to the last moment; to get order restored in Ireland, not by entering into

\* The Duke's letter to Lord Anglesey, dated November 11, 1828, well deserves perusal.

compromise,

year. They were not, however, to assume outside their places of worship the titles of dignity which belonged to the clergy of the Established Church, nor to set up or maintain ecclesiastical establishments, except by licence from the Crown:—

‘It must be observed,’ the memorandum says, ‘that the whole system proposed will be created by the English law, and carried into execution by virtue of its enactments. Popery is of foreign growth, and it would be more consistent with the dignity of his Majesty’s crown that his Majesty should license the dependants of the See of Rome to exercise their ecclesiastical functions within his dominions, than that he should accept from the Pope any pretended authority to nominate these dependants, or any check upon such nomination by the Pope himself.’

The Duke, it will be observed, was not forgetful of the caution given to him by the King at the interview which terminated in his receiving a command to form an administration. He felt himself restrained by it from making Repeal a Cabinet question till he should have obtained his Majesty’s formal consent so to do. More than once, indeed, he had urged the King to withdraw the restriction from his Government so far as to allow them to take into consideration the whole state of Ireland. He now did more, and in a letter, which we regret that our limits will not permit us to extract at length, he implored his Majesty well to consider his plan, and assigned the reasons for pressing it on his Majesty’s attention. Unfortunately, he added,

‘Before your Majesty shall decide that you will not take these questions into consideration, and that you will not adopt this plan, I entreat you to allow me to lay it before the heads of the Church; I mean the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London, Durham, Winchester, Lincoln, Chester, and Oxford.’

Here is the King’s reply:—

‘Royal Lodge, 17th November, 1828.

‘MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am unable to use the pen myself; I can therefore only dictate. I have no objection to your sending the paper to the Bishops; but then let it be under your own authority, and not from my recommendation, as the only means of avoiding all comments in respect to myself. I also think that Mr. Peel should see the paper as well as your letter to me; but all this must proceed from yourself. I consider your paper very able; but on the point in question I need not tell you what my feelings are.’

The permission thus afforded was acted upon. Copies of the proposed scheme were sent to the several prelates for their consideration, and Mr. Peel was invited to study and criticize it, and then in earnest the Duke’s difficulties began.

It appears to us that no competent judge of such matters will accuse the Duke of legislating, or endeavouring to legislate, on this great question in a hurry. Throughout a long course of years his mind had disciplined itself to consider the subject in all its bearings, and when the time arrived for merging thought in action, even then he held back till his own views should be tested by the opinion of the ablest constitutional divines in the Church of England. His main error lay, perhaps—if under the circumstances we may so express ourselves—in not taking up the question and carrying it to an issue as soon as his ministry was formed. Undoubtedly, too, the passing, as a separate measure, of the Test and Corporation Abolition Act, told against him for reasons explained elsewhere; and it is not less certain that he made a mistake when he admitted the heads of the Church into his confidence before receiving the cordial support of the whole of the Cabinet. But all these proceedings are characteristic rather of one in whom prudence was carried to a fault, than of a headstrong and precipitate statesman. The results were fatal to his scheme. The bishops, taking an exclusively religious view of the subject, shrank from giving the countenance of the State to error in any form. Mr. Peel took exception to some details, and assented coldly to others. He objected to making the suspension of a clause in the Union Act a temporary and tentative measure. Individually he had no objection to pay the Irish priests, but he could not see how this was to be effected, except by setting up two rival Church establishments in Ireland. Strange to say, he was in favour of fixing a limit to the numbers of Roman Catholics to be admitted into Parliament. He forgot that the precedents to which he appealed gave no support to his opinion, because, whatever arrangements were made at the Union of England with Scotland, and of England with Ireland, were made by agreement between independent legislatures. Whereas an Act of limitation, such as he proposed in 1828 or 1829, as it would have been directed against the professors of a particular creed, so it would have undoubtedly encroached both upon the prerogatives of the Crown and the constitutional rights of the subject. At once, therefore, dissension arose in the Cabinet; nor was this all. The prelates to whom the scheme was submitted communicated with other prelates. These took the opinions of their clergy. The King opened his mind to the friends with whom, apart from his ministers, he was in the habit of conversing freely, and the whole Realm became moved. We find among the Duke's papers, as yet unpublished, a memorandum bearing date November 30th, 1828, which gives in few words an interesting  
account

account of the state into which affairs had by this time fallen:—

‘In consequence of the state of affairs in Ireland at the close of the last Session of Parliament, of the election for the County of Clare, and other events, I drew up the annexed paper, No. 2, and sent it with the letter marked No. 1, to the King on the 2nd of August.\* Shortly afterwards accounts were received in England of the speech made by Mr. Dawson at a meeting at Londonderry. This speech proceeding from such a person excited the greatest suspicions of the King’s ministers. Brunswick Clubs were established in Ireland; Lord Kenyon and the Duke of Newcastle published their letters in England, and there was every appearance that the public mind was not in a state to receive and consider with calmness any proposition for the settlement of Ireland. What was passing did not fail to have its effect upon the King’s mind; and this circumstance, and his Majesty’s indisposition, induced me to postpone the communication to his Majesty of anything further upon the subject.

‘I attended the King at Windsor early in October; when his Majesty expressed himself as being strongly affected respecting the state of affairs. He was anxious to dissolve his Parliament; to encourage the formation of Brunswick Clubs throughout the country; and to take advantage of the feelings which occasioned the formation of those Clubs to go to a general election. The King’s state of health prevented me from having much conversation at that time with his Majesty. I therefore wrote him a letter of which No. 3 is the extract.† At length, on November 16th, finding that his Majesty was better in health, I sent his Majesty the letter and paper marked No. 4 and 5 [of which we have just given the substance].

Up to the receipt of the Duke’s letter of November 16th, with its enclosure, the King had affected to believe that his minister was as much averse to concession as himself. It was under this pretended conviction, indeed, that he offered to dissolve Parliament, and proposed to the Duke that Lord Eldon should be appointed to the office of President of the Council then vacant. The Duke respectfully, but firmly, resisted both proposals. To the terms on which the King lived with Lord Eldon were as intimate as those on which Lord Eldon lived with the Duke of Cumberland. While, therefore, the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Kenyon appealed to the Protestants of the empire through the press, and Lord Winchelsea and Sir Edward Knatchbull held their monster meeting on Penenden Heath, the Duke of Cumberland, who had happened to be abroad, suddenly announced

\* The paper and letter in question will be found at page 564, vol. iv. of the *New Series*.

† This letter will be found *in extenso* at page 133 of a volume now in the press, but not yet published.



to the Prime Minister, in a letter full of expressions of confidence, his intention of returning home. Against that move the Duke remonstrated with the King, but to no purpose. Meanwhile Ireland was stirred to its inmost heart by the recall of Lord Anglesey. Considerable difficulty was experienced in finding for him a successor. One nobleman after another declined the proffered honour, and the correspondence with the Dukes of Rutland and Beaufort, with the Earl of Westmorland and many other Tory leaders, ceased to be that hearty interchange of thought that it once was. In the midst of this ferment the Duke of Cumberland arrived. The following letter to the King on that occasion is both interesting and characteristic :—

‘ London, 28th July, 1825

‘ I enclose to your Majesty a letter which I have received this day from his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland; his Royal Highness afterwards did me the honour of calling upon me. But the letter above-mentioned did not afford any ground for hope that anything I could say would have the effect of inducing his Royal Highness to go abroad, I did not mention the subject to him. Reports have since reached me of his Royal Highness having communicated with members of Parliament in your Majesty’s name, without proof of their truth. Considering the state in which political parties are placed at this moment, and the active part which his Royal Highness will undoubtedly take, it cannot be believed that his Royal Highness will not be accused of making such communications, and that proof of them will not be anxiously looked for in order to injure his Royal Highness if I should be obliged to notice them, or me if I should refrain from noticing any of them. I am therefore, anxious at once to put an end to all this mischief by addressing to the Lords of your Majesty’s household the letter which I enclose a draft, which is written in the terms which I state to your Majesty yesterday.’

Enclosure 1.

*From the Duke of Cumberland to Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington.*

‘ St. James’s Palace, 1 P.

‘ MY DEAR DUKE,—I am but this moment arrived in town, therefore after the time appointed to be with you. A doubt has arisen in my mind while driving up to town, which I wish to explain to you before I call, as to the propriety of my doing so. What I mean by this is, that it is utterly impossible either that I should call on you or you on me, without its being known; and in the present state of things I should feel considerable difficulty in not explaining to some of my friends what passed at such a meeting, for I must stand clear before them all, that they may say that I have a  
honour

honourably. Therefore if you have no objection to my communicating to Lord Eldon and some few friends what passes at such a meeting, I shall call at any hour you may now appoint.

'Believe me,' &c.

Enclosure 2.

'London, 28th July, 1829, half-past 2 P.M.

'SIR,—I have just had the honour of receiving your Royal Highness's letter of one P.M.

'I assure your Royal Highness that I have nothing to talk to your Royal Highness upon, respecting which I care whether it is stated to the whole world. I have no business to transact except his Majesty's, and I do not care who knows what I say or do in the transaction of that business. I am now going out, but shall be at home in less than an hour.'

The letter to the Lords of his Majesty's household required them, in the usual terms, to be present in the House of Lords, and there give their support to his Majesty's ministers.

Their Royal Highnesses, the King's brothers, appear to have been thorns in the side of the King's minister. On first taking office, the Duke found the Duke of Clarence at the head of the Navy, in which capacity as Lord High Admiral his Royal Highness's proceedings were as eccentric as they were costly. After repeated remonstrances, and a voluminous correspondence, all of which is now published, the Duke found himself under the necessity of advising his Royal Highness to resign. The resignation was sent in, and it is but fair to add that, neither as Duke of Clarence nor subsequently as William IV., did the ex-High Admiral retain an angry recollection of the pressure which had been put upon him. But the Duke of Cumberland, as he was an abler man, so he proved during the great struggle of parties a much more formidable antagonist. He was constantly at the King's elbow, or else by letters and messages encouraging his Majesty to throw over both the measure and its authors. 'Between the King and his brothers,' wrote the Duke on one occasion, 'it is next to impossible to govern this country.' But the die was cast. The King tried to recall it and failed, and, on the meeting of Parliament, that famous speech was read which broke up what remained of the Tory party, never again under the same name to be reunited.

We must hurry over, and we do so with great regret, what yet remains to be told of this most important and critical portion of English history. The King, encouraged by his brother and the great party which followed his lead, wavered to the last. Even after the Bill was passed for putting down the Catholic Association, even after the Catholic Relief Bill itself was drawn  
and

and about to be brought forward, he did his best to find a way of escape out of the policy to which he was pledged. In his course nobles, prelates, clergymen, and commoners, supported him, ceasing to address their petitions to Parliament and appealing direct to the Throne. At last, however, on the 5th of March, 1829, Mr. Peel made his famous statement, and laid his Bill on the table of the House of Commons. It is not too much to say that the measure, shorn of its statesmanlike provisions, disappointed everybody except the extreme abolitionists. Lord Salisbury, who had promised to move its acceptance in the Lords because of the control which (as originally concocted) it promised to give to the Government over the Irish priesthood, wrote to the Duke, and said that he 'could not support the measure as one affording support to the Protestant establishment,' though it remained for him to consider how after considerations might induce him to accept or reject it as one of unequalled concession to the Catholics. Burgess, Bishop of Salisbury, after denouncing the measure as violating all the laws of God and man, went on to say, 'But the Bill has not yet passed either House of Parliament; and, whatever be the issue of the present struggle for and against the Constitution, the Protestants and lovers of the Bible are never without hope.' But the most extraordinary proceeding of all was the publication, at his own desire in the 'Standard,' of a letter from Lord Winchelsea to Mr. Henry Nelson Coleridge, in which he announced his intention of withdrawing his name from the list of subscribers to a fund for the endowment of King's College, London.

The letter ran thus:—

'I was one of those who at first thought the proposed plan might be practicable, and prove an antidote to the principles of the London University. I was not, however, very sanguine in my expectations, seeing many difficulties likely to arise in the execution of the suggested arrangement, and I confess that I felt rather doubtful of the sincerity of the motives of some of the prime movers in this undertaking, when I considered that the noble Duke at the head of his Majesty's Government had been induced on this occasion to assume a new character, and to step forward as the public advocate of religion and morality. Late political events have convinced me that the whole transaction was intended as a blind to the Protestant and High Church party; that the noble Duke who had for some time previous to the period determined upon breaking in upon the Constitution of 1688, might the more effectually under the cloak of some outward show of zeal for the Protestant religion, carry on his insidious designs for the infringement of our liberties, and the introduction of Popery in every department of the State.'



The Duke had borne with extraordinary patience the waywardness of the King, the intrigues of the King's friends, the abuse of Tory newspapers and magazines, the lectures of Bishops, and the desertion of old friends. He had submitted to the mutilation of his own scheme, and consented, though with reluctance, to take up in place of it the bald measure which ultimately became the law of the land. But an attack of this sort seemed to him to present an opportunity from which, as a politician, it would be unwise to turn aside, and he immediately addressed to Lord Winchelsea the following letter:—

‘London, 16th March, 1829.

‘MY LORD,—I have just perused in the “Standard” newspaper of this day, a letter addressed to Henry Nelson Coleridge, Esq., dated Eastwell Park, March 14th, 1829, signed *Winchelsea and Nottingham*; and I shall be very much obliged to your Lordship if you will let me know whether that letter was written by you and published by your authority.

‘I have the honour to be.’

No answer having arrived on the 18th to this communication, the Duke wrote again, enclosing a copy of his original letter; and on the 19th he received Lord Winchelsea's reply:—

‘Eastwell Park, Ashford, 18th March, 1829.

‘MY LORD,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your Grace's letter of the 16th inst., and I beg to inform you that the letter addressed to H. N. Coleridge, Esq., was inserted in the “Standard” by my authority. As I had publicly given my approbation and sanction to the establishment of King's College, London, last year, by becoming a subscriber to it, I thought it incumbent upon me in withdrawing my name, also publicly to state my reasons for so doing.

‘I have the honour to be,’ &c.

A short note, enclosing the above, explained that the Duke's two letters had reached the writer together, and that he intended to be at 7, Suffolk Street, London, on the morrow, between four and five in the afternoon.

Busy as he was, the Duke did not allow a moment to pass without answering this note:—

‘London, 19th March, 1829.

‘MY LORD,—I have had the honour of receiving your Lordship's letter of the 18th instant. Your Lordship is certainly the best judge of the mode to be adopted in withdrawing your name from the list of the subscribers to King's College. In doing so, however, it does not appear necessary to impute to me, in no measured terms, disgraceful and criminal motives for my conduct in the part which I took in the establishment of the college. No man has a right, whether in public or private, by speech, in writing, or in print, to insult another by attributing to him motives for his conduct, public

or private, which disgrace or criminate him. If a gentleman commits such an act indiscreetly in the heat of debate, or in a moment of party violence, he is always ready to make reparation to him whom he may thus have injured. I am convinced your Lordship will, upon reflection, be anxious to relieve yourself from the pain of having thus insulted a man who never injured or offended you.

‘I have the honour to be.’

Lord Winchelsea not embracing the opportunity thus calmly and with great dignity offered him of retracting a calumny and apologizing for it, the Duke requested Sir Henry Hardinge to wait upon him. The results of this interview appear in a memorandum by the Duke, which we transcribe:—

‘London, 20th March 1829, in the morning.

‘Sir Henry Hardinge has read me a memorandum written by Lord Winchelsea, and delivered to him by Lord Falmouth, from which it appears that his Lordship is anxious that I should justify myself from the charges made against me contained in his Lordship’s address to Mr. Coleridge, published in the “Standard” newspaper.

‘I may lament that a nobleman for whom I feel the highest respect should entertain a bad opinion of me. But I don’t complain as long as that opinion is not brought before me. I cannot admit that any man has a right to call me before him, to justify myself from the charges which his fancy may suggest. That of which I complain is that the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham should have published an opinion that I was actuated by disgraceful and criminal motives in a certain transaction which took place nearly a year ago.

‘His Lordship, unprovoked, has insulted me by stating in writing, and authorizing the publication of this opinion. For this insult I believed, and am not willing to part with the belief, that his Lordship will be anxious to give me reparation.

‘WELLINGTON.’

This memorandum was carried by Sir Henry Hardinge to Lord Falmouth, who submitted it to Lord Winchelsea. It drew forth a rejoinder from Lord Winchelsea, which, however, contained neither explanation nor apology. A further correspondence ensued between Sir Henry Hardinge and Lord Falmouth, wherein the latter, acting for Lord Winchelsea, formally declined either to withdraw the published letter or to express regret for its contents, and then came:—

‘*Sir Henry Hardinge to the Earl of Falmouth.*

‘11, Whitehall Place, 20 March, 1829.

‘MY LORD,—I send your Lordship a letter from the Duke of Wellington to Lord Winchelsea, on my communicating to his Grace your note of 3 P.M., declining, on Lord Winchelsea’s part, to make any reparation, or give any explanation, &c., of his Lordship’s conduct towards

towards the Duke of Wellington; and in order to avoid the possibility of any mistake, I repeat what has already been arranged verbally between us, that the Duke of Wellington will be at the place appointed at 8 o'clock to-morrow morning.'

*'The Duke to the Earl of Winchelsea.*

London, 20 March, 1829, 6½ P.M.

'MY LORD,—Sir Henry Hardinge has communicated to me a memorandum signed by your Lordship, dated 1 P.M., and a note from Lord Falmouth dated 3 P.M.

'Since the insult, unprovoked on my part, and not denied by your Lordship, I have done everything in my power to induce your Lordship to make me reparation;—but in vain. Instead of apologizing for your own conduct, your Lordship has called upon me to explain mine. The question for me now to decide is this. Is a gentleman who happens to be the King's minister to submit to be insulted by any gentleman who thinks proper to attribute to him disgraceful or criminal motives as an individual? I cannot doubt of the decision which I ought to make on this question. Your Lordship is alone responsible for the consequences.

'I now call upon your Lordship to give me that satisfaction for your conduct which a gentleman has a right to require, and which a gentleman never refuses to give.

'I have the honour,' &c.

Of the memorable duel which followed, Dr. Hume, who, at the desire of Sir Henry Hardinge, attended on the ground, wrote out on the morning after the occurrence a detailed and interesting account, and copies of it in MS. were given to many of his friends. It is now printed, and will in due time appear among the Duke's papers. It gives a very vivid picture of the whole scene—of the calm self-possession of the Duke, of the nervous excitability of Lord Falmouth, of the astonishment of the writer when he discovered on whom as principal in an affair of this kind he had been called upon to attend, of Lord Winchelsea's modest courage, and of the manly and dignified bearing of Sir Henry Hardinge.

The place of meeting was Battersea Park, then known as Battersea Fields, and Lord Winchelsea, having received the Duke's fire, raised his pistol and discharged it in the air. A conference ensued between the seconds, which led to the production by Lord Falmouth of a paper stating that—

'Lord Winchelsea did not hesitate of his own accord to declare that he regretted having unadvisedly published an opinion which had given offence to the Duke of Wellington, and offered to cause the expression of regret to be published in the "Standard" newspaper, as the same channel through which his former letter had been given to the public.

'The

'The Duke who had come nearer and was listening attentively, said in a low voice—"This won't do, it is no apology." On Sir Henry took the paper to the Duke, and walked two or three paces on one side with him—but immediately came back, saying he cannot accept of this paper unless the word apology be inserted. He then took a paper from his pocket, and was proceeding to read it, saying, "This is what we expect;" when Lord Falmouth, interrupting him, said, "I assure you what I have written was not an apology;" and he entered into a discussion, asserting that the admissions contained in his paper were the same as those, or rather, as quoted from those, in the Duke of Wellington's own Memoirs. Sir Henry Hardinge said, "My Lord Falmouth, it is needless to prolong this discussion; unless the word apology be inserted, we cannot resume our ground." And, turning to Lord Winchelsea, whom Lord Falmouth had taken aside to converse with, he said, "My Lord Winchelsea, this is an affair of the seconds;" on which Lord Winchelsea returned.'

The word 'apology' was then inserted, and so the matter ended.

Mr. Gleig, in his biography of the great Duke, makes a curious statement in reference to this affair:—

'It is a curious feature in this somewhat unfortunate occurrence that when the moment for action arrived, it was found that the Duke did not possess a pair of duelling pistols. Considering the long time he had spent in the army, and the habits of military life, towards the close of the last century, that fact bore inconceivable evidence to the conciliatory temper and great discretion of the Duke. Sir Henry Hardinge, therefore, who acted as the Duke's friend, was forced to look for pistols elsewhere, and borrowed them at last from Dr. Hume, he himself being as unprovided as his principal.'

The same writer details a conversation which he had with the Duke two or three years subsequently to the meeting. Regarding it as it would seem, to some expression of regret, that one in the Duke's high position should have been involved in an affair of the kind, the Duke said:—

'You speak as a moralist, and I assure you that I am not a catechist for duelling under any circumstances; but my difference with Lord Winchelsea, considering the cause in which it originated and the critical position of affairs at the moment, can scarcely be regarded as a private quarrel. His attack upon me was planned to render the conduct of public affairs impossible to the servants.'

The same original view of the case is taken and set forth in greater detail, in a letter to the Duke of Buckingham, 21st April, 1829:—

‘London, 21st April, 1829.

‘MY DEAR DUKE,—I am very much obliged to you for your letter of the 6th, which I received this morning. The truth is that the duel with Lord Winchelsea was as much part of the Roman Catholic question, and it was as necessary to undertake it and carry it to the extremity to which I did carry it, as it was to do everything else which I did do to attain the object which I had in view. I was living for some time in an atmosphere of calumny. I could do nothing that was not misrepresented as having some base purpose in view. If my physician called upon me, it was for treasonable purposes. If I said a word, whether in Parliament or elsewhere, it was misrepresented for the purpose of fixing upon me some gross delusion or falsehood. Even my conversations with the King were repeated, misrepresented, and commented upon; and all for the purpose of shaking the credit which the public were inclined to give to what I said. The courts of justice were shut, and not to open till May. I knew that the Bill must pass or be lost before the 15th of April. In this state of things Lord Winchelsea published his furious letter. I immediately perceived the advantage it gave me; and I determined to act upon it in such a tone as would certainly put me in the right. Not only was I successful in the execution of my project, but the project itself produced the effect which I looked for and intended that it should produce. The atmosphere of calumny in which I had been for some time living cleared away. The system of calumny was discontinued. Men were ashamed of repeating what had been told to them; and I have reason to believe, moreover, that intentions not short of criminal were given up in consequence of remonstrances from some of the most prudent of the party, who came forward in consequence of the duel. I am afraid that the event itself shocked many good men. But I am certain that the public interests at the moment required that I should do what I did. Everything is now quiet; and in Ireland we have full reason to be satisfied. We must, however, lose no time in doing everything else that is possible to promote the prosperity of that country.’

Here we must stop for the present. The scandal of the duel died out; the Duke carried his measure—maimed as it was, and sorely damaged in its progress towards Parliament. But for that there was no help. Any measure of relief, looking to the general state of the country, was better than an attempt which must have certainly failed, to keep things as Lord Liverpool left them. Indeed, we will go further. Had the King been true to his Minister after the Bill was passed, and the Tories been wise enough to accommodate themselves to circumstances, the Catholic Relief Act, imperfect as it was, might have worked well. But the King was not true to his Minister. The Tories, instead of taking counsel with reason, followed the bent of passion. The Duke certainly contributed to bring matters to this pass, and so



far failed to show himself a successful English Minister. But only a great statesman would have ventured to face the difficulty at all, and a statesman's work would have been done and well done had not the timidity of some and the perverseness of others interposed to prevent it. Such is the price which we pay for living under a constitutional government.

ART. II.—1. *Parentalia; or Memoirs of the Family of the Wrens.* London, 1750. Folio.

2. *Sir Christopher Wren and his Times.* By James Elmes. London, 1852.

3. *Fund for the Completion of St. Paul's.* Appeal presented at the Public Meeting held at the Mansion House, on Wednesday, the 13th of July, 1870.

4. *Annals of St. Paul's Cathedral.* By Henry Hart Milman, D.D., late Dean of St. Paul's. London, 1868.

5. *Completion of St. Paul's. A Letter to the 'Times.'* By Wyatt Papworth, F.R.I.B.A. June 8, 1872.

THOUGH man is born unto trouble, rejoicing and thanksgiving are happily not uncommon in the world. These strong emotions are often quiet and subdued, but among all peoples there is an impulse to express them by some fit sacrifice and national display whenever a great public benefit has been secured. Thus travellers used to tell that in the Islands of the Southern Sea some fated families supplied the human victims who became the chief thank-offering to the gods, and the supreme enjoyment of the people at their sacred meal. These devoted persons passed their lives in common-place obscurity, but when the fatal designation had been made, the future sacrifice became the object of much popular solicitude and friendly care. Chieftains and princes paid him visits, priests and people praised him, he was flattered, cooked, and gastronomically finished, and the repast was memorable as the sagacious combination of a pious offering to the protecting deity with suitable enjoyment for devout and otherwise successful men. Tastes vary with circumstances, and so with us the sacrifice is different though the mode is much the same. We are not precisely cannibals. Our taste is rather for the 'remains of our ancestors' than for contemporary flesh, and the supply of venerable and devoted buildings is always at command. These, too, are usually treated with neglect or empty praise, but, on occasion they are one by one selected for completion.

tion.' We have had in our time many such memorial sacrifices, and the restoration and defacement of some hundreds of our ancient buildings are the sad testimony of the joyful acknowledgment of our benefits received, or of our thankful memory of departed worth.

Of course, in the selection of our sacrifice a due proportion and significance must be maintained; and now, on the recovery from alarming illness of the Heir Apparent to the British Throne, a most important victim is required, and thus we all are called to take a part in some mysterious undiscovered work that, we are told, will give the proper church-like splendour and completion to St. Paul's.

As our grand old friend is therefore in a dangerous state, and the great change may possibly be near at hand, we now propose to note the genesis and character of the one English Protestant Cathedral, and to show what are its merits that impress the world, and how some defects that seem unfairly to discredit its great designer may without costly or incongruous change be screened or modified. And then, referring to the possible 'completion,' we desire to give our readers some foretaste of the special treat that connoisseurs and clergy are preparing for their pious admiration and æsthetic joy.

Few Londoners know anything about St. Paul's. People have been accustomed all their lives to that amazing mass of nigritude with the big round dome, huge and o'ershadowing without, and dingy, dull, and cavernous within; but of the artistic value and constructive merits of the great building they have no thought nor any valid comprehension. In order therefore fairly to appreciate the work, our minds ought to be cleared of all deluding prejudice, and then by careful study thoroughly informed. This, then, is our object, and probably we shall utter nothing new; but as simply as the subject will allow, and with regard for uninstructed rather than for *dilettanti* readers, we shall endeavour to supply a detailed critical description of St. Paul's.

There need be no artistic superstition about Wren. He often failed, and between Walbrook and Temple Bar he certainly exhibits many grades of merit and demerit. It will not do to hold objectors cheap or to make criticism sacrilege. We are invited to 'complete' his church, and not to worship him; and, ere accepting any scheme to 'finish' the chief work of our great master of the picturesque, the public should be well instructed; and there should, at least among our educated men, besides an ample knowledge, be a cultivated and discriminating taste.

St. Paul's is in direct descent from Roman ancestry. The

simple Doric temples of the Greeks, and the columnar temples and basilicas of Rome, are only distantly related to our subject. Its near connexions are the Coliseum, the Pantheon, the Triumphal Arches, and the Maxentian Basilica, in which the pier and arch are the constructive features and the 'Order' of column, entablature, and cornice,\* is a mere frontispiece overlay. This massive arcuated method of construction continued into mediæval work, but there, instead of slavish repetition of the classic Orders, there was either an avoidance of such forms or else the details were designed with picturesque variety and freedom. The churches of St. Sophia at Byzantium and St. Mark at Venice, St. Vitale at Ravenna and the Minster at Speier, are varied and emphatic illustrations of the Roman outgrowth of this ancient Roman style. But at the classic 'revival' these spontaneous poetic works were speedily condemned as barbarous and rude, and Michael Angelo and others made the details of St. Peter's strictly regular. Wren at St. Paul's used the more recent fashion. Sir Christopher was not a real architect or 'master-builder'; he had attained no masterly detail, nor any of that workman's fancy that gives life to even stone. He was a very able and accomplished man, with quick appreciation of geometric rules, a taste for symmetry, and exceeding sensibility for grace of outline. These, and his good sense, his perfect temper, and a little study of 'the style' supported by the generous liberality of those who made the land and voted ample means that others should supply, enabled him to build the noble church that now we hear has yet to be 'completed.'

To our travelled readers the mere mention of St. Paul's evokes up the memory of the great Basilica at Rome. The two churches have so much resemblance in their form and style, and yet so much of contrast, that when their architecture is discussed, comparison becomes inevitable. Of course Wren knew St. Peter's by reputation and drawings; and it evidently influenced his own design. And since, by critical comparison of the two buildings, each can be better understood, we may include St. Peter's in our series and discuss together the two chief classic shrines of Protestant and Papal Christianity. For our further aid some illustrations from Mr. Fergusson's elaborate 'History of Modern Architecture' are placed at our disposal, and will doubtless give interest to the subject that otherwise it hardly would attain.

The first impression that each building makes is one of s

\* The Entablature comprises the Architrave, or chief beam immediately above the columns; and the Frieze, the plain or carved face above the architrave, below the cornice, the crowning and protecting moulding.



This was, of course, intended, but though St. Peter's front is greatly bigger than St. Paul's—much more than twice as large—the columns and the Order are so huge that the apparent size is greatly diminished. In Wren's first model for St. Paul's a similar arrangement of the Order was designed, and, notwithstanding all we read of Wren's vexation at the failure of his plan, it is quite clear that these larger columns and the concave curvature of the four aisle walls made the design less picturesque, and for the most part far inferior to the present building. Here the two-storied Orders of a moderate height give proper scale, and render possible a western front that has no rival in the world. Objections have been made to this two-storied portico, and to the coupled columns, but the former may have been required in expectation of future Papal ceremonials, and the coupled columns are a very common-sense and practical arrangement. Where intercolumniations are, as in the side range of a Doric temple, uninfluenced by special accidents of plan, they should of course be equal, but even in the very formal building we have named, the angle intercolumns are all made narrower than the rest. The columns at the Propylæa at Athens are also placed at various distances with reference to the openings in the wall behind. And at St. Paul's the columns of the portico are coupled and arranged to give due space and light for doors and windows. The two front lantern towers are well composed, and free from vulgarity or commonplace or foolish trifling; and, though evidently mere picturesque and fanciful excrescences, they still, by their frank truthfulness, maintain the dignity of the whole building and assert their own. Their merely ornamental use is clearly both intentional and undisguised. But the side walls are a sad contrast; half being built-up sham, and the whole coarse, graceless, and undignified.

The Dome is perfect. Critics do complain that the surrounding columns are too large, and should have been proportionately smaller than the Orders used below; but this irregularity we easily excuse, for while the graceful outline of the dome engages our attention we can scarcely see the lower columns or compare their size. The beauty of the dome is very greatly due to the proportions of the lantern, which, though built of stone, is with the gilt ball and cross full one-half higher than the great metal-covered dome itself. This, the most charming and effective feature of the church, we owe to Wren's constructive adaptation of a cone of brickwork underneath the dome, which gives a firm and durable support to all the upper masonry and woodwork, and is a good example of the simple means by which in building, as in other things, the greatest  
excellence



View of St. Peter's, from the south-east.



View of St. Paul's.

excellence can be attained. It is to be observed, however, that as the upper half of the side walls is a mere screen to hide the walling of the nave clerestory, so the outer dome is not concentric with the dome within, but stands nearly its whole height above it.

St. Peter's dome externally is scarcely visible above the front, and is of value only as a picturesque and noted landmark in the distant view. So far St. Paul's is manifestly the superior work. The east end certainly is very poor, and wants a second transept or some slight extension north and south; unless indeed the apse could be removed, and the whole width of choir and aisles combined in one broad front. But the entire building suffers grievously from the neglect and grime of centuries. Perhaps, except the Liebfrauen-Kirche at Dresden, no such vast display of dirt connected with religion can be seen. And then, lest any, without due authority, should dare to touch the building, it is so palisaded round by a stockade of hideous iron balusters and piers, that the clear footing of the building on the ground is never visible. The church has consequently no direct association with the people as they pass. Not one beholder in ten thousand knows what the first twenty feet above the ground is like. All glance up to the dome, and mentally regard the church as a mysterious and unclean mass, that no one cares for, but that very much obstructs the way.

We go back to St. Peter's, and, with no sense of pleasure from the view of its great cumbrous front, we enter by the smaller door. The first view is merely of an aisle, not reaching to the dome; and yet the length would reach beyond the dome were it St. Paul's. The sudden termination of the view is very fortunate, though clearly accidental. The eye has just sufficient time to get itself accustomed to the tone of light, and to the style and details of the building; and so, when by a few sidelong steps we reach the nave, the full effect, not of its size, but of its proportions and enrichment, is at once appreciated. And among works of similar construction in the classic style, nothing can rival this interior in graceful amplitude and decorative splendour—qualities, it is true, of a secondary order, but which it is satisfactory to find for once so well displayed.

As size, particularly in interiors, is a very important element of architectural impressiveness, we shall, as we proceed, give approximately the leading dimensions of the two churches. It is only by studying these figures that the buildings can be thoroughly comprehended. The interior of St. Peter's is 590 feet long, St. Paul's nearly a quarter less, 460 feet. At the transept St. Peter's is 416 feet wide, St. Paul's 240 feet, or rather more than



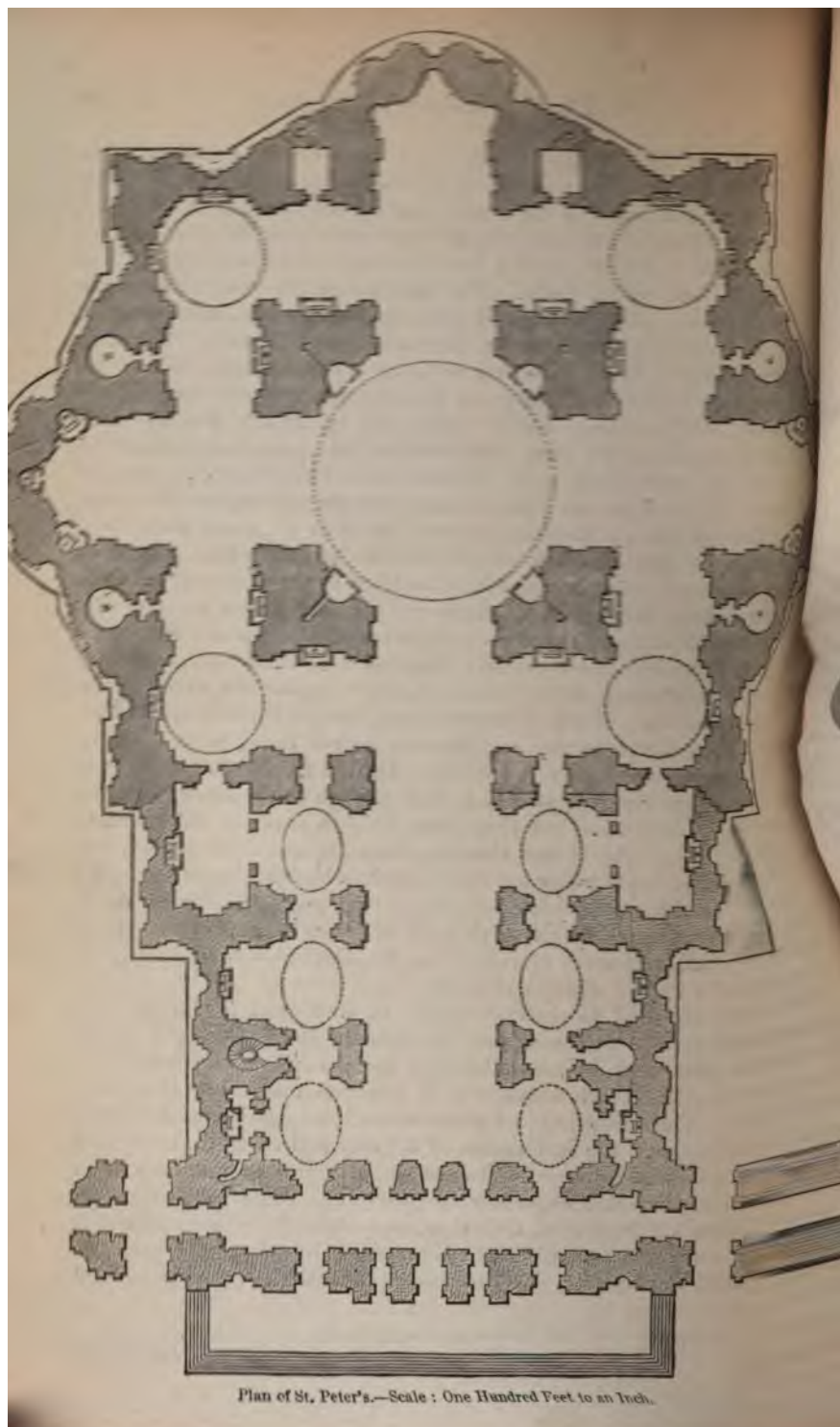
than half. St. Peter's nave is longer than the nave and the dome area of St. Paul's, and the nave and dome of St. Peter's would at St. Paul's reach to the apse or tribune in the eastern wall; St. Peter's dome alone covering a larger area than St. Paul's choir and aisles. At St. Paul's the nave and aisles are only half as wide as at St. Peter's. The heights of the two crosses are 440 feet and 350 feet respectively, and in cubical measurement St. Peter's is three times the dimensions of St. Paul's. Thus, in comparing the two churches, we have to consider not merely the effect produced, but the great disproportion of the means provided, and we may further state that St. Paul's was five-and-thirty years in building, and the cost was principally raised by taxes in one town. St. Peter's took three times as long in building, and put all Europe under tribute to complete the work.

Though such dimensions as we now have given are those most generally quoted, they are in fact often misleading. Few of them are at once perceptible on looking at the building, and it is only where the entire distance can at one glance be seen that measurement is of value in comparisons. So for the future we shall consider chiefly visible dimensions. And now, standing at the east\* door of St. Peter's, let us compare the naves of the two churches. We first observe that, though the windows of St. Peter's are but small, yet there is ample light, with a slight increase as we reach the dome. But in St. Paul's the light is always dim and dirty-looking, and though the windows may be awfully obtrusive, yet they seem only to make a murky darkness visible. At Rome there is clear air and brilliant sky, but in London the interior of the church becomes almost invisible from smoky atmosphere and cloud and fog. St. Peter's is all cheerfulness, and bright with light reflected from the clean white stone and polished marbles, but St. Paul's seems abjectly to cower in its sad disreputable dirt.

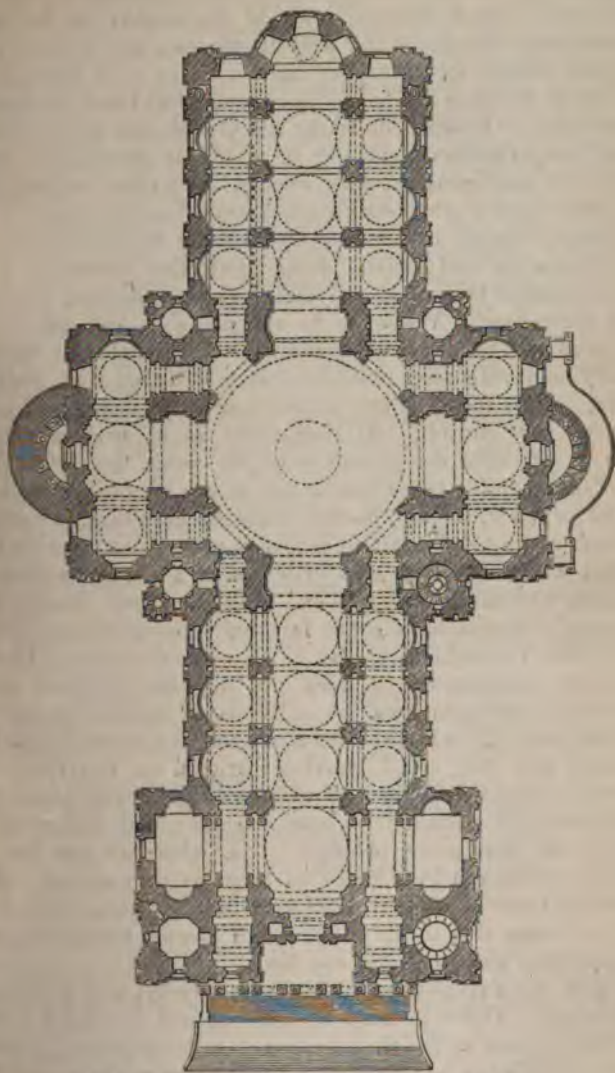
The classical Corinthian Order is employed to decorate St. Peter's nave. It rises from the floor to the full height of the main piers, and the arched ceiling springs from a few feet above the cornice, which reaches to a hundred feet above the pavement. The simplicity of architectural arrangement, the graceful outline, and the impression of solidity and strength, combined with sufficient lightness and expanse, all gained apparently with such facility and ease, is very charming. The proportions of the work are beautiful, and if at first sight there is a failure to appreciate the magnificent dimensions of the building, the standard explanation is that these proportions are so good and

\* St. Peter's faces the east.

delicately



Plan of St. Peter's.—Scale : One Hundred Feet to an Inch.



Plan of St. Paul's.—Scale: One Hundred Feet to an Inch.

delicately accurate that the eye is at first unable to take measurement of size. This passes for criticism, and is the accepted explanation of a chief defect in the most celebrated church in Christendom. Such reasoning would prove that we habitually fail to estimate the size of any well-grown tree, and that Antinous or Apollo would look smaller than a Satyr or a Faun. The failure is in fact due not to any excellence, but to an excrescence. The building is brought down by the Order, and so one-third at least of the expense of making it so big is practically thrown away. The mediævalists, who worked with clear unprejudiced intelligence and a progressive art, found that the classic forms were totally unable to produce the infinite variety of architectural expression and artistic detail that their inventive faculty required, and so they arranged their columns, arches, piers, and domes with careful reference to special size and picturesque effect, and not to classical authority. But with the 'revival' pedantry and rule soon took the place of fancy and judicious thought, and so the 'Orders' must be strictly used at any cost, to the injury to the church. If then there is at first a common failure to perceive the grandeur of the work, the defect is not to refinement of proportions, but to the gigantic details. From an exterior view, a monumental building may depend upon the smallness of its neighbours to secure a prompt impression of size, but when we enter this criterion of scale is wanting, the more obtrusive well-known building-forms impose their customary measure as a scale for their surroundings. At St. Paul's the Corinthian Order is of excessive size. This incautious captivated eye does not at once perceive, and without consideration uses the pilasters as a scale for the whole building, and only when the tendency to gaze upwards has begun to cease, and the small moving figures on the floor come frequently within the sphere of vision, do the really gigantic dimensions of the church become apparent, and with due effect impress the wondering beholder. So, when we see the rising moon or setting sun look twice as large as they appear when at the zenith, there is no real difference in their measurement, only an illusion due to the influence of known terrestrial objects in comparison with the adjacent disc.

This is the explanation of the fact merely, and not at all a justification. There is here an evident and blameful want of art, when art was at the time supposed to be supremely manifested. But it must always be remembered that these works were done by architectural composers, not by artists. These men planned nobly, and could build with great magnificence, but they had no power of expression or of artist-like design in detail. And



may here remark, that both St. Peter's and St. Paul's are actually triplex designs. There are the inner and constructive core, and the external and internal architectural façades; and when we all admire these two great churches, it is really to the hidden core that our chief thanks are due. Both Wren and Buonarroti were, in classical details, mere imitative men, using the scholarly and dead, but falsely called 'revival' fashion of the time. Their power is not shown in detail. There is no prompt and artist-like expression in their work, but mere blank copying, just as if they themselves had worn a 'classic' masquerade of Roman tailoring.

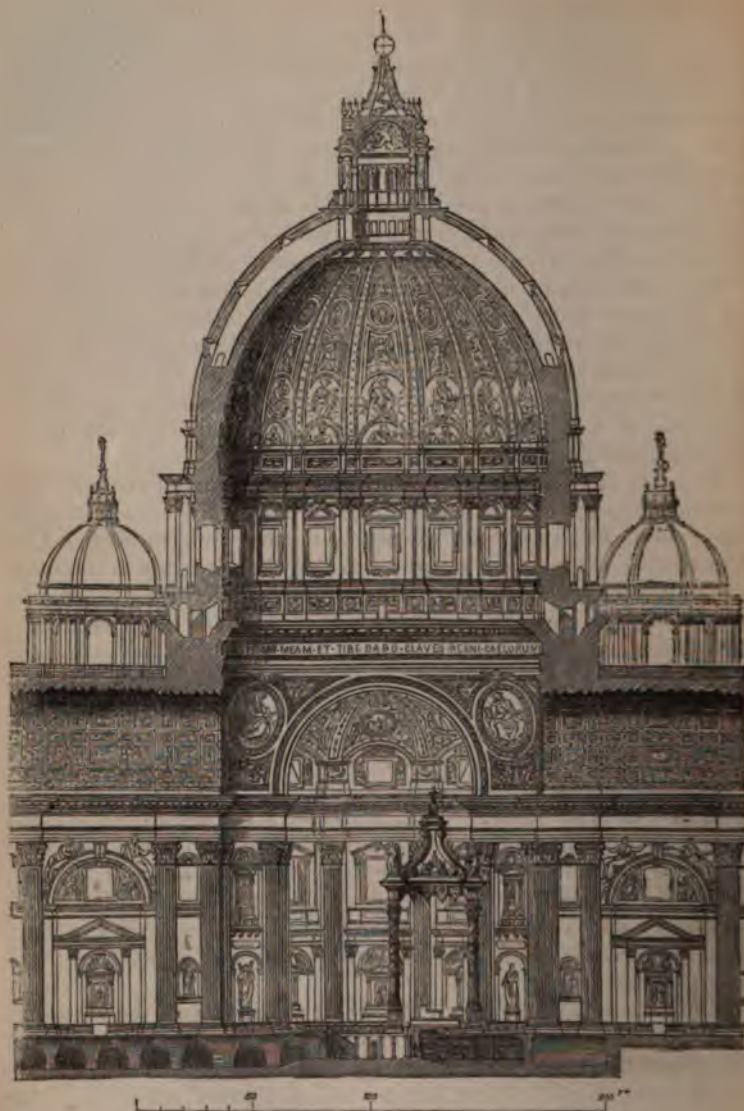
The associations of the revival were at that time absolute in art, nor have those associations yet ceased to have an influence on the public mind. It would even now take much persuasion to convince a sensible admirer of St. Peter's or St. Paul's, that if the Orders were entirely removed the churches would be relieved of a damaging encumbrance, and not denuded of an appropriated decoration.

In spite of this great error of detail, St. Peter's nave will still command much admiration. But at St. Paul's the architecture of the nave is awkward, and the space narrow and confined. Unfortunately the present entrance to the church tends to increase these bad impressions. We enter almost underneath the dome, and with the immediate influence of its vast size look right and left along dark burrow-looking passages, of which the largest is no bigger than the cross aisles at St. Peter's, and which can hardly, without care, be distinguished as the main avenue and the religious climax of the church.

This change in the respective architectural worthiness of the two churches is very sudden, a complete inversion from their relative exterior value. That so great a failure in his noblest work should thus occur to the designer of the dome and west front of St. Paul's, and of the interiors at Walbrook and St. James's, Westminster, must be due to some extraneous influence. We shall endeavour to detect the fundamental error in the plan, and having ascertained its cause, will trace its ill effect throughout the church.

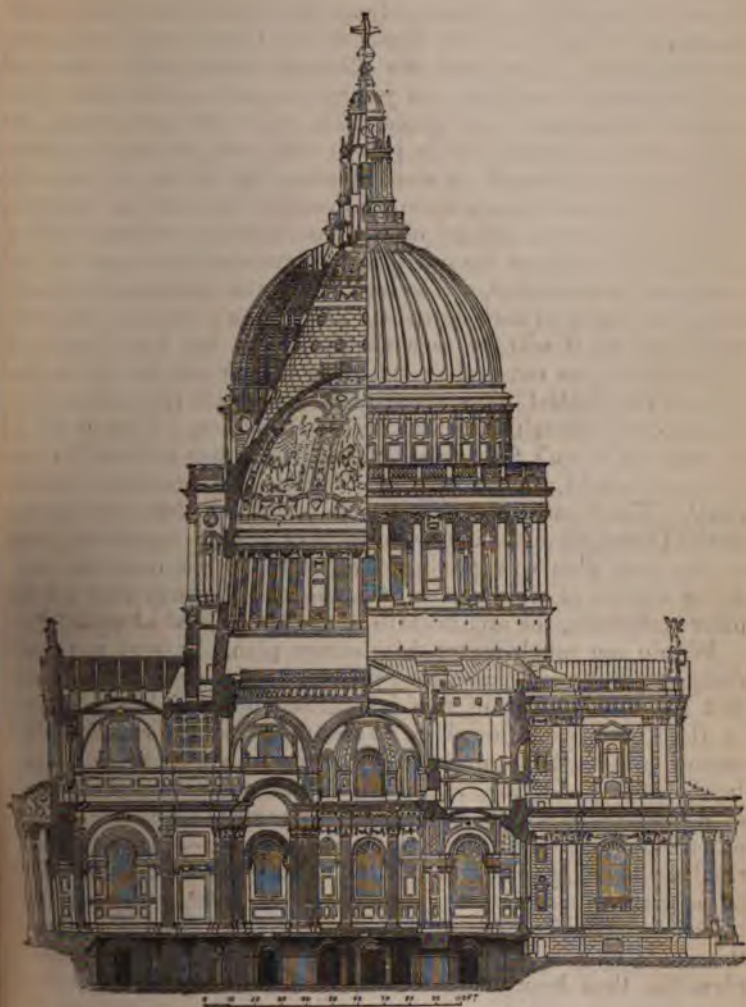
The dome at St. Peter's is 136 feet wide, and the openings to the main annexes are all 80 feet in width. At St. Paul's the corresponding dimensions are 107 feet and 40 feet. These are mere comparisons of size, but we call particular attention to the proportions that the main arches bear to the domes in the two churches. At St. Peter's they are just three-fifths of the diameter of the dome, but at St. Paul's little above one-third—a lamentable diminution, hardly appreciable in words or figures, but including the entire difference between amplitude and meanness.

At



Section of St. Peter's.

NOTE.—To bring the section of St. Peter's to the same scale as that of St. Paul's, add one-tenth to the dimensions of the former.



Section of St. Paul's.

Half-section of transept and dome.

Half-section of nave and half-elevation  
of dome and transept.

At St. Peter's the four chief piers are solid, independent, full of power, in noble-looking contrast with the curve of the four great wide-spread arches and the lofty spacious hollow of the dome. The effect is thoroughly artistic; a simple plan and a magnificent result. The dome at St. Paul's rests on eight narrow arches. The piers are all weak-looking and confused, and in a complicated way are joined in pairs across the intervening arches, as if the whole affair were yet in embryo, and still undecided whether to be pier or arch, and being immature, and suddenly arrested in development, the piers, all needing help and lateral support, seem cautiously to cling to the external wall. The 'composition' of the intermediate arches with the piers, the intrusion of the subordinate segmental curve, and all the details of arrangement, are so faulty, that the spectator naturally seeks the cause of such egregious blundering; and, on referring to the plans, it will be seen that while, as we have said, St. Peter's aisles are not continuous along the church but terminate against the central piers, those at St. Paul's are complete vistas through the church each way across the dome. This was not the case in Wren's first plan. 'This design was a Greek cross. Wren, it is said, preferred it as a model for a Protestant cathedral.' 'The Byzantine cross, it is said, did not please the clergy in the Commission, as not sufficiently of a cathedral form,' and so the new plan was produced as 'the Gothic rectified to a better manner of architecture,' 'that is, the plan was that of the older cathedrals, the architecture in the later classical style.'\*

We do not much regret this former plan. It was not well designed, and might have been inferior to the present building. But the combination of two inconsistencies, which the clergy in the Commission forced on Wren, made failure certain. To ensure success there must be simplicity of aim, whatever may be the variety of means, and when the incongruity is attempted of a cross-aisled church penetrating a circular dome, one or the other must give way, and thus, as we have seen, deformity results. Wren probably had Ely Cathedral in his mind when he arranged his plan. There, however, the octagon is an insertion, beautiful in itself, but destructive of the supremacy of the choir, and so far architecturally an error. Wren's present plan has thus been manifestly spoiled: the continuous aisles have first compelled wide intermediate arches; these contract the large main arches underneath the dome, which thus become narrow and mean, and so the church is damaged and degraded by the bad influence of its own clergy. This, unfortunately, is

\* Milman's 'Annals of St. Paul's.'



not all the injury. The evil is developed and extended throughout all the church, and to show how this occurs we give some further measurements. At St. Peter's the nave is 80 feet wide and 148 feet high; at St. Paul's the dimensions are 40 feet wide—one-half of St. Peter's—and 84 feet high, so that the opening of St. Peter's nave is nearly four times as large as that of St. Paul's, and if we stand in the centre of St. Paul's and imagine an opening three-quarters of the width of the dome, with the piers rising at the centre of the choir aisles to a cornice level with the whispering gallery, 100 feet high, and the arch curving upwards to the top of the windows underneath the dome, 148 feet from the floor, we shall have a direct comparison of the nave arches of the two buildings. The proportion between the height of the cornice and the width of the nave is in both the same; the cornice at St. Paul's being 50 feet above the floor, just half the height of that at St. Peter's. But the arch at St. Paul's is 84 feet high, and the springing is 64 feet, or 14 feet above the cornice. Here the disproportion becomes manifest and the result offensive. Of course Wren used an Order for the interior decoration of the church, but had he used it simply, for the entire elevation of the piers, as at St. Peter's, its size would have been excessive and quite disproportioned to the contracted opening of the nave. Wren, therefore, regulated the proportions of the Order by the width of the nave, as at St. Peter's, and made out the necessary height by what is called an 'attic,' which is a plain or moulded wall built up above the cornice. This poor contrivance is legitimate, as Orders go, but very far from good when thus applied. The recognized idea associated with such walls is rather that of lightness than of strength, and its effect throughout the church is one of grievous instability. Thus the nave and choir have neither airy spaciousness nor impressive force, but a weak, narrow-shouldered, dislocated look, that makes dignity impossible. This is not all, however, for the fatal error still pursues us with injurious effects. The Order being low to suit the narrow nave, it became difficult to introduce the side nave arches under the entablature; so, to obtain sufficient height, the architraves, except above the main pilasters, are entirely cut away. This in itself is satisfactory, and the immediate result is good. No part of the church is more to be approved than the plain spandrels round the arches in the nave, but the remaining fragments of the architraves, with the most uselessly 'engaged' pilasters, and the broken cornices and mouldings, are such pedantic blundering as nothing can excuse. There really is no reason for any Order at all. It is a mere false artistic refuge for the destitute, an easy way to satisfy

ill-educated connoisseurs, and by their patronage secure the admiration of the public.

Wren and the revivalists were not true artists, who make decoration the delight of workmanship—a natural and spontaneous growth. Here the 'Order' is a thing laid on, a 'cover-miser' at second-hand, and as it would not fit the members of the building it was cut and patched, eked out and distorted, so that the grace of form and of association are entirely lost, and, instead of a faithful reminiscence of the building work of ancient Rome, we have a ragged and disreputable masquerade that injures the effect of Wren's great church and altogether violates its dignity. The thing is but a foolish temporary fashion, and no more necessary part of Wren's design than his long flowing wig, lac coat, and high-heeled shoes were natural or essential decoration for the little deputy-surveyor. Pilasters are perhaps excusable, they carry on the rhythm of columnar 'compositions,' but when used as the chief ornament of interiors they have a power of absurdity that only cultivated dullness can fail to appreciate. The pilasters have the effect of painted shadows, without the necessary originating substance.

That all this 'classical' detail should be removed is probably a hopeless thought. That it exists and has cost money, and at present no one knows what else to substitute, is a sufficient reason for the '*status quo*.' But we would warn our readers not to waste their admiration on such work, but in the way of a healthy critical diversion let them think what would be gained if the great Arc de l'Etoile were invested in an Order, and then compare it as it still remains with the coarse pilasters and segmental pediments of the old gallery of the Louvre, and, with these fixed in the memory, extend their meditation to St. Paul.

While standing in the centre of St. Paul's, let us again compare dimensions in the two churches. At St. Paul's the inner dome is 220 feet high, but at St. Peter's it is 333 feet from the paving. Our readers may have noticed at St. Paul's, in the distant height that sometimes becomes visible above the inner dome, some small mysterious-looking windows. At their level, then, far above the summit of St. Paul's interior dome, and in fact level with the base of the lantern above the outer dome, the upward curvature of St. Peter's inner dome begins, and the open internal lantern would enclose the gilt cross of St. Paul, and leave a space of thirty feet beyond.

As we proceed towards St. Peter's dome, the whole church seems to open to the view. There is no darkness or confusion nor such perplexing incongruities of form as vex us in St. Paul. The central thought and object of the church is spaciousness.

and to gain this the openings around the dome are wide and the recesses shallow; the tribune and the transepts not exceeding in their depth the measurement across the dome. Thus they seem to form part of the dome area, and give a charming sense of amplitude and light, in complete contrast with the long and narrow choir that makes St. Paul's look miserable. The open cubical content of the interior view from underneath St. Peter's dome is thrice as great as the space similarly calculated of the interior of St. Paul's.

St. Peter's dome is, then, the climax of the building. There the great services are held, and no indefinite extension leads the eye unsatisfied beyond. Thus in all respects, in plan and section, at St. Peter's we have found a building full of merit; an unsophisticated noble monument, bold in conception, and, in its form and outline, almost perfect. St. Paul's interior is a very different affair. The dome is well designed, and though but two-thirds the height of the St. Peter's dome, and also less in width, it looks as spacious for its size. From this one excellence the remainder of the church most sadly falls away. Still Wren may have deserved but little blame. We have already seen how the requirement to build a 'Christian church' of clerical design spread disproportion throughout all the plan; and in Wren's time the nave and transepts of cathedrals were not, like St. Peter's dome, reserved and used as sanctuaries, but were, in fact, mere public promenades. The church was shut up in the choir, and all outside was of the world. St. Paul's was in effect two buildings with a continuous roof, and separated by the screen; and, while this screen retained its place, there was a sense of severance that allowed the mind to rest in observation at the dominating dome, without a wish or tendency to look beyond. Now that the screen is gone, the dome-space is a mere passage; bulbous above, hollow and widened out below, and leading nowhere, unless it be straight to the transept door, which is more promptly recognized than the long narrow choir, the lamentable anti-climax to the dome.

The choir is but a repetition of the mean and contracted outline and the 'execrable details' of the nave. At the east end is a small ill-proportioned apse, made uglier still by the uncouth pilasters and the coarse rib-moulding of the ceiling. The height and width are, with artistic cleverness, considerably diminished. If our readers will, on visiting the church, contrive to screen this apse while looking at the choir, they will observe that this at once appears full one-half larger. The walls are in appearance not an enclosure, but great masses of obstructive masonry. And for dull accumulation of material, entire defi-



ciency of thought—except for injury and evil—great waste and barren ugliness, nothing excels the eastern termination of St. Paul's.

The whole interior is disappointing in its architectural arrangement and effect; and when to this we add imperfect lighting, dinginess of colour, want of tone from furniture and wood-work, and the total absence of the workman's fancy and imagination in the details of the masonry, it must be owned that the interior of St. Paul's is not a charming or ennobling spectacle.

Having thus 'plentifully declared the thing as it is,' we willingly would leave it; but, as the public expectation is aroused, and all admit that something must be done, we venture to suggest that, before any thought is given to a scheme of decoration for the church, it must be first restored to 'sweetness and light.' When Wren built the church, the London atmosphere was tolerably pure; the window space was ample and the work was clean. Now that the light is dirty and the air foul, more window opening seems to be required. The heavy iron bars and the old glazing should be first removed, and, for the present, new white glass with slender framing fixed throughout the church; and then the whole interior should be cleaned. When this is done, the wants and failings of the church will be more clearly understood. The light will probably be still deficient, and the spandrels on each side of the end windows of the nave and transepts might be opened out and glazed; and even at the nave and choir clerestory windows a similar enlargement might be made. Mr. Penrose, the accomplished surveyor of the cathedral, has himself proposed these openings. The range of windows in the upright wall below the dome is more than half obscured by the external colonnade and its entablature. If the roof of the external passage underneath these windows were removed, and they were lengthened a few feet to the level of the top base mouldings of the intermediate pilasters, the light into the dome area would be nearly doubled, without any risk or injury to the building. Then, as the lighting of the church is artificially obscured, reason suggests that it be artificially increased. Reflectors placed outside the windows of the clerestory and dome would make the ceilings bright and decoration visible, and be themselves unseen. Some cleansing of the interior is now in progress. Why the exterior was not first attacked is hard to understand. And were these works all put in hand, another year might possibly enable us at length to see the inside of the church.

St. Paul's is by inheritance and consecration a Cathedral, but in construction and in prospect of the future it is evidently

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congregational church. It is, therefore, useless to propose to separate the choir and dome. For all practical and religious objects they are permanently united; and, if a screen is found essential, it must be placed west of the dome. In fact, the use and meaning of the separated choir is quickly vanishing. The dome is becoming sacred instead of secular, a place of worship instead of a mere covered area for processional displays. The clergy, then, should not be coy, but make a frank and sensible communion with their lay fellow-worshippers.

The entrance to the church is now, and generally has been, by the north transept; perhaps the worst point in the building for a proper architectural impression of the interior. One might as well begin to read a play at the fifth act. If it is worth while to undertake an elaborate completion of St. Paul's, it surely is advisable to use the building in a reasonable and artistic way. By entering at the transept, the great cavity of dome becomes the critical scale, and not the impressive climax of the church; and as we pass the nave and choir, they seem but dull, dark passages, a howling wilderness of dismal stone. The transept doors might still be used occasionally as exits, but the west doors should be the only entrances. It was well argued lately that the entrances to the national galleries of art should not be ready and immediate, but that some length of corridor should intervene, and separate the building from the bustle of the street. And any one who goes to afternoon or morning prayers will find how much a similar retirement is wanted at St. Paul's.

The choir, as we have said, is painfully narrow, and now that it is an adjunct to the dome it seems so inconveniently and absurdly long, that the clergy at the altar might well take to speaking-trumpets to become audible beneath the dome. But it is further contracted and oppressed by the obtrusive heaviness of the carved woodwork of the galleries and boxes, which obscure and darken all the stalls. The choir, in fact, requires a total re-arrangement, and a proper and complete connexion with the dome. The two obstructive organs which contract the narrow choir should be removed and placed on columns at their present height, one in each of the two eastern intermediate arches of the dome. Their cases might be so continued upwards as to screen or efficiently divert the eye from some of the objectionable details that we have described. Thus two great failures would be neutralized, and the choir arch would look wider and more dignified by its contrasted isolation; and those to whom the vista of the aisles is pleasing might still be gratified by looking horizontally beneath the organ. The choir stalls then should

should be extended very slightly underneath the dome, and, with a decent pulpit to supplant the present 'tank,' should be arranged and architecturally composed with reference to the organ cases; and thus spreading out trumpet-fashion into the dome area, the choir would properly assert its due position and importance in the church, and become evident and recognised. A screen of suitable design, copied, if necessary, from some of Wren's own work, should then be built across the choir at half its length, or even one arch further westward, with height enough to hide the east end from the dome, but not to interrupt the vista from the western door. The choir would then be fairly well proportioned in connexion with the dome, the altar would be within the range of an attentive audience, and a retro-choir would be provided for occasional and sacramental services. To give still more importance and a cheerful aspect to the choir, the first or second flat 'brick cupola' or ceiling dome from the west end, over the altar and the screen, might be raised up into the roof, and lighted from above.

The transept doors should be effectually screened, and for this purpose some of the surplus stall-work might be fixed across the transepts on the inner side of the cross aisles, and outside of the piers. This would not at all diminish the effect of spaciousness beneath the dome. The area is too large, and the height too great, to suffer from such small obstructions, and as the entrance would be always from the west, the measurement of space would mentally be made by glancing eastward to the altar-screen. These stalls would give a warm and furnished look to what is now cold and repulsive. They might be the official seats of national or civic dignitaries, and the clergy would then have the choir all to themselves. The aisles beyond would become ample vestibules, and form side passages to the retro-choir.

All that we have thus proposed is practical, and could be easily and quickly done. It is essentially a mere re-adjustment of the windows and the choir furniture to the now altered use and circumstances of the church. If the amount of daylight Wren had calculated on is now diminished, it would be indifferent respect to him or to his work to leave it so dimly lighted. And when the congregation has outgrown the choir, and what he most efficiently made separate is now as thoroughly connected with the dome, some new arrangement of the furniture and details of the choir becomes imperative; and when this is done, judicious counsel will suggest that known and obvious defects in Wren's design, wherever possible, should be neutralized and screened, and due respectful thought be given to preserve and carefully illustrate and display the beauties of his work.

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And now, returning to the exterior of the church. Let it at once be cleaned. The work is not difficult. The Mansion House and the Bank, Fishmongers' Hall and St. Bartholomew's Hospital, have all been properly relieved of their foul mask of dirt. Why should our Cathedral be left thus stained with accumulated filth, degraded from decency—a very outcast among buildings? We greatly fear that such examination as a thorough cleansing will alone make possible is urgently required, and it will be found that neglect of cleanliness brings as much injury to buildings as to men. Then, as the internal decorations must be made 'consistent with its character as a Christian church,' would it not be well to be similarly scrupulous for the outside of the Cathedral? Would any stranger, looking the building in the face, say it was 'Christian'? Rather, he would fear to libel Christianity by such association, and suggest Hottentots or Hindoos as the possible proprietors, and the cross to be a mere fanciful cockade. If the Dean and Chapter wish the public to complete the interior of their church, might they not show an example of reverence for the building by the obvious work of cleanliness and good repair? If, further, they will withdraw their fences, and abolish them altogether, except in a light and unobstructive way around the burial-ground, the public will take an interest in the building that it is evident the cathedral dignitaries have no conception of. In matters of sight people are led by the eye or repelled by it; and at St. Paul's the repulsion is as complete as the greatest enemy of the Church could desire. The building, like the institution of which it is an illustrious ornament, must be popular if it is to be influential, and social if it is to be respected and maintained. This is no new question, but one as old as the building itself. 'It involves the full or broken and interrupted view of the great west front of St. Paul's, or rather of the whole cathedral. It was the design of Wren that it should be seen in all its height and breadth. He, therefore, strongly objected to the tall ponderous enclosure which broke, obscured, or concealed the vestibule, the noble flight of steps, the whole of the solid base or platform from which the building rose. But the Commissioners, utterly blind to the architectural effect, proud of their heavy clumsy misplaced fence' (they were evidently 'connoisseurs'), 'which was cast at some works, now out of use, in Sussex, and thought marvels of execution in those days (the elaborate beauty of some of the old iron-work was forgotten), described Sir Christopher's design as mean and weak, boasted that their own met with general approbation, and so left the Cathedral compressed in its gloomy gaol, only to be fully seen, and this too near, by those who were admitted within the gates; usually



usually inexorably closed. Wren's words were, "As for the iron fence, it is so remarkable and fresh in memory by whose influence and importunity it was wrested from me, and the doing it carried in a way that I may venture to say will ever be condemned." Thus wrote Dean Milman, and we learn that there will be some re-arrangement of the western railings. This is a well-meant proposal, but is not carrying out 'Sir Christopher's intentions,' or prosecuting the Dean's 'endeavour.' The railings must be cleared entirely away. They are an insult to the people and a disgrace to the church. The approach to God's house should be open and direct and free, but the front steps and portico are a blank desert, and the front doors are gloomier and more repulsive than the gates of Newgate, and suggest the idea of exclusiveness rather than of 'comprehension.'

The fact is, that St. Paul's has not maintained the ordinary level of respectability, and people, though ready enough to praise its celebrated 'surveyor' more from his celebrity, however, than for any judgment of his work, do not respect the building. It is exclusive, timid, dirty, not quite true, and, vicariously, a sturdy beggar. All this the Dean and Chapter should entirely change, and when the church is brought within the sphere of well-conditioned decency, people will recognize it and feel honoured in its dignified association. We shall then find public appreciation becoming influential with the Board of Works; and it will soon be discovered that the time has come to get a clear view of the great building which so many praise, though none have favourably seen. The hither side of Paternoster Row, Old Change, and Carter, Creed, and Ave Maria Lanes may be removed. The Churchyard, thus made thrice its present size, might be turfed over, lined with trees, and then connected with the embankment at Blackfriars by a broad avenue to be continued eastward by the Broad Street Stations to the Mile End Road.\*

The pamphlet issued by the General Committee for the Completion of St. Paul's informs the public that 'the cost of maintaining the building in a thoroughly good condition would require permanently an additional 2000*l.* per annum, at least, simply

\* Might not the Great Eastern Railway be extended under this avenue from Broad Street to Blackfriars? Such an avenue from Battersea to Victoria Park with the river and bridges, Westminster Palace, St. Paul's, and Guildhall on the line, would be the finest in Europe, and the most useful. The view up to the front of the Cathedral from Blackfriars would be worth all the cost of this section of the work. But let us have a real avenue of trees, and not a lane of houses.

for keeping the fabric in repair, without reference to the expense of interior arrangements.' This is a strange announcement, since all London knows that close around the building is a stony wilderness of entirely unproductive unused land which, were it offered to the Board of Works to be all added to the surrounding thoroughfares, would, under the compulsion of the public will, be promptly purchased, and thus funds would be provided for the constant reparation of the church, and the great stream of passengers would be relieved of a long execrated obstacle and nuisance. Had this been done some twenty years ago, public opinion would have quickly followed suit, and we should long ere this have seen the southern side of Paternoster Row removed, a fine broad street laid out connecting Ludgate Hill directly with Cheapside, and the whole north elevation of the church made fairly visible. But while any of this land around the church remains enclosed, an application to the public to complete the building is on the face of it offensive and discreditable. Why should the people be invited to complete a building that so selfishly asserts that it is privileged and private? No wonder, then, that 'ever since Wren's death' St. Paul's has been 'crying aloud for assistance.' 'The present condition of the building,' truly, 'is nothing less than a' capitular, and not a 'national reproach and scandal.'

Among the many letters and appeals respecting the proposed decoration of St. Paul's interior, there are scattered evidences of four chief objects of popular or national desire. There is the leading proposal, to complete Wren's work according to Wren's own ideas or designs. This is the supposed initiating motive, and is made the public cry. Then there is the taste for sumptuousness and display, which looks for marbles, gilding, and stained glass, and, in fact, anything that may have show and colour, and a discoverable money value. The so-called ecclesiastical and Christian element comes next, and, having certain technical 'designs' or schemes for decoration, it would make St. Paul's a churchman's bauble, a display of the mean follies that half-educated clerics and a clique of semi-sanctimonious draughtsmen presume to call religious art. And then come the few 'chosen men,' the 'seekers for truth,' who, from their inexperience and the chaotic state of architectural affairs, are half, or more than half, bewildered, but whose judgment still is clear, because their aim is simple, and their feeling true.

What were the views of Wren for the completion of his great work?—is the opening question of Mr. Wyatt Papworth's useful and discriminating letter to the 'Times.' The answer, as he shows, is a very simple one; we have Wren's views in his own words:—



words:—‘The painting and gilding of the architecture of the east end of the church over the communion-table was intended only to serve the present occasion, till such time as materials could have been provided for a magnificent design of an altar, consisting of four pillars wreathed’ (or carved), ‘of the richest Greek marbles, supporting a canopy, hemispherical, with proper decorations of architecture and sculpture, for which the respective drawings and a model were prepared.’

Here then there is nothing about colour, unless the ‘richest’ Greek marbles may refer to tone of colour,—which, as they were to be carved, is improbable,—and this was only for four columns; of the rest, the ‘decorations’ were to be of ‘architecture and sculpture.’ These four questionable columns, not in the fabric of the church, but in a piece of furniture, are then all that Wren can be said to have proposed as colour decoration below the level of the ceiling. Wren, it is true, painted the inside of St. Paul’s throughout, but his ‘design thereby was not only for beautifying, but to preserve and harden the stone; and in order thereto gave particular charge to have it well supplied with oil, which accordingly was done.’ Here is no question of colour. The object was merely preservation and the ‘beautifying’ of a smooth surface—in fact, an architectural cosmetic.

His proposed method for the ceilings and the dome is more interesting. Of the nave and aisle ceilings, which are arranged in circular sunk panels, dome shaped, he thus writes:—‘The twenty-four cupolas of St. Paul’s are formed of brick with stone wreaths’ (carved ribs or bands), ‘and, having large planes between the stone ribs, are capable of further ornaments of painting if required.’ And again of the great dome—‘The judgment of the surveyor was originally, instead of painting in the manner now performed, to have beautified the inside of the cupola with the more durable ornament of mosaic work, as is nobly executed in the cupola of St. Peter’s at Rome. For this purpose he had projected to have procured from Italy four of the most eminent artists in that profession; but as this art was a great novelty in England, and not generally apprehended, it did not receive the encouragement it deserved. It was imagined also the expense would prove too great, and the time very long in the execution; but though these and all objections were fully answered, yet this excellent design was no further pursued.’

Here we have given the whole of Wren’s views about colour decoration, and they are limited enough. The ‘wreathed’ columns may easily be introduced into the choir-screen when it is built, and we fortunately lose the unpleasant sight of

Wren’s



Wren's painting and gilding of the east end, which was 'intended only to serve the present occasion.'

Wren's 'intentions and mode of treatment,' then, were to paint the whole interior 'for preservation,' to decorate the altar with carved marble columns, to paint the 'twenty-four cupolas,' and to 'beautify' the dome, 'with the more durable ornament of mosaic work.' Nothing more whatever do we know. Let us now turn to the 'Appeal,' and see what is proposed, in order to carry out—we use the Committee's own words—'Sir Christopher Wren's intentions, his mode of treatment, and, as far as they can be authenticated, his very designs, which are to be scrupulously kept sacred and followed.' With the structure itself nothing is proposed to be done. The Committee would be guilty of insincerity were they to conceal from those to whom their appeal is addressed that Wren's work, as Wren proposed it, will cost not thousands, nor tens of thousands, but as much perhaps in its final completion as 250,000*l*. Our readers will perceive that we have reached the 'sumptuous' section. The 'Appeal' proceeds:—'Sir Christopher Wren's marble Ciborium or "Altar-piece," as he calls it,'—Wren proposed no 'Ciborium,' nor did he call anything an 'Altar-piece';—and a 'magnificent open Choir Screen which, with its architecture, metal work, and sculpture, should be a very gem of art'—would naturally fall to the part of the Committee; and we venture to say that, when it is made, instead of 'a very gem of art,' this 'magnificent open Choir Screen' will be a vile specimen of art-manufacture.

'The better to illustrate the idea of the magnificence which has been imagined'—by all means illustrate it; but does not the sentence itself 'illustrate the idea'?—'let the entrance be supposed at the west end, about to become'—this was published fifteen months ago—'the easiest access to the Cathedral. On passing through bronze doors richly charged with devices'—a dangerous passage it would seem—'the first most striking effect would be produced by the brilliant roof covered with mosaic patterns and rich with gold. The cupola overhead and the panels of the exquisite side chapels would be pictorially treated in the same material, the walls relieved with marble slabs and marble inlay; the pavement and the windows enriched with colour. All panels to be filled with coloured marbles or sculpture.' Now, every word of this is about marble in walls and panels, and colour in windows, is inconsistent with the tale of 'Wren's intentions' being sacred.

'In the great dome' 'the grisaille pictures cannot fail to give place to Sir C. Wren's cherished wish for mosaic pictures.' But Wren

Wren says nothing about 'pictures,' a misleading word, since in St. Peter's dome, to which Wren refers, almost the whole mosaic work is architectural in its design, with single figures in the panels; and in addition to these, the drum and the eight spandrels (the latter already commenced in mosaic) will afford grand scope for the highest efforts of art and magnificence.' Yes, truly, 'scope' enough. But let us first examine the 'magnificent' results of these 'highest efforts.'

There are already two mosaics in the spandrels of the dome, labelled respectively 'Isaiah' and 'St. Matthew.' Isaiah, as we read his prophecies, appears supremely vigorous in mind, utterance, and imagination. As we see him here, he is no Seer of visions or inspired Prophet, but an aged worn-out copyist or scrivener, a purblind idiotic cripple, with some queer attendants, furnished with wings, which being 'property,' and ill-contrived, cannot unfortunately be made to close. The colouring is quite in harmony with the design—degraded, dull, opaque, and inconsistent; and the drawing suits the colour. St. Matthew is, in some respects, not quite so bad; but here we have a specimen of those 'highest efforts of art' that are to glorify the very 'essence of the building.'

'The roof of the choir should be a splendid and impressive work in mosaic. The windows of the apse will here also be more fully coloured; and the marbles, whether used structurally, as replacing the stonework of the principal pilasters, or in panels and inlaid patterns on the walls and pavement, would be arranged so as to impart a fuller idea of sumptuousness.' So then the 'noble and ennobling work,' that all ranks and classes of English society are called upon to aid, is not to complete Wren's church, but to impart a fuller idea of 'sumptuousness' where he designed simplicity and the dignified effect of true artistic contrast. Wren had no intention to insert 'stained glass,' or 'marble panels' or 'pilasters.' His 'idea of sumptuousness' was not so very 'fulfilling,' but kept within the bounds of common-sense and self-restraint and manliness. What the Committee now propose is, with elaboration and great expense, to desecrate Wren's building, and violate his evident intentions. This the public should be warned of, and before they answer the 'Appeal' its statements should be carefully sifted and quite clearly understood. When this is done, its inconsistent declarations will appear, and the Committee, touched by the 'insincerity' of the 'Appeal,' will quietly withdraw it, and inform the public that they have happily recovered, and are now in their right mind.

A few months ago there was some discussion in the newspapers about a reported scheme of iconographic decoration at St. Paul's. The announcement of this scheme was startling. People began to consider when Wren lived, and what his 'sacred' purpose might have been respecting 'iconography.' The Committee had not mentioned it in their 'Appeal,' nor is it discoverable in the 'Parentalia,' and it was soon found that the thing was, in connexion with St. Paul's, entirely new; that Wren knew nothing of it, and therefore that it could not come within the estimate of 250,000*l.* for the 'completion' of his work. We subsequently heard that the 'scheme' had not been quite adopted, but that the 'architect' who proposed it had been appointed to act with Mr. Penrose because he is said to 'possess' what is called the 'ecclesiastical element,' which 'element' Mr. Penrose was not known to 'possess.' Neither, however, we fear did Wren possess it. Rather it *possessed* him, and it pursues him still. This ecclesiastical element it was that, as Dean Milman told us, spoiled the plan of the cathedral, and by its clerical intervention caused those crippled and distorted forms and outlines which have made the interior a subject for apology instead of praise. And now we have this element of evil omen manifest again, prompt, ignorant, and conceited, and prepared to add defacing insult to its former injury.

The 'architect' in question is one of those sketching draughtsmen, who, by some cleverness with their pencil and bow-pen, obtain a notoriety among the half-taught people who take drawing to be architecture; and who, because their reading and observation have digressed into some remote regions of ecclesiasticism and professional technicalities that are not often explored by sensible men, are accepted as authorities on ecclesiastical 'properties' and iconographic or other furniture decoration. They generally affect the ritualist party in the Church, and their weak designs and trumpery church furniture and furbelows have gained a temporary popularity among the clergy that tends to mental degradation and religious coarseness. Their success is principally due to the entire want of workman culture. Weak-minded people can take easily to connoisseurship, and of course prefer to patronize some dapper draughtsman rather than risk their superfine gentility by giving personal and sympathetic aid or counsel to a true 'artist' working-man.

The gentleman who is to scheme the saintly decoration for St. Paul's refers us to his work at Worcester College Chapel, of which a reverend member of the College committee has written a careful description. He says, in a letter to the 'Guardian,' that

'Mr.

'Mr. Burges has covered walls, architraves, tympana, roof, niches floor with exquisite designs, every one with a significant meaning. He found "a room" and he has left "a chapel" full of thought of genius well applied, of symbolism most effective. It is a perfect study from end to end. It is the only building in England where the walls were designed for the windows, and the windows for the walls. There is no floor like it in England of elaborate mosaics. The massive seat of dark walnut inlaid with box, simply unrivalled. The stall ends each an artistic study in zoology or ornithology. I cannot think of a detail that has not been most carefully thought over in the studio and artistically elaborated in the chapel itself. I venture to say that on this side the Alps there is no sacred building of the kind, that so impresses one as a building designed as a whole, and in its minutest detail for the glory of God and for the pious and religious uses for which it was intended as Worcester College Chapel. Mr. Burges may with pride and with confidence refer to his success there as the proof that he can handle an Italian building in the spirit of the style *without the introduction of a single Gothic detail.*'

We ventured lately to declare that in the decoration of their churches the clergy are habitually and very greatly subject to imposture. An illustration of this fact would have appeared personal and invidious, so we allowed the statement to appear in naked verity. Providence, however, has been kind, and here we have all the illustration that could be desired. The walls, &c., are indeed 'covered' with paint of many colours laid on in several kinds of pattern; but the colours have no harmony, and the patterns no significance. They are there evidently by accident, and because the 'architect' did not know what else to do. There is endless elaboration, but not the slightest beauty, and the whole is an affair of ill-assorted shreds and patches that might belong to a dozen different buildings, and which have no true combination either of colour or of form. The distinction that the reverend critic finds between a 'chapel' and a 'room' strikes us as strange. It serves to show that consecration is an affair of gilding, oil-colour, and varnish, and that not the dedication but the tattooing of a man reveals the saint. In Jacob's sleeping-place our reverend friend would evidently not have recognized the House of God, and to him the Gate of Heaven could not be manifest were it not properly painted.

On the ceiling of 'Worcester' chapel are some small paintings which, supposing worshippers used looking-glass reflectors, might be found 'full of thought;' but the queer figures that peer down from the lunettes below the ceiling are evidently portraits of Jew haberdashers selling ribands at a fair. The cinque-cento patterns on the walls, and the misuse of colour, show singular ineptitude and ignorance. Below the windows is a long processional



cessional display of saints and angels, kings, archbishops, monks, and devotees. This we find illustrates the 'Te Deum;' yet saints so terribly malformed and destitute of sense could hardly be esteemed a 'glorious company,' and then the angels are so ill-set upon their legs that there becomes an obvious necessity for wings. These figures are just twenty inches high, and distant twenty feet from the ordinary point of view; here, however, they become invisible, for the windows, filled with coarsely drawn and coloured pictures, overcome entirely the small figures painted just below.

On the dark wainscoting against the wall there are little panels some two feet apart, each enclosing three odd Roman letters, which, we may explain for future visitors, are dislocated fragments of the hymn 'Te Deum laudamus.' The stall-ends also have as 'ornaments' the emblems of the Passion of Our Lord. This may be called religiousness in Art, but most reasonable men will say that to make the 'Hymn of Praise' and the sad emblems of the Passion mere tricky ornaments for students' chapel benches, is abominably profane. Were these things expressed as lightly and familiarly in words by laymen there would be a painful sense of scandal and impiety. Here, then, the 'symbolism most effective' is in full display, and this we are assured is 'Christian Art.' Will clerics and their draughtsmen never understand that such free handling of solemn things tends to irreverence, and makes the observing man think sadly and with lessening respect of those whose want of wisdom causes such offence? Besides, there is no kind of artistic value in the work. No doubt it is 'laborious,' as such work must be, and yet is quite mechanical, and was certainly inlaid and put together in a workshop, and not, as our critic has it, 'in the chapel itself.' The mosaic floor is sprinkled with some scripture names, and its light colour and the heavy ceiling are in contrast like a thundercloud above a chalk-made turnpike road. Round about the altar on the floor we find a counterfeit presentment of the 'Sower and the seed,' each being duly labelled. And all this childish nonsense we are told 'impresses one,' and it was thus designed for the 'glory of God,' and that Mr. Burges may 'with pride refer to it.' Strange doctrine for a clergyman. We should have thought that deep humility would best accord with reference to a work so piously designed.

The chapel is a very simple building, a fit place for the religious services, devout or otherwise, of a few dozen students in whose domestic and collegiate surroundings we may assume that luxury and ostentation are not habitual. The 'Quad' is sober, picturesque, and plain. The chapel door is opened and reveals a perfect contrast. Here is no

'quiet

‘quiet calm retreat  
For humble prayer and meditation sweet;’

at an expensive bauble, an obtrusive job of decorator's work—  
ismal and gaudy, and most inartistic in conception and detail—  
—a complete contrast to the unconscious dignity that, whether  
—simple or sumptuous, should be the ruling characteristic of  
—college chapel. This work is Mr. Burges's pattern card, the  
—sample of his capability in the cinque-cento style, and a more  
—retched exhibition has not been submitted to the public.

The church at Cork that Mr. Burges has lately built is also  
—quoted, and, judging from a photograph of the west front, the  
—taste and talent of the architect are all inside the building.  
—The front is poor and much beneath mere commonplace, the  
—upper and the lower halves are totally at fault in scale. No true  
—artist would have made so palpable a blunder. Again, if we  
—examine the sketches made by Mr. Burges for the proposed new  
—room at Harrow School, we find that the ‘design’ is scarcely  
—worth the name. Trade Gothic details and a heavy wall, with  
—no combining fancy, are said to be a Gothic building in the  
—shape ‘of a Greek theatre;’ and, with similar discrimination,  
—may be called a Grecian building made with Gothic details.  
—In any way of critical approval we are told that the architect will  
—use the garden slope for the gradation of the seats. Such  
—power of adaptation may, among these gentlemen, be worthy  
—of remark; and possibly the slope may further serve to give  
—efficient current for the drains. The interior is fussy and  
—draughtsmanlike, with the most abject poverty of fancy and  
—invention. To screen this the decorator's workman is turned in  
—to do his worst, and he, at any rate, succeeds. The Grecian  
—Gothic figure-drawing rivals the work at ‘Worcester.’ We  
—commend these sketches to the subscribers and Committee of  
—St. Paul's, and they can then imagine how ‘complete’ the church  
—will look when covered ‘ecclesiastically’ after such a fashion,  
—and when the walls become ‘Christianized;’ exhibiting, as in a  
—decorator's show-room, rows of ‘saints’ and groups of ‘martyrs’  
—fully labelled.

Such is the style of work that at the present day attracts the  
—connoisseurs, tickles the clergy, and makes the public stare. Its  
—influence is altogether bad and so reacts even upon the draughts-  
—men. For instance, All Saints' Church, in Margaret Street,  
—shows much able clerkmanship, but its natural sequence is the  
—woodry panelling at ‘Winchester’ Chapel and the mechanically  
—copied merry-andrew choir painting at St. Cross. We are told  
—that this painting is a ‘restoration.’ Clearly, then, it is not ‘art;’  
—and

ce a noble building with such rubbish is the very f bad taste. The latest result is the front of Keble where the 'All Saints' fiddle-faddle has been perfectly and the enfeebling influence of draughtsman's work is ighly manifest. Work such as this might be the play-child, or the light, half considered relaxation of the elder, but that any 'architect' should be able to sit down ly 'design' such imbecilities is a sad revelation. The of this work with that at Balliol in common censure iticized. Still it was true, and yet there is a differ-n these works that should be noticed. The one is former buildings by the same 'architect,' the other ly just as bad as its poor predecessors. At Man-clap-trap Law Courts 'composition' might, at a ding-school, have gained a prize 'for prettiness,' and common-place at 'Balliol' is no worse. In cha-ntecedents the two buildings differ, but in value and y have reached a pitiful equality.

ch obvious deficiencies in Mr. Burges and his work, me interest in the question how it came to pass that ointed to prepare a scheme for the complete deface-t. Paul's. The true explanation seems to be, that ie general ignorance and disregard of building-work, ral has again fallen into the clutches of the 'Con-

One of Mr. Burges's sponsors, however, is an of eminence,' who has already 'decorated' and 'com- other church of Wren's; and thus his taste and an be seen—when the gas is lighted—in the interior chael's Church, Cornhill. This 'architect's' expe- Wren's work may be, therefore, taken as a specimen borroughly religious, grave, and solemn character' presumes to say St. Paul's 'so much needs,' and mmend our readers to pay his 'ecclesiastical' kalei-short visit, when they will find that Wren's windows l up with 'wheels' and other stock 'office' patterns; lf the light is excluded, and the remainder is, by ned glass, almost entirely obscured, and the church k down to the most childish notion of sensationalism. , we see how, as this 'architect' assures us, 'the horough ecclesiastical element gives the decorative subordination to their architectural position which l to their true use, but which was so entirely neglected gs of the period of St. Paul's.' What in the name n sense is this 'ecclesiastical element'? Has it o do with the 'spiritualists' and Mr. Home, for .—No. 266.



they love darkness? Was Wren quite a fool? Did he make St. Paul's such a dark den that candles were essential at mid-day, a place for bats, or a cathedral for the blind? or so gild and paint the place with tawdry colours that light itself should be unwelcome? Nothing gives a more painful sense of the blank ignorance of the public in affairs of art than the emission of such 'grave and solemn' nonsense. People might be induced to think that this 'ecclesiastical element' had an architectural existence, or that it had, at any rate, some 'element' of meaning. The fact is, however, that it is a mere trade imposture, a windy sounding phrase just such as Bottom might have used. It has no meaning, and is best illustrated by the dull stupid darkness at St. Michael's Church. The public then have had, it would seem, more than enough of 'architects' and their opinions. These gentlemen are very well in their way as names for committees to quote, farmers of clerks, men of business, and generally traders who supply 'art notions' to the clergy and the more ignorant of the laity; but they are not architecturally 'artists,' and nothing is more discouraging in the present prospects of St. Paul's than its ominous surrounding of architectural drawing-masters, the 'ecclesiastical element,' and connoisseurs.

And now, with great relief, we turn to men of sense accustomed to broad daylight; and to these we say, that what we now have written is entirely free from the possibility of personal or party feeling, or spirit of sectionalism in Church affairs. We write by way of warning; and when this is done, the evil must be strongly indicated and described without reserve.

The great desiderata at St. Paul's appear to be: first, that the church should be completed as its architect designed; and that in doing this, the sacred use and dedication of the church shall become manifest. We have already stated all that is known of Wren's 'intentions,' but we did not draw particular attention to the sound and sensible way that he proposed to get the work done well. 'For this purpose'—the dome mosaic work—'he had projected to have procured from Italy four of the most eminent artists in that profession.' This is the key of the whole matter. Observe, here is nothing about schemes, or architects, or draughtsmen, or of the work being 'national.' Wren wanted 'artists,' which in his time meant not painters and drawing-masters, but cultivated and imaginative workmen. He does not ask for one man who would scheme or design the patterns, but for four men—a precise number—who would do the work. This is the true art method. But all the shows of art that we possess

possess at Kensington and its affiliated schools, or at academies or institutes, are very much delusions.

In architecture, owing to the great supply of illustrated works, and the habitual want of original and independent workmen's thought, the means of knowledge far surpass the power of analysis in either the 'professional' or the public mind. 'Knowingness' has in fact become a special curse. Architects are, like certain paralytics, always on the watch for some new manifestation that they may at once secure to be a help for their manifest decrepitude. Every 'new thing' in detail is promptly seized and made available in any practicable way, and then the public are called to admire the great 'knowledge' of the architect and how he has 'authority for every detail.' In the same way connoisseurs are wonderfully well informed about old buildings, but they have no clear discernment of the merits of new men. They wear their eyes in the back of their heads, and are consequently valueless as leaders of the public taste.

Art is often styled the handmaid of religion. The phrase has much unction and a touch of patronage, which, were it not entirely untrue, Art might be thankful for. Art is no handmaid, but a queen in her own right and by the grace of God; and Science and Religion are her sisters. Art and her sisters only sympathize in their concern for human nature; but, though mutually helpful, they are entirely independent in their spheres and modes of operation. This should be clearly understood; and the distinction between mere conjunctive association and co-operative action should be carefully remembered. Religion unifies the heart of man. Art gives expression and development to the imagination, and Knowledge feeds and nourishes the mind. These processes are not common to the active powers, but only to the subject—Man; and their results are directly inflexible. Art does not diverge into the domain of religion, nor does religion, unless tainted with presumption, trench on science. Each should retain its individuality if it would maintain its power. When, therefore, we are told that Art has an 'ecclesiastical element,' we fail to discover what the words can mean. The impression made is one of pure absurdity, and leads to scepticism. Are we to expect, further, the announcement that the Newtonian theory has an 'element' of apostolical succession; that the path of religious duty can be found in the ecliptic; or that an artistic action is involved in sacramental influence and operation? Art, then, knows nothing of 'ecclesiastical elements,' and has no communion with them; and where they are intruded in the place of Art, the result is art negation, feebleness, and imbecility. Art is not in any possible way 'ecclesiastical,'

regard for the ecclesiastical element. They painted in houses and for the Church, but the Church was very glad to let them paint their own and not 'ecclesiastical ideas.' There was no attempt or inclination in the Church to overstep the sacred boundary. Builders, and painters, and artificers, were designers, and the judges, among themselves, of their own work.

In those days clerics and connoisseurs did not interfere with work beyond their skill, nor yet pretend to judge without knowledge. Let us retain the idea of interference, and, without changing the characters, suppose, for instance, that Penrose and the cathedral workmen were to invite Mr. Pugin, as a man of genius and vigour, to scheme the cathedrals for the coming century, and we may be led to revive the present artistic aspect of this enterprise for the completion of St. Paul's. Whenever, then, the Church did not meddle in Art, and the ecclesiastical element became obtrusive, Art sank into inanity. Weak men became the poor instruments of an aggressive priesthood, and in the churches of the world throughout the world we have the effect of the ecclesiastical element revealed in the lowest debasement to which Art ever fallen.

In England we may see a corresponding decadence. We have lately had to note the state of architecture; and now, with special reference to St. Paul's, we may add, that church furniture and decoration are in demerit well adapted for the bad character and style of building work with which they are associated; and all the showy brass and iron work that make our cathedrals look like 'metal courts' at an international bazaar, are works of art, purely mechanical, just on a par with bright fire-irons, or with Armstrong guns. No men of any worth would willingly take part in such mere drudgery. True artists do not work, as such, at second hand. Wren had not this fortune. Gibbons and Tijou did the wood-carving and the wrought-iron screen-work at St. Paul's, and both were, like the old masters, 'free,' and so wrought out their individual fancy and manner; and their work within the limits of the necessary style is elegant, and full of workman's thought. But almost all the carving that is used to decorate our Gothic buildings is but a hack. The men know how to cut two or three forms of leaf, these are constantly repeated. Why should they do otherwise? They are the carver's men; the carver is the builder's contractor; the builder has no care except for his certificates; clerk of works is but a deputy; the 'architect' is absent, and the most part ignorant, and only glad that so much show can be had with no cost of trouble to himself, be placed on his poor, miserable

miserable building, and also to his credit: and *he* receives much praise and thanks from the beguiled proprietor, the man of taste who, far too fine and foolish to associate with any working people, pays money for this trash, and, for his pains, is just a simpleton.

Good artist's work can hardly come of such a system. We scarcely recollect one piece of modern carving that would make one wish to know the workman. This desire is a good test of work, but varying, of course, in value with the susceptibility and discernment of the beholder. Among the clergy, the desire is not to see the workman, but that others should be pleased to come and see what their 'architect of eminence' has done to beautify their church. The motive here is vanity, not love of art: its object, vain display, and doubly vain applause. Art has no share in it; and, for anything the greater part of all the decorative work is worth, it might as well be printed off and pasted up by paperhangers, so that, the fashion changing, it might be easily removed. We lately heard some clergymen comparing not about their newly 'decorated' churches, and the wonders that their 'architects' had done—the ladies also learnedly discussing their new wedding dresses 'fresh from the milliner's'—and we observed that, in artistic value of the subject, soundness of taste and critical acumen, the ladies had by far the best of it: the dresses were, in fact, designed and made by an accomplished artist in her way, with careful study both of figure and complexion. But the church decorations were concocted by the working draughtsmen at a factory—called now a 'studio'—hundred miles away, and then some labourers put the colours on with no idea or care that every form and tint should, in its measure, add to the effect. This decoration, is in fact a trade dealing with areas and stock technicalities of colour and of form and then with ignorant employers; and as it spreads throughout the country as an evidence of weakness and credulity among the clergy, it will eventually cause scandal and well-earned ridicule. Are there no men of sense among them who can discern the difference between a trader's fashion and true art, between the genuine workman and the spurious 'architect'? Cannot the clergy see that, if their church is national, they best represent it when they pass the middle-men, and, seeking those that 'labour and are heavy laden,' show them that work should properly alleviate itself by constant unstrained mental exercise; and, avoiding the delusion that the 'masses' can be 'elevated' merely by reading and amusements in their leisure, make every workman understand that, by a disciplined imagination alone can he be raised, and though this imagination should have higher aims yet it can best be

be exercised upon his common daily work? Or are the clergy, instead of being active and judicious benefactors, to remain submissive, wondering dupes, combining with the self-seeking herd of business men in grasping and securing the material results by which a low success is measured, and neglecting those great duties whose supreme reward is beyond human scope or worldly estimate?

Much good has been anticipated from the Schools of Art, where drawing and design are taught; and to those who inspect the schools, and do not look beyond, there seems to be success. Really, however, these schools at present are to working-men of little value. They are an inversion of the proper course of things. A child is not taught to speak or read before it has ideas and observation. It would be useless to teach an idiot to make words on paper which he cannot understand, or to set a boy to copy Homer ere he had learned the language. The method at our schools of art is parallel to these; and drawing is now held to be essential to the making of an artist. We might as well suppose that poetry originates in perfect penmanship. What is required is not the art of drawing, but that imaginative freedom of the workman which will develope art in common work. A mason or a smith requires little drawing; a week's attention would suffice to give him all he wants for present work, and a few hours' application would help him through an occasional difficulty. *What these men want is direct patronage*, and such present guidance in their work as shall lead them to the habitual use of observation, judgment, and imagination, and while 'surveyors' and contractors exist this is impossible.

Some years ago, when Salviati's mosaics were first used at Westminster, we were informed that such mosaic work was found particularly useful, since it was designed, made at a factory, sent to any distance, and applied with facility and promptitude. All true enough, but the result is 'art manufacture' merely, without a touch of real art. On the other hand, when security was sought against the forgery of bank notes, the most intricate patterns were proposed and infinite cleverness of printing and paper-making was suggested; but after long and careful search and consideration it was discovered that the working man was the true source of safety, and that the work of the best engraver to be found was after all the only security for the acceptance of these tokens of the financial credit of the country. Schemes and patterns were found valueless in comparison with true intelligent handiwork. *Art comes direct from the mind and hand of the designing workman.* Raphael's cartoons are works of artistic value, but the tapestries for which they were designed are articles of sumptuous furniture,

not



not works of art. So again in painting, it is not the copy, in colour or otherwise, but the master's own work that is esteemed. In architecture, a perfect model would be of no value in comparison with the shattered fragment on the Acropolis. And an 'architect's' drawing or sketch may be of some small value, and thus it captivates the 'connoisseur;' but his building will artistically be worthless in comparison. Wren lived in a time of transition, and though 'surveyors' were required to design after the new manner, there was, as we have said, considerable freedom for the working man; indeed the working smith was not entirely subdued until the commencement of the present century, as the good iron-work in our old west-end squares will testify. Wren, as we have seen, proposed to send for four mosaic workers from Italy—a very sensible proposal, following unconsciously the true old English way. The Venerable Bede relates how, a thousand years before Wren's time, Wilfrith and Benedict Biscop brought over workmen from Italy to teach our forefathers to build in stone, with the windows glazed 'that the unclean birds'—'decorators' imperfectly developed—'might not fly in.' Again, Wren was imitating the example of 'Richard de Ware, elected Abbot of Westminster in 1260, who, going to Rome for consecration, found there Pietro Cavallini manufacturing mosaics. On his return he brought with him rich porphyry and other precious stones for the shrine of Edward the Confessor in his abbey-church; and for the pavement before the high altar. He also brought over fit artists for the work.' 'One Odorick' was the master workman, and the Abbot of Westminster had the care of the work.

We will then suppose that in a similar manner the Dean of St. Paul's, having by great care and study both of work and workmen made himself 'able to judge,' should undertake to choose 'four artists' and to purchase the materials for the mosaic work. We would advise a visit to Italy for this purpose, and the best workman there should be engaged, with liberty to nominate three others younger than himself. They should be liberally salaried, and should be in direct communication with the Dean for all questions of design and general interest about the work, and with the Cathedral Surveyor for all special building or constructive matters. There should be no hurry to commence the work or to finish it. The workmen should be allowed to test repeatedly the effect of colours before commencing the mosaics, and they should begin, not as our 'sumptuous' friends desire, in the choir, but in the most obscure parts of the building. Wren proposed painting for the twenty-four cupolas, but we would take the liberty, which the 'surveyor' would no doubt gladly have conceded, to substitute mosaic for  
paint,

paint, as 'more durable;' and also as an opportunity for considerable practice and experience before reaching the main dome. The workman will have to become accustomed to the building, to study it hourly, daily, and throughout the year; and with experience and knowledge of the power of colour, in large or small surfaces, at a considerable height; and of light, greatly varying in direction, force, and combination. His attention must be unremitting, and his judgment always ready, lest a single tint should be inharmonious, weak, or exaggerated. The mosaic might even be fairly good in itself, or in part, and yet it might greatly damage the effect of the interior. Thus it would evidently be just as sensible for a painter to order a face or a figure from Italy to insert in his picture, as for any but a resident artist to pretend to complete the decoration of St. Paul's.

These men should not merely do the work, but should make the entire design. An intelligent workman is far more to be trusted than any of our sketchers and schemers. Great works 'of decorative' art can be done without great committees, and even without 'eminent architects,' but absolutely not without great workmen. These must be very much superior to any committee or 'drawing-master' before we can have works of art that would be worthy of the name. If the Dean would listen to the foreman at the Wellington monument, while he reviews the bas-reliefs that are inserted in the east and west walls of the chapel, he will perceive that it is not rank in a false artistic hierarchy that is a test or evidence of merit, or the want of it. This that we have described is the way of art, and there is none other. As to the general design, St. Peter's dome seems to be a satisfactory example, and so Wren considered it. The architectural effect and character are well maintained. With the restraint of the classical Orders below, it would be incongruous to treat the ceilings and the dome with unrestraint. The object is to complement Wren's own work, to glorify his building, not to discredit it. A few simply drawn and flatly coloured figures might be introduced singly, or generally so, in the large panels—but as few feathers as possible;—and nothing of the ecclesiastical element or what schemers pretend is Christian art. The vulgar invocation or abuse of all sorts of 'Angels,' 'principalities,' and 'powers,' with a company of 'martyrs,' and some 'pious ladies,' is but an 'artistic' form of profane swearing—a mere expletive substitute for fancy and invention, that affects the nerves of young ladies and ecclesiastics, and is consequently supposed to be the utterance of 'a sanctified imagination.' It ennobles no one, but it degrades the subjects to such low freedom; and all the knowingness about precedence



dence of 'choirs' and 'seraphim,' 'princedom' and 'dominions,' is just the sort of trash to fill and agitate the brain of a self-constituted master of the ceremonies to the angelic world.

Our working man would rise into no such visionary spheres. He would not first, as the 'Appeal' suggests, begin upon the choir or dome, but in a modest and judicious way would gently and with care make trial of his powers in the obscurest corners of the church, and then correcting and improving daily as he thoughtfully proceeds, would make the choir the climax of the work, and so, when all his years of multiplied experience and intellectual growth had made a master of him, he would finally by a seeming magic power illumine that dark cavity of dome with all the glorious splendours of the empyrean.

Such is the artistic way in which the work should be accomplished, but the 'Appeal' would never lead to any such achievement, and as its claims and its proposals are entirely inconsistent, one or both should be withdrawn. Then the Committee and the Dean and Chapter would be well advised to undertake first those works that would be most obvious and satisfactory to the greatest number, and at the same time most beneficial to the building, and if the exterior and interior are made properly approachable, and cleaned, and lighted, much will be gained for further operations. Then, secondly, the interior might be made suitable for the future work of the cathedral; and, thirdly, Wren's suggestions for the decoration of the dome and ceiling should respectfully be followed. The inlaid marble work is no affair of money. Were there no pilasters or 'Orders,' the plain wall might with propriety be decorated by a veneer of colour, a large patterned mosaic; but in St. Paul's the parti-coloured marble panels and pilasters would be a feeble imitation of low-bred extravagance displayed by the more disreputable Papal families at Rome. At St. Peter's the marble work and gilt 'impart a fuller idea of sumptuousness' than Wren ever thought of for St. Paul's, and make the interior look like a splendid vestibule for a huge palace. It is not simple but 'imposing' and addresses itself to the low and worldly rather than to the more lofty and pure-minded portion of mankind. St. Paul's wants light more than colour, and the effect of coloured marble would be to damage rather than to glorify the church. Slight panelling of colour might, perhaps, with great care be introduced, but the contrast between the piers and walls and the rich but—*emphatically*—not heavy ceiling should be well maintained. The floor should be of marble; dark, to give solidity to the building, mixed with verd antique, to

the cool colour may by contrast make the walls look warm, and highly polished to reflect the light. A building such as this requires different treatment from the choir at Chichester. The stained glass, home and foreign, at St. Paul's is of various qualities and styles, but all alike abominable, and should be promptly sold to any bidder. We would advise advertisements to speculating builders. This glass is another evidence of the absurdity of entrusting decorative work to distant manufacturers. The workmanship and the material of Munich glass are excellent, but its principle is all erroneous, and its use entirely without appropriateness or artistic sense. We find stained glass used daily throughout England and the Continent, without the least regard for decency or fitness, till our churches have expressive rivals in the class of showily-dressed women, or disreputable-looking and bedizened scullery-maids. St. Paul's wants no stained glass, it has no 'storied windows.' The 'dim religious light' does very well as a poetic phrase, but it is nothing more. Windows were evidently *storied*, that in spite of all the 'richness' the light might *not* be dim. King's College Chapel is light enough, but, we apprehend, not therefore irreligious. Wren did not design St. Paul's for stained glass, and if Wren's intentions are to be regarded, then stained glass is out of the question. The building is entirely unsuited for it, and it for the building. The present light is insufficient, and all that can be gained will not be more than enough. The walls are thick, and the piers large and obstructive, so that the windows are not obvious at a glance, but are only visible in small groups or one by one. Thus there can be no general effect of colour from the windows in conjunction with ample light, as in a Gothic building like the Chapel at 'King's,' but only a very stupid obscuration, with no religion in it, and some isolated and entirely incongruous patches of colour. Great men are not always wise, and can afford to learn: let the Committee remember St. Michael's, Cornhill. The glass then should be white, as at St. Peter's, or very slightly flecked with colour, to neutralize the dirty tone of atmosphere and light; the glazing delicately fine, with narrow bars, but the panes not large, in order to avoid the drawing-room effect of modern churches of the Italian style. Then all the childishness and fanciful profanity that assumes the name of 'Christian Art' should be quite cleared away, and carefully excluded from the church. We need not spend our time upon 'Te Deum' puzzles, or make playthings of the 'emblems of the Passion,' and then, like the 'Worcester' chapel critic, become 'impressed' by them, or seriously play the fool with all the Calendar. No man of  
any



any genius or power would degrade himself by taking any in any such 'ecclesiastical' imposture, or so deliberately with the childish public. That was not Giotto's way, Buonarroti's. Their art was certainly not 'ecclesiastical,' manly, dignified, progressive, original, and true, and also appropriate to the 'Sistine' and 'Arena' chapels; where no stained glass obscures the necessary light, and there are no obstructive 'Orders,' but the paintings are the decoration of the building. When we produce a Giotto or Massaccio, and have sufficient knowledge and artistic sense to find him out, by all means we seize him, shut him up in the cathedral, cut away all the 'Orders,' Wren notwithstanding, and let him glorify the building in a way not 'ecclesiastical,' but human and divine, a way that Wren himself had no conception of. Such men may perhaps, found when they are really wanted, but not certainly until we have considerably got beyond the people who call to rate 'architects' and decorators men of eminence, or who decide that the 'ecclesiastical element' is wanted at St. Paul's. It is remarkable that at this stage of architectural depravity we should be unable to supplement its weakness by any other art. The figure carvings at St. Paul's do not afford us hope; they are in fact, a group of national 'ex-votos,' with all the hideous deformities and bad taste that are the special characteristics of such 'thank-offering' and 'memorial' displays: and of the paintings that were shown this year, the most attractive seemed to be those that exhibited the ablest combination of man millinery with knack and grace, but of the dignity and power of mind that indicate the manly and would be worthy to adorn a Christian church, not the least evidence.

The duty of the Committee is certainly a difficult one. They have to satisfy the public, whose intense ignorance must be beguiled by some name with which they may have that familiarity which is a substitute for confidence, and they have unfortunately taken to voting. Of course there must be two parties, and the party who are best informed will perhaps, when judgments differ, be more decided in their views and advocacy, so that the wavering balance of decision remains with the less instructed or determined. We are stating now the rule without any reference to the facts in the present case. But we may ask the several members of the Committee whether they are each of them ready to undertake the responsibility of a decision, or, putting the question *leaving it to the majority*, whether they are prepared to intrust it to any one member? for after this voting method, St. Paul's may at any time be at the mercy of some gentleman whose opinion on the subject in question may be entirely valueless. In such cases

result is almost always a misfortune, and then all blandly admit that, though there is a public injury, it is done in the most excellent and equitable way, 'and that, after all, is the principal thing.' Trial by jury is the British nostrum, but the true specific is the judge, the learned and life-long practitioner of the law, and he directs the jury; he is not a mere copyist or transcriber of old forms, but has personally practised long, a thorough working man, under the supervision of accomplished able men, not 'connoisseurs,' with anxious clients and astute attorneys, not a dull public or spasmodic clergy, looking on. So when the Dean tells us that 'we can judge' on Mr. Burges producing his designs, we must respectfully demur. There may be a decision, as is the manner of committees, anticipating or avoiding judgment; and this is headlong folly. But 'wisdom dwells with prudence to find out knowledge of skilful plans,' and the true method of such wisdom is not difficult to find. Let us listen to 'Socrates'—'When the assembly meets to elect a physician or a shipwright, or any other craftsman (artist), will the rhetorician (cleric or connoisseur) be taken into counsel? Surely not. For at every election he ought to be chosen who has the greatest skill; and again when walls have to be built or harbours or docks to be constructed, not the rhetorician, but the *master workman* will advise.\* The Master of Balliol has not overlooked the value of the word ἀρχιτέκτονες, 'master workmen,'—not 'architects,' as we call our drawing-masters, who are not master workmen at all. So here we find that the Greeks, avoiding the rhetoricians (committee-men), went direct to the craftsmen whose work Mr. Burges has actually 'studied at Athens.' Let the St Paul's committee also go to the 'master workman,' and leave Mr. Burges to resume his studies at Athens.

Then, with reference to the qualifications of those entrusted with great public works, again let us hear 'Socrates':—'Well then, if you and I, Callicles, were engaged in the administration of political affairs, and were advising one another to undertake some public work, such as walls, docks, or *temples of the largest size*,—ought we not to examine ourselves, first, as to whether we know or do not know the art of building, and who taught us? Would not that be necessary, Callicles?' Cal. (and the St. Paul's Committee). 'True.' Soc. 'In the second place we should have to consider whether we have constructed any private house, either of our own or for our friends, and whether this building was a success or not. And if upon consideration we found that we had had good and eminent masters, and had

\* Plato: 'Gorgias,' p. 455 B.

been successful in building, not only with their assistance but without them by our own unaided skill, in that case prudence would not dissuade us from proceeding to the construction of public works. But if we had no master to show, and no building or many which were of no worth, then surely it would be ridiculous in us to attempt public works or to advise or another to undertake them. Is not this true?' Cal. (and the Committee of St. Paul's). 'Certainly.'\*

One word more for ourselves: 'And now by the God of friendship I must beg you, Callicles, not to jest or to imagine that I am jesting with you, for you will observe that we are arguing about the way of human life, and what can be more serious than this to a man that has any sense at all?'

ART. III.—*Denkwürdigkeiten aus den Papieren des Freiherrn Christian Friedrich v. Stockmar. Zusammengestellt von Ernst Freiherr v. Stockmar. Braunschweig, 1872.*

IF reputation always followed desert, the question 'Who was Baron Stockmar?' would not be so general as we fear it will be among our readers, on seeing the title of this paper. His story is unique of its kind. In every sense a remarkable man, remarkable in his gifts, in his career, in the extent and importance of his influence upon leading men and great events,—he was in nothing more remarkable than in that stern self-suppression, which was content with the accomplishment of the noble aim to which the whole powers of a long life were devoted, without thought of the personal fame, which with most men is the chief incentive to high and sustained effort, and which, if it be infirmity, is at least the infirmity of noble minds. With every quality to have made himself acknowledged throughout Europe as among the ablest diplomatists and statesmen of his time, he preferred to keep himself in the background, leading what one of his friends called 'an anonymous and subterranean life,' and let others have all the credit of making many a successful move in the great game of politics, which was in fact inspired by himself. Gifted with the intuition of true political genius, at once acute and comprehensive in his views—he was not more swift to read afar off with the prescience of the philosopher observer the signs of the coming changes, political, social, and religious of the period of transition through which we are now

\* Ibid. p. 514 A—D.

passing, than prompt to grapple them with all the practical sagacity of the man of action. Possessing courage and tact equal to every emergency, and with opportunities to have gone to the front, had such been his ambition, Stockmar was certainly one of 'the singular few,' of whom Van Artevelde, in Sir Henry Taylor's drama speaks,—

'Who, gifted with predominating powers,  
Bear yet a temperate will, and keep the peace.'

And if in any case the truth is to be admitted of the seeming paradox, to which these lines are the prelude, that 'the world knows nothing of its greatest men,' it would surely be in that of Baron Stockmar. For his is not the case of the men of whom this is generally asserted,—men who have made a great impression upon their own circle by some exceptional brilliancy of gifts or energy of character, but who have been shut out from a practical career by early death or other causes. Of these it must always be doubtful, whether they would have answered to the hopes of their admirers, or have turned out little better than 'the ordinary of Nature's sale-work,' as so many promising men constantly do. But of Stockmar it could never be said, as it may be said of these, *Consensu omnium capax imperii, nisi imperasset*. His genius, on the contrary, was never more conspicuous than when put to the severest test. It was not only pre-eminently practical, but it rose to difficulties with an elasticity which no obstacle could daunt, and a coolness of judgment which no contingency could surprise.

Working as he did through others, the full extent of Europe's debt to him can never be known, and of not a little that is known it would be premature now to speak. But this much at least is certain, that wherever he had power, it was used to advance the welfare and happiness of nations. The bosom friend and counsellor of the heads of the Royal Houses of Belgium and England, his influence with them was due not to his personal loveableness or social qualities, great as these were, still less to the blandishments of the courtier, which his princes equally with himself would have despised, but to the skill and persistency with which he evoked all that was best in their own natures (in which his own nobleness happily found a kindred response), and impressed them with the paramount duty, imposed upon them by their position, of using it not for personal or dynastic purposes, but to make their subjects better, happier, wiser, and nobler in themselves, as well as the founders of a greater future for their succession. Europe is now reaping, in many ways, the fruits of his forethought and strenuous endeavour. It was no more than  
Stockmar's



Stockmar's due, that a cenotaph should be reared to his memory, as it was, above his grave at Coburg, 'by his friends in the reigning Houses of Belgium, Coburg, England, and Prussia.' Never was tribute more thoroughly deserved, nor, we believe, more sincerely and lovingly rendered. But it is not alone by these friends that Stockmar's name should be held in honoured remembrance. It is one which Belgium, England, and Germany, whose welfare was at once the dream and practical study of his life, should not willingly let die.

Christian Friedrich Stockmar was born at Coburg on the 28th August, 1787. His father, a man of culture and literary tastes, and some independent means, who held a small magisterial office at Rodach, a little town between Coburg and Hildburghausen, died suddenly, when Stockmar was still young. From his mother he seems to have inherited the combination of humour with strong practical sense, which formed a leading feature of his character. Her shrewd judgments on men and things were frequently clothed in language which only wanted the stamp of general use to become proverbial. One of these, 'The Almighty takes care not to let the cow's tail grow too long,' was often in King Leopold's mouth, in times of domestic or political perplexity. Her thoughts in conversation ran naturally into quaint shapes; and in this her son resembled her closely. In one of his letters about the Coup d'État of December, 1851, he gives a good illustration of this peculiarity. 'My mother,' he writes, 'would have said, "Just try to cobble out of that a verse that will clink; if you manage to make the rhymes fit, you have my leave to bake yourself a cake of rusty nails and aqua vitæ." A clever, good woman,' he adds, 'with more practical sense in her little finger than Nicholas, Louis Napoleon, Schwarzenberg, and Manteuffel had in their whole heads.' It is recorded of himself as a boy, that he was of an eager, sanguine temperament; quick to observe, fond of fun, with a ready talent for characterising men and things by apt humorous nicknames, and not indisposed for a mad prank when occasion served. He early showed a love for field sports, and he had turned sixty before he laid aside his gun.

After completing the usual curriculum at the Coburg Gymnasium, he spent the five years between 1805 and 1810 at the Universities of Würzburg, Erlangen, and Jena, in the study of medicine. To his professional training in the study and practice of physic he was indebted for the habit of exact observation, which is never mislaid into mistaking effects for causes, and which discerns what is essential, what merely incidental, as well as for the patient courage, which waits by the removal of the



turbing agencies to give full scope to nature, and to restore her normal and healthy action, rather than by active remedies to give apparent relief, at the risk too often of only aggravating the mischief which they profess to cure. It is in this gift of diagnosis that the genius of the great physician lies, and Stockmar appears to have possessed it in a high degree. The habit of mind which his medical studies induced was of infinite value to him in later life, when dealing with social and political phenomena, in the power which it gave him, 'of penetrating,' as his friend Carl Friedrich Meyer has said,\* 'at a glance, from single expressions and acts, the whole man, or the whole position of things; and, after this diagnosis, of straightway settling his own line of action.' Stockmar felt this strongly himself. Writing in 1853, about the calls made upon his sagacity and judgment by the distinguished personages who had for so many years leant upon his confidential counsels, he says, 'It was a happy hit to have originally studied medicine; without the knowledge, without the psychological and physiological insight thereby obtained, my *savoir faire* must often have gone a-begging.' On Friedrich Rückert, the poet, who made his acquaintance at Würzburg, he left the impression of being 'a grave, industrious, young man, of somewhat retiring and dignified manners.' The strong humorous element in his character appears at that time not to have struck the poet, who in the lifelong friendship which was afterwards formed between them had good reason to know it; but if their college acquaintance was, as it seems to have been, slight, this was no more than natural. The great humorist is ever sensitive and shy. Intensely sympathetic himself, he must be sure of sympathy, before he lets out his heart in the fun, steeped in feeling, in which thoughts often the saddest, and emotions the most painful, sometimes find relief.

The time, moreover, was not one to inspire cheerfulness in a man who felt strongly, and who loved his country passionately, as Stockmar did. His student's years fell within the period of Germany's deepest degradation. The petty selfishness of the smaller principalities, the shame of her defeats, the grinding domination of Napoleon in his expressed determination 'to cut the wings of the Prussians so closely as to preclude the possibility of their ever again disturbing the French,'\* the pitiful internal divisions which

\* In an admirable memoir, which appeared in the 'Preussische Jahrbücher,' October, 1863. Herr Meyer, now Councillor of Legation at Berlin, was for many years the Librarian and Secretary of the late Prince Consort.

† 'These haughty Prussians,' said Napoleon, speaking to a Russian officer, 'low as they are brought, still carry themselves very high. They breathe nothing but vengeance

which strengthened the invader's hands, were enough to banish smiles from the lips of the most heedless. These things sank deep into Stockmar's heart, and inspired it with that yearning for the unity and greatness of the Fatherland which burned within it to the last. These were the days when the assassination of Napoleon was freely talked of among the hot spirits of the universities as the one specific for their country's wrongs. 'This is the talk of boys: have done with it,' said an old Prussian officer once, when Stockmar was present. 'Whoever knows the world, knows that the French supremacy cannot last: put your trust in the natural course of events.' The words made a deep impression upon Stockmar. They breathed that confidence in the ultimate justice of Providence; they rested on the conviction that it is to themselves a people must look, if they are to become great, and a power among the nations, which were ever afterwards abiding principles with him. The day of emancipation was far off, and much had to be done and undergone before it came. But not alone in this instance, but in reference to many other things, which, though desirable, seemed for a time hopeless, Stockmar never bated in heart and hope. His axiom was,—

'Wait; my faith is large in time,  
And that which shapes it to some perfect end.'

At the end of 1810, Stockmar returned to Coburg and commenced the practice of Physic under the guidance of his uncle, Dr. Sommer. He soon became conspicuous for his skill in diagnosis, and in 1812 he received the official appointment of *Stadt- und Land-Physicus*, in which capacity he had to organize and superintend a military hospital in Coburg. It was rapidly filled, at first with the sick and wounded of the French, and afterwards with Russians. The hospital typhus, following in the wake of the armies, established itself there with such virulence that the other physicians deserted the hospital in alarm, and the sole charge of it devolved upon Stockmar and an old surgeon. Contrary to the practice then universal, but now discarded, of shutting out fresh air from fever patients as much as possible, he flung open the doors and windows of the wards, even in severe weather, and with the best results. But at the end of more than a year of unremitting toil, he was himself struck down by the illness in its worst form. After hovering for three

vengeance against France, and desire peace only as a means, in time, of executing it; but,' he added with great emphasis, 'they deceive themselves greatly, if they expect to rise again to the height of a great power; for their wings shall now be so closely cut as to preclude all possibility of their ever again disturbing us.' *Diaries and Letters of Sir George Jackson*, vol. ii. p. 167.

s between life and death, he rallied, and so quickly, that was able to march, in January, 1814, with the Ducal Contingent to the Rhine as Chief Physician. On arrival at Mayence, he was appointed Staff-Physician of the German Army Corps to the hospitals which had been established under the great Stein's directions in Mayence, Oppenheim, Guntersblum, and Worms. His introduction to Stein was somewhat of the roughest. Having no wounded of his

Stockmar admitted wounded French prisoners into the hospital. This was no more than his duty. But all at once came an unexpected rush of German wounded. Stein, thinking only of the fact that there was no room for them, broke into a towering rage. An interchange of strong language ensued, in which Stockmar, according to report, proved fully a match for the great man. He at no time wanted courage, and though recognising the greatness of his adversary, it was characteristic of the man, that, being in the right, he should, young as he was, maintain his position without flinching.

At the close of the campaign of 1815, Stockmar resumed his official post as physician at Coburg. But here he was not long to remain. He had during the preceding years come under the influence of Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, who had then formed a high opinion of him that, as soon as his marriage with the Princess Charlotte was definitively arranged, he offered him the appointment of physician to his person (*Leibarzt*). The marriage was to take place on the 2nd of May, 1816, and on the 29th of which Stockmar landed at Dover, in obedience to the Prince's commands. Halting at Rochester on the 30th, as his diary records, roads being dangerous from highwaymen after dark (he must have thought of Gadshill and Prince Hal), he reached London on the 31st. 'The country,' he adds, 'the houses, their arrangements, everything—at least in the neighbourhood of London—interested me extremely; and, in fact, they put me into such spirits, that I often said to myself, "Here you cannot fail to be happy, it is impossible for you to be ill."' The words were prophetic. In England he found the chief happiness of his after life, and its climate agreed well with a constitution never strong, liable to serious intestinal disturbances. These, even in his later years, had checked his energies and crippled the elasticity of his nature, clouding its natural gaiety and enthusiasm with the depression of hypochondria. This was aggravated during many years of his life by great weakness of the eyes. How much he suffered may be seen by the following allusion in one of Rückert's poetical epistles addressed to him:—

'Friend, round whose dim eyes hypochondria's snakefolds  
closely  
Coil, that thy spirit is vexed, dreaming of blindness to be.'

The danger to his eyes passed away, not so the shadows of his besetting malady—a malady not the less poignant that its gloomy presagings are dissipated by the facts, and that despondency and self-distrust are often succeeded, when the pressure on the nervous system is removed, by spirits the most joyous, and by a very exuberance of power. Those who were most in contact with Stockmar in his later years would often smile at what seemed in him the mere fancies of the *malade imaginaire*, when they contrasted his complaints of weakness with the vigour and versatility of which he was at that very time a striking example, and when they saw him living on into a good old age amid the gloomiest anticipations of coming death. But that he suffered acutely during these chronic attacks there can be no doubt; and knowing well, as so skilful a pathologist could not fail to do, the organic disease from which they proceeded—a disease demonstrated in his case by a *post mortem* examination—his apprehensions were only too well justified.

For some time after his arrival in England, Stockmar was greatly out of health. His position in Prince Leopold's household in the first months, with little to do in his medical capacity, and mixing little in society, threw him upon his own resources for amusement. 'Surrounded by the tumult of the fashionable world,' he writes (October, 1817), 'I am solitary, often alone for days together,—my books my companions, my friends, my sweethearts.' Not the best condition of things for a man prone to hypochondria, and with faculties of the most various kind crying out for active occupation. It seems, indeed, to have given a shade of asperity to the sketches with which at this time he filled his diary of the Royal and other personages with whom he was brought into contact. Many of these are far from flattering. But there can be no question as to the artistic subtlety of touch which they display. Little, no doubt, did the distinguished objects of some of his sketches dream with what often uncomplimentary accuracy their mental and physical features were being photographed by the luminous brown eyes of the somewhat reserved doctor of the princely household. Here the Grand Duke Nicholas, the future Czar, then only twenty, he appeared at Claremont in November, 1816, sketched from the opposite side of the dinner-table, where he sat between Princess Charlotte and the Duchess of York:—

'He is an extraordinarily handsome winning young fellow; taller than Leopold, without being thin, and straight as a pine. His face youth



youthful as Leopold's, the features extremely regular, the forehead handsome and open, eyebrows finely arched, nose peculiarly handsome, mouth small and well shaped, and chin finely chiselled. . . . His deportment is animated, free from constraint and stiffness, and yet very dignified. He speaks French fluently and well, accompanying what he says with gestures not unbecoming. If everything he said was not marked by ability, it was at any rate extremely pleasant, and he seems to have a decided talent for saying pretty things to women (*Courmachén*). When he wants, in the course of conversation, to give special emphasis to any remark, he shrugs his shoulders and casts up his eyes to heaven in rather an affected way. There is an air of great self-reliance about him, but at the same time a manifest absence of pretension.

'He did not pay special attention to the Princess, who turned to address him oftener than he did to her. He ate very moderately for his age, and drank nothing but water. When the Countess Lieven played the piano after dinner he kissed her hand, which struck the English ladies as extremely odd, but decidedly desirable. Mrs. Campbell could find no end of praise for him: "What an amiable creature! He is devilish handsome! He will be the handsomest man in Europe." Next morning the Russians left the house. I was told that at bedtime a leathern sack, stuffed with hay, was placed in the stable for the Grand Duke by his people, and that he always slept on this. Our Englishmen pronounced this affectation.'

The Mrs. Campbell, whose emphatic admiration of the Grand Duke found expression in a phrase then as common as it would now be startling in a drawing-room, was the Princess Charlotte's Bed-chamber Woman and Privy Purse. She must have been a stirring element in the small household at Claremont, and her portrait, as drawn by Stockmar, is admirable as a piece of character-painting:—

'A little spare woman of five-and-forty, a widow, sharp and angular in every feature and movement, pretentious, because she was once young and pretty, and very intelligent, and yet not insufferably pretentious, just because she is clever. Extremely well-informed and exact, she manages the Princess's correspondence and accounts with the greatest ease, and to perfect satisfaction. In our social circle she sets herself in opposition to everything she sees and hears, and encounters whatever people either say or do with such a consistent resistance, that we are able to calculate with certainty beforehand her answers to our questions. Then, too, this spirit of contradiction so completely masters her, that it is impossible for her to remain true to a side, and consequently she is now of the Court party, now of the Ministerial, now of the Opposition, now of the popular faction, just as she happens or not to have somebody to contradict. As a rule, she is without a grain of mercy, and then her language is cuttingly severe. Nevertheless, even she has her human days at times, on which she is acquiescent, nay, even lays down her arms—when her shaft has struck

struck home and rankles. Some light is thrown upon a character so strange, when we hear that she has had bitter experiences of mankind, and was kept alive on brandy-and-water when ill during a seven months' voyage. This lady is at present the only regular female member of our circle, and we therefore concede to her, as the representative of her sex, a homage half spontaneous, half enforced.'

The Claremont household was, in other respects, very pleasantly constituted. It consisted, besides Mrs. Campbell, of Baron Hardenbroek, the Prince's Adjutant and Equerry, Colonel Addenbrooke, and Sir Robert Gardiner. Of all these Stockmar speaks in his letters of the time with warm regard, and the last of them continued through life to be one of his most devoted friends. But what, above all, reconciled Stockmar to his position, was his attachment to the Prince and Princess—an attachment which was met by equal confidence and regard on their part—and by the delight with which he watched their happiness, and the steady development of those qualities of heart and head which promised so fair a future for themselves and for England. And, indeed, nothing can be more charming than the glimpses which Stockmar's letters and diary afford of that happy interior, and of the chief actors in it, on which the eyes of England were at that time fixed, with an intensity only to be understood by those who have heard it spoken of by contemporaries. The story of the Princess's ill-treatment by her father, the sympathy with her position in relation to a mother whom she loved but could not respect, her spirited rupture of a betrothal which had been forced upon her with the Prince of Orange, rather than consent to quit the shores of England, had touched every heart. The delight was therefore universal to see her wedded to the Prince of her choice, who, although still only twenty-five, had already distinguished himself both as a soldier and a diplomatist. The unattractive person and rough and ready manners of the Prince of Orange were not forgotten in contrast with the distinguished bearing and presence of one who, as Napoleon said of him at St. Helena, was the handsomest man whom he saw at the Tuileries in 1806-7. Indeed, his manly beauty was of so high an order, that he was selected to impersonate Jupiter at the Court *Tableaux Vivants* of the Olympian Deities at Vienna in 1814. Those who had the best means of observation spoke of him with the warmest praise: 'Always calm, always self-possessed,' writes Baron Hardenbroek, 'he will never be overbearing in prosperity, and never without courage in misfortune. In a word, he is a man of brains and talent, and thoroughly good.' So early as October, 1816, Stockmar writes of him as his 'noble master, *einen menschlichen Fürsten und fürstlichen*

*Menschen*,—an untranslatable phrase, of especial use in the mouth of a man who had even then known enough of the world of that epoch, to be aware by how little of the qualities of human-heartedness they were distinguished. Two years later he writes of him:—

“His quiet dignity, his consistency and sound sense, create an impression even in the English, who are, as a rule, by no means slow to recognise and admire foreigners, and the exclamations, ‘What a most amiable man I ever saw! What a complete Englishman!’ ‘He will be our hope in these dangerous times!’ are to be heard on every suitable occasion.”

It could have been no fitter mate for the brilliant, impetuous spirit of the Princess Charlotte, unschooled as she was by the discipline and pure example of happy family life, and the habits of self-control and consideration for others, which would be the distinction of princes. Clever, well informed, with warm feelings, and a disposition unspoiled even by the vicissitudes that might well have soured even the most generous and sincere, affectionate nature could not fail to be brought under the influence of such a husband, into something as noble and dignified in the woman, as in despite, or perhaps because of some eccentricities of demeanour, it had been in the girl. Stockmar’s introduction to her was at Oatlands three days after her marriage. It is thus told in a letter the same day:—

“In Oatlands that I first saw the Sun. Baron Hardenbroek came to the breakfast-room, I following, when all at once he turned to me with his hand to stay behind; but she had seen him before. “*Aha! Docteur, entrez!*””

Although he found her more beautiful than he had expected, his impression was not favourable. This was apparently the result of the volubility of speech and restlessness of manner for which she was not prepared; but that evening, he says, he liked her. ‘Dress,’ he adds, ‘simple and tasteful.’ Later on (November, 1816), he records that he never saw her in any dress less than that; and he is then writing almost in the very height of the charm:—

“The Princess in good humour, and then it costs her little trouble to please. Her dress struck me as very beautiful—dark red roses in a light blue short dress, without sleeves, &c.”

Long before this she became a favourite with the Princess, and she marked her partiality openly, even in the presence of the highest distinction. No wonder, when one thinks of the union of experience, thoughtfulness, and humour, which



which he must have thrown into his conversation with her. Nor was she likely to be the less drawn towards him that her husband was by this time so deeply impressed by his qualities as to call him 'the precious physician both of his soul and body.' Stockmar on his side loved her too well not to watch her with a critical eye. 'The Princess,' he writes (22 October, 1816), 'is full of movement and vivacity, amazingly sensitive, and nervously susceptible, and the feeling roused by the impression of the moment often determines both her conclusions and her conduct.' He notes at the same time the amazing progress she has made, under her husband's influence, in repose and self-command, and that every day makes it more and more apparent, how thoroughly good and sound she is at heart. The relations between herself and the Prince were perfect. A few days previously to the letter just quoted, Stockmar writes,—

'In this house reign harmony, peace, love—all the essentials, short, of domestic happiness. My master is the best husband in the world, and his wife has for him an amount of love, which in vastness can only be likened to the English National Debt.'

And ten months later (26th August, 1817)—

'The married life of this pair is a rare picture of love and fidelity. Nor does this picture ever fail to produce a deep impression on all who see it, and have a morsel of heart left within them!'

When the promise of an heir came to augment this happiness and to gratify the yearnings of the nation, it was natural that the Prince and Princess should press upon him an appointment as one of her physicians. To most other men the personal honour would have been irresistible. Not so with Stockmar. It was never his way to look only at one side of a question, and, in this instance, his sagacity did not fail him. Though the Princess's physician, he had occasionally prescribed for her, but from the moment of her pregnancy he declined to take any part in her treatment. His reasons were unquestionably sound. His position must of necessity have been subordinate to that of Dr. Baillie, the Princess's physician, and the appointment of a foreigner would have been most unacceptable, not merely to the medical profession, but to the nation. Had things gone wrong, the credit would never have been given to him; if, on the other hand, they went amiss, on him the blame would most certainly be cast. Nor would this blame, probably, have rested on him alone. It could scarcely fail to have recoiled on the Prince himself, for having trusted to the aid of a stranger, when the whole English faculty was at his disposal. But Stockmar

no indifferent observer of the progress of affairs. A lowering system of treatment, then the fashion,\* was adopted with the Princess. Satisfied that this was all wrong, Stockmar, after the first three months, spoke out fully to the Prince, and begged him to make the Princess's physicians aware of his views. These remonstrances were apparently without avail. Stockmar could do no more. Had it been otherwise, we cannot but feel that no personal consideration, no fear of violating that professional etiquette to which many a life has been sacrificed, would have held his hands. But although, as he says, he never apprehended the fearful result which ensued, his conviction as to the error in treatment was so deep, that he refused the offer made to him by anticipation, flattering as it was, that he should undertake the medical care of the Princess after her accouchement:—

'When I reflect once more upon the circumstances,' he says, writing two months after the fatal issue of that event, 'I feel only too vividly the greatness of the danger which I escaped. Trust me, all—ay, all—would now be rejoicing at my interference, which could not have been of the least avail, and the English doctors, our household companions, friends, acquaintances, the nation, the Prince himself, would find the cause of this seemingly impossible disaster in the bungling of the German doctor. And I should myself, with my hypochondriac tendency, have given credence to the imputations of others, and been driven, by the anguish inflicted from without, from self-torture to despair.'†

The authentic story of the sad catastrophe is now made public for the first time from Stockmar's Diary. At 9 P.M. on the 5th of November, 1817, after a protracted labour of 52 hours, which no artificial means were taken to abridge, the Princess gave birth to a dead male child. The mother seemed so well that the ministers and others who had been summoned left Claremont, believing that all danger was past. But, before they

\* At his very first meeting with Sir Richard Croft, the Queen's accoucheur, Stockmar saw the fatal weakness of his character. 'A tall, spare man,' is the entry in his Diary, 'past the prime of life—hasty, well-meaning; seems to possess more experience than knowledge and judgment.'

† Sir Richard Croft was so driven, and shot himself at a patient's house in February, 1818. 'I never knew anything more horrible than the death of poor Croft,' says Sydney Smith, writing to Lady Mary Bennett at the time. 'What misery the poor fellow must have suffered between the Princess's death and his own! On the 7th November previous, the day after the Princess's death, Croft had written to Stockmar, whose warnings must then have recurred to him with a terrible pang, 'My mind is just now in a pitiable state. God grant that neither yourself, nor any one that is dear to you, should ever have to suffer what I experience at this moment!' Surely Dr. Baillie was not less to blame than Croft, especially as the error seems to have been one of treatment previous to as well as at the actual accouchement.

could

could have reached London, things had assumed a very different aspect:—

‘At midnight Croft came to my bedside, took me by the hand, and said, “The Princess is dangerously ill, the Prince alone—would I go to him and make him aware how matters stood?” The Prince had not left his wife one moment for three days, and, after the birth of the child, had retired to rest. I found him composed about the death of the child, and he did not seem to view the Princess’s state with any apprehension. A quarter of an hour later, Baillie sent me word that he wished me to see the Princess. I hesitated, but at last went with him. She was suffering from spasms of the chest and difficulty of breathing, in great pain and very restless, and threw herself continually from one side of the bed to the other, speaking now to Baillie, now to Croft. Baillie said to her, “Here comes an old friend of yours!” She held out her left hand to me hastily, and pressed mine warmly twice. I felt the pulse; it was going very fast,—the beats now strong, now feeble, now intermittent. Baillie kept plying her with wine. She said to me, “They have made me tipsy.” After this I went in and out of the room twice in about a quarter of an hour, and then the breathing became stertorous. I had just gone out of the room, when she called out vehemently, “Stocky, Stocky!” I returned, she was quieter; the death-rattle continued, she turned several times upon her face, drew up her legs, the hands grew cold, and about 2 A.M. of the 6th November, 1817, some five hours after her delivery, she was no more.’

On Stockmar devolved the task of announcing her death to the Prince:—

‘I did it,’ he says, ‘in not very definite terms. He felt convinced she was still not dead, and on his way to her he fell into a chair. I knelt beside him. He thought it was all a dream; he could not believe it. He sent me again to her to see. I came back, and told him all was over. He now went to the chamber of death. Kneeling down by the bed, he kissed the cold hands, then raising himself up, he pressed me to him and said, “I am now utterly forlorn; promise you will stay with me always!” I gave the promise. Immediately afterwards he asked me again, “Was I fully aware of what I had promised?” I said yes; I would never forsake him, so long as I felt assured he had confidence in me, and loved me, and that I could be useful to him.’

The pledge asked and given in that terrible hour was splendidly redeemed on the one side, while its conditions were most loyally fulfilled on the other. ‘I had no hesitation,’ writes Stockmar to his sister a few days afterwards, ‘in giving a promise, upon which the Prince may perhaps set a value all his life, or may desire to dispense with the very next year.’ All doubt on that point was, however, soon at an end. Little, probably, had the Prince

Prince imagined, when calling Stockmar 'the physician of his soul as well as body' some months before, how deep a truth lay in his words. By his own avowal, years afterwards, he would probably have sunk under his bereavement, but for the support of Stockmar's wise sympathy and friendship.\* It was in truth a noble friendship on both sides, cemented by the tears which only such men weep for an affliction that, in King Leopold's own words in 1862 ('Reminiscences,' in Appendix to General Grey's 'Early Years of the Prince Consort,' p. 589), 'destroyed at one blow his every hope,' and took from life a sense of happiness which he never recovered. The shock to Stockmar himself was great, but the necessity of thinking for the greater sufferer acted upon him as a tonic both moral and physical. All he saw of the Prince deepened his affection and respect. 'The favour of princes,' he writes some weeks afterwards, 'is, generally speaking, not worth a rush; but he is in every respect an upright, good man, and consequently an incomparable Prince.' Leopold, in the end of November, gives him some of his letters to the Princess before their marriage to read, in which Stockmar finds that the Prince 'figures with singular high-mindedness, prudence, and goodness.' Again, on the 21st December, Stockmar writes, 'He is good, every day better: he turns all his misery to good. His calamity has made him shy of hoping much from the future; but that his soul will thrive, of that I can be sworn. It wants a great deal of heart to love him as he deserves.'

More than forty years afterwards, reading over the letter to his sister above quoted, in which he records his promise to the Prince, he comes upon these words—'I seem to exist rather to take thought for others than for myself, and with this destiny I am quite content.' The words struck the old man, and they might well do so, as prophetic of his future. But the comment of a man so independent and so astute in his estimate of character and conduct is such a tribute as it has not often been the lot of kings to earn.—Forty long years could in no way abate the sentiment which the Prince's disaster then led me to express.

After the Princess Charlotte's death Stockmar ceased to act as the Prince's physician, and became his Private Secretary and the Controller of his household. In this capacity his range of varied practical gifts had a freer scope. He gave early proof of his sagacity by persuading the Prince to remain in England.

\* 'Il a été témoin des jours de mon bonheur, puis de ceux d'un grand malheur, et il a été mon seul soutien et mon salut presque à tout moment. Il a été mon plus sage conseiller et mon plus dévoué ami.'—Letter by the Prince to the Emperor, 1862, in the *Reminiscences of Stockmar* to an eminent statesman.



instead of going to the Continent for change of scene, as he was urged by his relatives and friends to do. The whole country was plunged in grief, and Stockmar rightly urged that good feeling and gratitude for the confidence and sympathy of the nation demanded that the Prince should remain to mourn with it in England. Moreover, although England no longer presented a field for his active ambition, to England the Prince was indebted for both fortune and position; and nowhere else could he either have enjoyed the same consideration or been so well placed for availing himself of any turn of events which might open a worthy career for a man still so young and of abilities so distinguished.

From this time till 1831 Stockmar resided with Prince Leopold in England: a residence only broken by journeys with the Prince to Italy, France, and Germany, and an occasional stay in Coburg. Stockmar married his cousin, Fanny Sommer, there in 1821, and established a home for his wife and children; but he was sometimes unable to visit it for years, and, until his seventieth year, he did so only at irregular intervals. 'No small sacrifice,' says his son, 'for a man of his warm feelings and strong domestic instinct.' The Prince's position in England was by no means an easy one, but he maintained it with unabated popularity to the last. For much of this he seems to have been indebted to Stockmar.

'The prudent, genial liberality with which he kept house,' says Meyer, in the "Memoir" from which we have already quoted, 'the fine tact with which he took up and kept a position outside of party, his well-measured attitude in his twofold character of German Prince and handsomely-endowed widower of the King's daughter, would scarcely have been maintained so well without the counsel and assistance of his new Secretary and Controller of the Household.'

During these years of comparative quiet, Stockmar had the best opportunities for observing all that was passing in Europe, both at home and abroad. Of England and its Constitution he made a special study. As the one Constitutional Monarchy of the world, it had a peculiar interest for a man of his strong liberal opinions. No man understood better the character and temper of the people, or foresaw more clearly the critical changes which were impending. For him, too, as well as for Prince Leopold, a special interest had arisen in the future of the country and its rulers, through the marriage of Leopold's sister, the Princess of Leiningen, in May, 1818, with the Duke of Kent, and the birth of the Princess Victoria in the following May. The Duke's death in January, 1820, in circumstances of pecuniary embarrassment, threw upon the Prince the care of the

future heiress to the throne. The happiest days of her childhood, Her Majesty has told us ('Early Years,' p. 392), were spent with him at Claremont; and she has recorded, on his monument in St. George's Chapel, that to her he had been as a father through life. Knowing what we now know of the character of the men, we see how natural it was that the Prince and his far-seeing friend should spare no pains to realise, through the Princess so singularly thrown upon their care, such a future for the people and monarchy of England, as before the catastrophe of 1817 they may have dreamed of effecting upon the succession of the Princess Charlotte to the throne. Such a task was especially fitted to the genius of Stockmar, and his passion for working for the good of others. And at a later period we shall see how zealously he seconded the efforts of his Prince towards this noble end.

The resolution of the Great European Powers, in 1829, to create a kingdom of Greece, broke the long period of political and personal inactivity to which Prince Leopold had been condemned, and which could not be otherwise than irksome to a man of his energy and ambition. The prospect of occupying its throne, while appealing not only to his scholarly enthusiasm, but also to a romantic element in his character, which the calm and undemonstrative bearing of the man, as he was known to the outside world, by no means prepared us to expect, seemed to offer such opportunities for making a name in history that the Prince grasped at it with an eagerness of which his wise friend and secretary did not approve. This led him, contrary to Stockmar's advice, to commit the imprudence of accepting the tender of the crown, without having previously settled the terms, both as to territory and finance, which on closer inquiry he found to be indispensable thoroughly to establish its independence, and to rescue the affairs of the country from internal confusion. The decision ultimately came to by the Prince, to withdraw from his promise when he found these terms could not be obtained, was, as events have proved, a wise one; but it exposed him at the time to much obloquy and misrepresentation, giving, as it unquestionably did, a semblance of truth to the charges of vacillation and irresolution, which those who had intrigued against his candidature were active in bringing forward. Nor did the charges stop here. His conduct, according to the Russian Ambassador, Matuszewicz, showed so much sinister design, so much bad faith, that he is delighted not to see upon the throne a man who would have betrayed the confidence of the Powers to whom he owed it.

\* What say you,' writes von Stein, 'to the behaviour of Prince Leopold?—it is quite in character with the Marquis *Peu-à-peu*, as George IV.

George IV. called him. Instead of surmounting the difficulties—instead of completing the task he had begun—he withdraws his hand cravenlike from the plough, calculating on the contingencies likely to arise upon the death, which cannot be distant, of King George IV. A man of this flaccid character is wholly unfit to grapple vigorously with life: he has no colour.

All this, of course, was the mere idle conjecture of those supersubtle diplomatists who think it a libel on their sagacity to accept a simple and straightforward reason for a course of action, so long as a remote and mysterious one can be devised. The absurdity of the supposition, that the decision of the Prince was influenced by hopes of the English Regency is so outrageous that it can now only provoke a smile. The fact is, the Prince would have made almost any sacrifice for such a throne, could he have seen any prospect before him but failure under the conditions attached to its acceptance. For not only did his ultimate resolution cost him intense pain at the time, but long afterwards, when all the difficulties had been overcome which attended the establishment of the Belgian monarchy, and when he was generally looked upon as of all kings the most to be envied, he was haunted by regrets that his dream in connexion with the land of Homer and Sophocles, of Pericles and Plato, had not been realised. Greece to the last had a charm for his imagination, in the face of which the sober tints of Belgian life and of a Belgian sky looked cold and unattractive. Stockmar, with a wiser appreciation, lent no countenance to these wistful yearnings of a spirit, in which the toil and trammels of a monotonous, though busy and successful, life had been unable to quench the fire of romance.

‘As for the poesy,’ he wrote in reply to some such expression of feeling, ‘which Greece would have afforded, I set small store by it. Mortals only see the bad side of what they have, and the good side of what they have not. Herein lies the whole difference between Greece and Belgium;’ adding, with characteristic humour, ‘although it is not to be denied that when, after a host of vexations, the first Greek King shall have succumbed, his life may possibly furnish the poet with a splendid subject for an epic poem.’

To think that Stockmar had no sympathy with the poetical side of this or any similar question would be to do him wrong; but his imagination, like that of all thoroughly able men, ‘had its seat in reason, and was judicious.’ Day-dreams have their value at holiday seasons; but where men and states are in question, especially men in a state of excitement, and states in the crisis of formation, the duty of imagination is not to revel in ideal visions, but, looking at facts as they are, to anticipate all possible



possible combinations, and to provide against all possible contingencies. When, therefore, the Belgians, after the revolution of 1830, offered to Prince Leopold the sceptre of the kingdom, which their leaders had determined to establish, he was not, with the experience he had gained, and with Stockmar at his side, to fall again into the mistake of a too hasty acceptance. An urgency could induce him to reply to the proposals of the Belgian Congress, until they had ratified the Articles known as the Eighteen Articles, which had been agreed on by the London Conference of the European Powers. It appears that even then he had grave misgivings, fearing that the new Belgian Constitution, from its extremely democratic character, would not work. He referred the matter to Stockmar. The manner in which the Baron dealt with the question is too remarkable not to be told in his own words, as reported by Professor Neumann, Munich. The conversation during dinner, one day at the professor's house in 1845, had turned upon Louis Philippe's government, and the unscrupulous game of his advisers—how they falsified the Constitution, and were likely to hurry on a rash revolution:—

I have confidence in peoples as a mass,' said Stockmar; 'they feel to the very core, if not at once, at least after a time, who deals honourably by them, and who tries to beguile them with mere shams. I hold our old-fashioned German proverb, "*Ehrlich währt am längsten*," or, as the English say, "Honesty is the best policy." This was the key-note of everything I said when the King desired to have my opinion about anything. I will give you an instance.

After a careful study of the Belgian Constitution, my master doubted whether, with such laws, a State could be governed, and liberty and order, the two inseparable conditions of a civilized community, could be maintained. "Dear Stockmar," he said, "pray read me the Constitution, and tell me your opinion." I went through the fundamental law with great attention, compared the different clauses one with another, and found that, in point of fact, the power of the Government is very greatly restricted. But my firm reliance on the people carried me through. "True,"—it was in something like these terms that I addressed my intelligent master—"perfectly true; the power of the King and his Ministers is very greatly limited by the Constitution. Make the experiment whether all this liberty is compatible with order; make the experiment of governing in the spirit of this Constitution, and do this in a thoroughly conscientious spirit. If you then find that with such a basis good government is possible, send, after a time, a message to the Chambers, frankly stating your experiences, and indicating the defects of the Constitution. If you have really acted up to the best of your knowledge and conviction, the people will assuredly stand by you, and willingly concur in the changes which are demonstrably necessary."

' King

‘King Leopold followed my advice. You know, Herr Professor, that no serious inconveniences have resulted, and that in many respects Belgium stands out as a model among European States.’—P. 165.

Here we see the courage and the faith of a man made to grapple with practical difficulties, who knows when prudence is a mistake, and when it is true wisdom to run even a great risk for a great end. This quality of Stockmar’s mind was put to the proof in the critical events and difficult negotiations of the next three years. He accompanied the King to Brussels in July, 1831, where his immediate duty was the organization of the royal establishment. Neither then, however, nor at any future time, did he accept any official appointment in Belgium, but was attached only to the King as a private adviser and friend. Having been a member of Leopold’s English establishment, provision very properly was made for him by one of the few pensions of a similar character which continued to be paid out of the provision of 50,000*l.* settled on the Prince upon his marriage. When he became King of the Belgians, Leopold placed this provision at the disposal of the English Government, subject to certain conditions as to the maintenance of Claremont, and the payment of his English debts and pensions, in a letter drafted by Stockmar, which silenced by anticipation the clamours of the Dilkes of the period, who were thus deprived of the opportunity, for which they were lying in wait, to make capital for themselves out of the anomaly of a foreign king receiving an income from the English Exchequer. The arrangement of this transaction, which was full of difficulty, was carried through by Stockmar’s tact and firmness with entire success. Reasonable as the King’s stipulations were, there were not wanting cavillers, headed by a certain Sir Samuel Whalley, a retired mad-doctor, who tried to get up a Parliamentary inquiry on the subject:—

‘The case seems to me as clear as day,’ Lord Palmerston wrote to Stockmar in 1834, in reference to Whalley’s notice of motion, ‘and, without meaning to question the omnipotence of Parliament, which, it is well known, can do anything but turn men into women, or women into men, I must and shall assert that the House of Commons has no more right to inquire into the details of these debts and engagements, which the King of the Belgians considers himself bound to satisfy before he begins to make his payments into the Exchequer, than they have to ask Sir Samuel Whalley how he disposed of the fees which his mad patients used to pay him before he began to practise upon the foolish constituents who have sent him to Parliament. There can be no doubt, whatever, that we must positively resist any such inquiry; and I am very much mistaken in my estimate of the present House of Commons if a large majority do not concur in scouting so untenable a proposition.’

The Whalley of that period no doubt got wind of what he had to expect, and, having some grains of discretion, allowed his motion to drop.

Stockmar's presence in London on this affair, between 1831 and 1834, as the King's confidential agent, enabled him to be of the utmost service in clearing away the numerous difficulties which had to be overcome before the guarantee of the independence of Belgium by the five great Powers was finally secured.\* The position was one of extreme difficulty. On the one hand, Belgium, although it had been signally defeated in the field by Holland, and driven to shelter itself behind the bayonets of the French, clung obstinately to certain conditions, which, on the other hand, Holland, backed by the intrigues of Talleyrand, and availing itself of the jealousies of France entertained by England and the northern Powers, was equally pertinacious in resisting. To overcome the mutual distrust of the Five Powers, and the obstinacy of the two chief parties, was a problem which tasked all the ability of the distinguished men in whose hands the official negotiations on the side of Belgium rested. Stockmar's unofficial intervention, through his personal relations with the representatives of the different governments, was carried on, not only without wounding the susceptibilities of General Goblet and M. Van de Weyer, but with their entire concurrence. They knew too well his value in council and in negotiation, not to avail themselves gladly of his assistance; and their relations with him were, we believe, those of the most complete confidence and the warmest mutual esteem. It was his special business, moreover, to strengthen the courage of the King under the discouragements and difficulties which tried the firmness and patience of Leopold to the uttermost. Thus, on the 10th September, 1831, he writes in these terms:—

'Meanwhile I call upon your Majesty for only this much:—

- '1. Never to lose heart.
- '2. Never to relax in activity, on which your enemies base their hopes!'

He was, no doubt, familiar with the old charge, that the King's character was 'flaccid'—that he had no colour.

- '3. Not to forget the civil organization in the military. The nation must see that, in the very thick of the storm, the concerns of peace are being pushed on. That hopes of peace should be kept alive, even though they should come to nothing in the end, is of the utmost importance.'—P. 186.

\* See on this subject, Lord Dalling's 'Life of Lord Palmerston,' vol. ii. p. 23, etc.

When at length the London Conference had arrived at a fresh basis of settlement, known as the 'Twenty-four Articles,' some of these, as to the limits of territory, and the amount of National Debt to be charged on Belgium, were rejected by that country as too favourable to Holland, and fresh difficulties arose of a character so serious, that the King seems even to have meditated abdication. Here the admirable clear-sightedness and courage of Stockmar proved themselves equal to the emergency. In a letter of the 10th October, 1831, to the King, urging upon him the acceptance of these Articles unconditionally, after pointing out that the difference between the demands of Belgium and those conceded by the Conference is not so important as to affect in any way the welfare of the kingdom, he proceeds:—

'The true welfare of Belgium depends at this moment on a speedy peace, the establishment of a good administration, the annihilation of parties at home, all which are especially secured by the prompt recognition of the independence of Belgium by the whole of Europe. . . . Abdication? For Belgium itself this would not be productive of the smallest advantage, but rather of extreme mischief. It would either lead to a general war, with a Restoration as its consequence, or to the union with France, or possibly to the partition of the country. To the King, moreover, resignation would bring no one real advantage, though irritated feeling may point to a different conclusion. At the most, the King may lose ground for a time by his acceptance of the Twenty-four Articles; that is, he may be less popular for a short time with the unreasoning, inconstant multitude. For this there is a sovereign remedy. Let him prove himself upright, firm, energetic, a king of brains, and we shall see whether, in a very short time, he is not again the most popular monarch in Europe. On the other hand, abdication would ruin him in the eyes of Europe. He would appear weak, inconstant, short-sighted, incompetent for the task he had undertaken. *The King went to Belgium to secure peace for Europe, and to vindicate there the cause of Constitutional Monarchy. That is the mission, which he has pledged himself to Europe, to the Powers, to Belgium, to fulfil. That there are difficulties to contend with is no reason for throwing down his arms. The King's task is a fine one, let him show himself worthy of it.*

'Let him not lose a moment in forcing his ministers to an explanation, whether they will remain, if he accepts the Twenty-four Articles. If they will not, let him form a new ministry on the spot.'

The armistice between Holland and Belgium was on the point of expiring; the decision of the Conference, Stockmar had assured himself, was final; and every other consideration, he felt, was comparatively unimportant, when the independence, if not the very existence, of the new kingdom was at stake. The Twenty-four Articles abridged, in not unimportant particulars, the territory secured to Belgium by the Eighteen Articles;

les; and Leopold, on ascending the throne, had sworn to maintain the integrity of the kingdom as thereby defined. His acceptance of the Twenty-four Articles, therefore, involved a great deal of honour. Stockmar, however, had this fully in view; he was able to relieve the scruples of the King by consulting him the decided opinion of Earl Grey,—than whom, Leopold well knew, no one had a nicer sense of what was at stake in such matters,—that this was not a difficulty which would cause a moment's hesitation. No time was to be lost, Stockmar followed his letter to Brussels to enforce his views in person. The result is well known. The King resolved to follow his advice, as above given, to the letter. On the 20th of November, the Twenty-four Articles were adopted by the Chamber of Representatives; and on the 15th, the treaty, based on them, which secured the neutrality and independence of Belgium, was signed in London on behalf of Belgium by M. de Weyer. The decision thus come to was probably not influenced by the knowledge that, in a different event, the King determined to appeal to the country, 'and to abdicate, if the new Chamber persisted in the negative vote.'\*

Much had yet to be done, and numberless diplomatic difficulties to be surmounted, before the new kingdom could be said to be fairly established under the guarantee of the Five Powers. At every stage Stockmar lent his active aid—in counsel and in negotiation; and so essential was his continuous presence felt to be in London and at Brussels, that from 1831 to 1834 he was unable to visit his home at Coburg. In the May of the latter year, however, things were so far settled that he felt himself free to take the repose which the state of his health, shaken by the anxieties and fatigues of the three previous years, greatly needed. From his quiet Thuringian retreat he continued to watch with wakeful eyes the progress of events in Europe, and he was kept by his voluminous correspondence with the King of the Belgians and others, fully posted up in all the political movements and their secret history.

In 1836 his active services were called into play, in conducting the negotiations for the marriage of Queen Donna Maria of Portugal with Prince Ferdinand, the son of the younger brother of the then reigning Duke of Coburg. Intrigues were already on foot to secure the Queen's hand for the Duke de Nemours. These came to nothing, thanks to the firm attitude of the English Cabinet: a defeat which was probably not foreseen, when Louis Philippe, to his own ultimate ruin, carried

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\* *Juste's 'Memoirs of Leopold I.'* vol. i. p. 197. English edition.



through without scruple his wretched scheme of the Spanish marriages. One of Stockmar's difficulties was the young man's father, who, not liking the precarious aspect of things in Portugal, wished to stipulate for an English guarantee of his son's provisions under the Marriage Treaty. Stockmar had to tell him in plain language, that this was out of the question, and to remind him of the adage, 'Nothing venture, nothing have;' which he was just the man to do with an energy that admitted of no reply.

But the time had now come for Stockmar's entrance on a more serious task. The Princess Victoria was approaching 18, her legal majority, and in the ordinary course of events the succession to the throne could scarcely fail to open to her before many years. The unremitting affection with which the young Princess had hitherto been watched over by her uncle was now animated by the twofold duty of fitting her for the brilliant but difficult position in which she might soon be placed, and at the same time securing her happiness by marriage with a prince whose abilities and moral strength might safely be relied on in every emergency. No one could know so well as Leopold how pre-eminently qualified his bosom friend and adviser Stockmar was for the first of these duties; for had he not himself, under his guidance, come to be recognised as a pattern of Constitutional monarchs? The Princess had, moreover, known Stockmar from childhood, and the prospect of such a counsellor, when presented to her by her uncle early in 1836, was naturally welcomed with a feeling of delight. The arrangement was that he should come to England in May, 1837, in which month the Princess would reach majority, so as to be near her as a confidential adviser and assistant. But in the mean time Leopold had taken earnest counsel with his friend as to the future husband of his niece. It is now well known\* that her cousin, Prince Albert, had been from childhood designated in his own family for this honour. The King had, therefore, kept an anxious watch upon his nephew's boyhood and youth, and the result, to use his own language,† was the conviction that her union with him would be, of all others, the best for her happiness. Stockmar had seen less of the Prince, and it appears from his letters in this volume that he was too deeply conscious of the greatness of the stake to accept even Leopold's opinion on this subject:—

'Albert,' he writes in 1836, 'is a fine young fellow, well grown for his age, with agreeable and valuable qualities; and who, if things go well, may in a few years turn out a strong, handsome man, of a kindly, simple, yet dignified bearing. Externally, therefore, he

\* 'Early Years,' pp. 17, 84, and 213.

† Letter to the Queen of 21th Oct. 1849. 'Early Years,' p. 231.

possesses all that pleases the sex, and at all times and in all countries must please. It may prove, too, a lucky circumstance, that even now he has something of an English look.'

'But now the question is, How as to his mind? On this point, too, one hears much to his credit. But these judgments are all more or less partial, and until I have observed him longer, I can form no judgment as to his capacity and the probable development of his character. He is said to be circumspect, discreet, and even now cautious. But all this is not enough. He ought to have not merely great ability, but a right ambition, and great force of will as well. To pursue a political career so arduous for a lifetime demands more than energy and inclination—it demands also that earnest frame of mind which is ready of its own accord to sacrifice mere pleasure to real usefulness. If he is not satisfied hereafter with the consciousness of having achieved one of the most influential positions in Europe, how often will he feel tempted to repent what he has undertaken? If he does not from the very outset accept it as a vocation of grave responsibility, on the efficient fulfilment of which his honour and happiness depend, there is small likelihood of his succeeding.'

'Who,' he adds, 'should know more than myself of the mystery of such a career, who has thought over it so much, or had such experience of it?' Well might he say so. It must have engaged his thoughts from the hour when he first set foot in England, with a view to the position and duties of Prince Leopold as Consort of a future English Queen. It must have cost him long meditation with reference to the Princess, who had played about his knees, undreaming of the great future which was opened to her by the event which overthrew her uncle's hopes. And all its difficulties, and all the high qualities of mind and heart by which alone they could be met, must have been brought home to him, as to no other man, by the experience he had gathered in connexion with the creation of the Belgian kingdom, as well as by what he foresaw of the rapid growth of democratic tendencies in England. Till, therefore, he had full means of observing the Prince's character he declined to commit himself. If his scrutiny proved satisfactory, his opinion was that the very first thing to be done was to lay all the difficulties of the undertaking fully before the Prince. If he did not take fright at these, then two essential considerations came immediately into play. I. The Prince must be educated for his future career according to a careful plan, consistently carried out, with constant reference to the special country and people. II. Before appearing as a suitor, the liking of the Princess must be secured, and upon this liking, and this alone, the suit itself must be based.'

With his usual thoroughness, Stockmar at once grappled with the question of the place where the education of the future Consort of an English Queen could best be conducted. Coburg would



would never do. Able tutors might not be wanting there, what chance had the Prince of learning what men are, or to cope with them, at a small Court, where frank intercourse with other men on equal terms was impossible? Berlin, Vienna, the German Universities, were all undesirable. Berlin? 'Nothing of primary importance, a just view of the present state of Europe, would scarcely be acquired there.' The Prince would hear everything there about politics, except the truth. So too, the Berlin tone was formal and priggish, and for a prince at least, not to be commended. All that could be learned would be the arts of administration and war, but whatever was essential in these directions could be learned elsewhere. Besetting profligacy in Berlin was epidemic, and to keep young men out of harm's way in this respect was harder there than in any other place. Vienna? That was no school for a German Prince. The Universities? Their training was too one-sided and impractical for a prince whose vocation would be to deal practically with men and things on a great scale. Brussels seemed to Stockmar to combine the most favourable conditions. The Prince would be there under the eye and influence of his uncle, who was living in the full stream of European politics, and would put him out the problem of Constitutional Government, where it had been hitherto unknown; and, whether the English plan was brought to bear or not, the Prince would be far more likely to profit by the study of politics in the free and stirring arena of a Constitutional kingdom, than in one where the whole machinery of government was propelled from a monarchical centre. His advice was followed, and accordingly the Prince spent ten months in 1836-7 with his brother in Brussels.

Before going there the young men had, along with their father, visited the Duchess of Kent at Kensington Palace. At that time there were numerous suitors in the field for the Princess's hand. The time for introduction Stockmar therefore conceived it best to have arrived, 'but,' he writes (p. 314), 'it must be made a *sin* *non*, that the object of the visit be kept secret from both the Prince and Princess, so as to leave them completely at ease.' The desired impression was produced upon the Princess. Having ascertained this, King Leopold lost no time in making her aware of what was contemplated, and we have her Majesty's assurance, that from that moment she never entertained the thought of any other marriage.\* It was not until March, 1840, how

\* What does Baron Ernst Stockmar mean by saying (p. 330) that the Princess tells us in the 'Early Years' 'she had never quite given up the idea of this marriage,' when Her Majesty's assurance that she never dreamed of giving

however, that the King communicated to the Prince what was proposed,\* putting, as Stockmar had suggested, the whole difficulties of the position fully before him.

Meanwhile, in pursuance of the arrangement of the previous year, Stockmar arrived in England on the 25th of May, 1836, the day after the Princess attained majority. William IV. had been in a critical state since the 20th of that month, and on the 20th of June he died. At this important juncture the counsel and help of an adviser so wise and so experienced could not be otherwise than most precious.† The outside world, always jealous of any influence near the throne, became, of course, busy with insinuations as to the mysterious presence in the Palace of this foreign agent of a foreign King. That he was doing work from the highest and most unselfish motives, for which the nation's gratitude was really due, was not likely to enter into the imagination of the Quidnuncs of the club-houses, or the Sneeewells of political circles. Lords Melbourne and Palmerston, the Premier and Foreign Minister, had long known him, and appreciated the services which he was especially fitted to render to the young Queen. The former spoke of him to the Queen, as not only 'a good man, but one of the cleverest he had ever met,' and Lord Palmerston, in conversation with Bunsen many years afterwards, cited him as the 'only absolutely disinterested man he had come across in life.' His influence, they were well aware, could only be for good; but Lord Melbourne, —Pococurante, as Stockmar aptly named him—did not, it appears, much like the trouble of having to explain the true state of matters to captious members of his party, who taxed him with being too much under the influence of the Belgian King and his former Secretary. Things even went so far, that the Speaker, Mr. Abercromby, threatened to bring what he called Stockmar's unconstitutional position before the House. 'Tell him,' was Stockmar's observation, 'to move in Parliament against me if he likes: I shall know how to defend myself.'

absolute? In the very next sentence the Baron informs us that the Queen, in the beginning of 1838, entrusted Stockmar with the duty of accompanying the Prince on his travels, with the express view of assisting in the completion of his education. Her Majesty may have hesitated as to the time for the marriage, and the remarkable outburst of contrition on this subject in the 'Early Years' (p. 220) is not likely to be forgotten; but surely this fact is in itself a tolerably conclusive demonstration that the hesitation extended no farther, although no pledge had been given, and no communication on the subject had passed between herself and the Prince.

\* 'Early Years,' p. 217.

† Stockmar, in accordance with a rule he had long before laid down for himself, would accept of no appointment; although he lent his active assistance to the young Queen as her secretary, when the duties of that office could not be performed by Lord Melbourne.

On second thoughts, Mr. Abercromby happily dropped the subject, the agitation of which, in that period of strong party passion, could not have been otherwise than most inconvenient. Stockmar's constant aim at this time,—and this was the only point in which Lord Melbourne and himself could not agree—was to enforce the obvious but hitherto much neglected doctrine, which had been acted on by Leopold in Belgium with marked success,—that the monarch belongs to the nation, and must never be made use of for the purposes of party. What he saw of the conduct of the Whigs in this respect, at that time and subsequently, was a source of deep vexation to him, ominous as he knew it to be, had it lasted, of the most mischievous consequences.

In December, 1838, Stockmar accompanied Prince Albert to Italy, and remained with him there till May of the following year, when he left him at Milan and returned to Coburg. In a memorandum quoted by his son (p. 331) the results of his observation of the Prince during this time are given. Read by the light of what the Prince subsequently became, it possesses a singular interest. The old physician's eye detected a weakness of constitution, which made him shrink from any sustained effort either physical or mental. 'His constitution cannot be called strong. After any exertion he is apt to look for a time pale and exhausted.' It was, no doubt, his knowledge of this constitutional weakness which led Stockmar to say, with prophetic truth, in 1844 to the distinguished author of the paper on the 'Early Years' in this Review,\* 'If ever the Prince falls sick of a low fever, you will lose him.' With this physical drawback to contend against, the manner in which the Prince overcame the mental habits to which Stockmar next draws attention, and which must have been in a great degree due to constitutional delicacy, is most remarkable:—

'Full of the best intentions and the noblest resolutions, he often falls short in giving them effect. His judgment in many things is beyond his years; but hitherto, at least, he shows not the slightest interest in politics. Even while the most important occurrences are in progress, and their issues undecided, he does not care to look into a newspaper.'

Stockmar's apprehension plainly was, that there was a want of thoroughness in the Prince's character, as well as distaste for political affairs. Nor can we doubt that what he had seen then and observed for some time afterwards justified the apprehension, and made him press upon the Prince the necessity for

such a discipline of his tastes and habits as was calculated to overcome every defect of natural inclination. How he triumphed, how soon the Prince became remarkable for thoroughness in everything he touched, for an activity that shrank from no fatigue, and for a mastery of political questions unusual even with veteran statesmen, needs not now to be told.

The strides made by the Prince in mastering the tendencies which his Mentor dreaded were rapid. So early as December, 1839, Stockmar writes to the Baroness Lehzen—'The more I see of him, the more I love and esteem him. His intellect is so sound and clear, his nature so unspoiled, so child-like, so predisposed to goodness as well as truth, that time and intercourse with Englishmen of experience, culture, and integrity are alone wanting to make him truly distinguished.' He had soon the satisfaction of seeing the admirable qualities of his pupil,—his fine judgment, tact, and moderation,—coming more and more to the surface under the difficulties, and they were many, of his new position. Much had to be smoothed within the Palace, and the hostility of political parties outside had also to be reconciled. Here Stockmar's experience and influence with the leaders on both sides were applied with the best results, and, among other things, it was chiefly due to his intervention with Wellington and Peel that the Bill vesting the Regency in the Prince passed with only the dissentient voice of the Duke of Sussex, although a formidable opposition by the Tories on one hand and the Ultra-Liberals on the other, fomented by some of the Royal Dukes, was at one time seriously apprehended.

The birth of the Princess Royal in November, 1840, found Stockmar again an inmate of the Palace, after a short visit to his home. The nursery department had to be organized, and in this his medical skill and forethought were called actively into play, and continued to be exercised for many years. 'The nursery costs me as much trouble,' he says in a letter, 'as the government of a kingdom could do.' It was the same at a later period with the education of the Royal children. In everything it was the habit of Stockmar's mind to look far ahead,—a course in which he was closely followed by the Prince Consort. Questions of importance were fully discussed long before they became pressing, and principles of action adopted, which it was thenceforth easy to pursue to a definite end. A glimpse is given of his masterly and exhaustive manner, in an extract quoted in this volume from a plan which he drew up so early as the beginning of 1842 for the education of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal. It deals as this extract does with merely general principles, and gives only a partial view of the writer's power, which was not less



less remarkably shown in his breadth of view than in the skill with which this was worked out into practical details. The Queen has placed upon record her gratitude for this portion of his services in the 'Early Years' (p. 188), where Her Majesty says she 'can never forget the assistance given by the Baron to the young couple in regulating their movements and general mode of life, and in directing the education of their children.'

Every day drew closer the ties which bound the Baron to the Royal household. 'The Prince,' he writes in October, 1841, 'waxes apace morally and politically; I can truly say, he is dear to me as a son, and he deserves to be so.' Again, on his return to England in April, 1843, from a winter residence in Coburg, 'the Prince is well and happy, though he frequently looks pale, worried, and weary. He is rapidly showing what is in him. He has within him a practical talent, which enables him to seize at a glance the essential points of a question, like the vulture that pounces on its prey and hurries off with it to its nest.' After this we hear no more of any misgivings as to lack of perseverance, or of interest in politics. A letter in 1847 shows us into what ten years of conscientious self-conquest and severe discipline had changed the youth from what his 'guide, philosopher, and friend' had found him in 1836:—

'The Prince has made great strides of late. He has obviously a head for politics, before whose perspicacity even prejudices quickly give way, which spring from education or want of experience. Place weighty reasons before him, and at once he takes a rational and just view, be the subject what it may. He has also gained much in self-reliance. His natural vivacity leads him at times to jump too rapidly to a conclusion, and he occasionally acts too hastily, but he has grown too clear-sighted to commit any great mistakes. He will now and then run against a post and bruise his shins. But a man cannot be an experienced soldier without having been in battle and getting a few knocks; and, being what he is, small wounds, while they make him cautious, will give him confidence in himself. That in these days of political discord with France he should make great political mistakes is not probable, for he is thoroughly dispassionate, and he has so keen and sure an eye, that he is not likely to lose his way and get into trouble. His mind becomes every day more active, and he devotes the greater part of his time to business without a murmur.'—P. 466.

Not less interesting is what he says of the Queen in the same letter:—

'The Queen also improves greatly. She makes daily advances in discernment and in experience; the candour, the love of truth, the fairness, the considerateness, with which she judges men and things, are truly delightful, and the ingenuous self-knowledge with which she speaks about herself is amiable to a degree.'

For

For some time before these words were written, Stockmar had become satisfied that events were impending which might alter the face of Europe. 'I foresee,' he says in the same letter, 'great revolutions.' On the 3rd of April in the same year, he had written to Bunsen: 'I am more and more convinced we are on the eve of a great political crisis.

'Das Alte stürzt; es ändert sich die Zeit,  
Und neues Leben blüht aus den Ruinen.' \*

The events of 1848 soon came to prove the justice of this forecast. They also brought Stockmar directly for the first time into the public ranks of political life. When the storm of February burst, he was in Germany, and he threw himself with all his energy into the heart of the movement there, in the hope of advancing his long cherished vision of a united Germany. He appeared at the Diet as the accredited representative of Coburg, and he had even agreed to accept, upon certain conditions, the office of Foreign Minister. 'That would be a happy choice indeed,' said Lord Palmerston, when told of this by Bunsen. 'He is one of the best political heads I have ever met with.'

Into all the tedious futilities of the then Teutonic upheaval this is no place to enter. Suffice it to say, two points were from the first clear to Stockmar, viz., that union under Prussia was the end to be aimed at, and that this result was not to be reached by peaceful means, but only through a war which should shut out Austria from further intervention in the affairs of Germany, and also extinguish the opposition of the smaller Principalities. In these views he went far ahead of the best political thinkers of his time. Amid every discouragement, his faith in the ultimate accomplishment of the end desired remained unshaken to the last. Scarcely, however, could he have divined that it would be reached so soon, and by such means; least of all, that an impulse so important was to be given to it by the insane folly nursed by the principles of Thiers, Guizot, and others, which, in prompting the French invasion of 1870, drew together into one focus, as nothing else could have done, the hitherto incoherent elements of a German nation.

It was at this period that Meyer first met Stockmar at Baron Bunsen's, in London; and we are indebted to the Memoir already quoted for the following spirited sketch of him. He was then 59:—

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\* Stockmar's editor seems not to be aware that these lines, which he prints as *prose*, are a quotation from Schiller's 'Wilhelm Tell,' act iv. sc. 2:—

'The old reels to its fall; the times are changing,  
And new life bursts and blossoms from the ruins.'

'During

'During breakfast Baron Stockmar was announced; when he entered and sat down, very soon dominating the conversation—an active, decided, slender, rather little man, with a compact head, brown hair streaked with grey, a bold short nose, firm yet full mouth, and, what gave a peculiar air of animation to his face, with two youthful flashing brown eyes, full of roguish intelligence and fiery provocation. With this exterior, the style of his demeanour and conversation corresponded; bold, bright, pungent, eager, full of thought, so that, amid all the bubbling copiousness and easy vivacity of his talk, a certain purpose in his remarks and illustrations was never lost sight of.'

When Stockmar found that nothing was to be expected for Germany from Frederick William IV., he turned his hopes from that eloquent and irresolute visionary to the present Emperor and Empress, then the Prince and Princess of Prussia. It was in accordance with his views of the best interests of both countries, that an alliance should be formed between the Royal Houses of Prussia and England. Our Princess Royal had been from childhood his especial favourite; and as he watched the development of her unusual gifts and distinguished character, the advantages to Germany of having such a princess for its future Queen became more and more apparent. 'From her youth up I have loved her,' he writes, in February, 1858, a few days after her marriage; 'have always expected much from her, and taken pains to be of service to her. I consider her to possess unusual gifts—in many cases amounting to inspiration.' It was with peculiar satisfaction, therefore, that he saw his long-cherished wishes for this alliance happily realised; and to the last he took an almost paternal interest in the welfare of this second generation of princely pupils, which was met on their part with the warmest affection.

In the previous year, 1857, he had taken his farewell of the English Court, where he had so long lived, using all his great gifts with rare unselfishness, to guide, animate, instruct, and strengthen others; 'the beloved and trusted friend of all beneath its roof, from the Queen to the humblest member of her household.\*' The Queen and Prince were not aware that he was never to return. But some weeks before his departure he announced his intention, in a letter to King Leopold from Windsor Castle, resigning into his old master's hands the trust which he had so worthily fulfilled.

'In the spring of 1837,' he says, 'now, therefore, twenty years ago, I came back to England, to assist the Princess Victoria, now Queen. This year I shall be seventy, and I am no longer either physically or mentally equal to the laborious and exhausting functions of a paternal friend, an experienced father-confessor. I must say good-

\* 'Early Years,' p. 188.



bye, and this time for ever. The law of nature will have it so. And well for me that I can do this with a clear conscience; for I have worked as long as I had power to work, for ends which cannot be impugned. The consciousness of this is the reward, which alone I was anxious to deserve, and my dear master and friend, with full knowledge of the state of matters here and of those for whom I have acted, gives me frankly and spontaneously from the bottom of his heart the testimony that I have deserved it.

The tie, however, was not one to be broken by absence. The most intimate communications by correspondence continued to be kept up by those he had left behind in England and in Belgium. The Queen and Prince Consort saw him together on two subsequent occasions, once at Babelsberg in 1858, and again at Coburg in 1860. The habit of sharing with this second father, not only his thoughts on public questions, but his private joys and sorrows, which had grown up through their long years of personal intercourse, was continued by the Prince Consort to the last. To him one of his latest letters was addressed. 'I am terribly in want of a true friend and counsellor,' writes the Prince; 'and that you are that friend you may readily understand.' In a month the Prince was dead.

This national loss seemed to Stockmar a death-blow to the great purpose of his life. 'A structure,' to use his own words, 'which was conscientiously reared for the accomplishment of a great and important object, with a devout sense of duty, and the toilsome effort of twenty years, has been shattered to its foundation.' In 1862 the widowed Queen sought the good old man at Coburg. 'My dear, good Prince!' he exclaimed, 'how happy I shall be to see him again! and it will not be long.' And it was not long. On the 9th of July, 1863, death brought his wearied spirit the release for which it had long been yearning.

The pains of weakness and age had for some years pressed heavily upon him, and added to the melancholy from which not even the retrospect of a well-spent life could protect him. It is sad to read in one of his latest letters to the King of the Belgians such words as these: 'I confess I was not prepared for so comfortless an old age. Often, very often, I am on the verge of despair. The riddles of life grow daily more difficult to me.' But such moods could only be the passing clouds of a soul unusually sensitive and sympathetic, and therefore unusually suffering, to which a lifelong faith in the ultimate issue of all things for good, under the directing hand of a benign Father, had given a prevailing aspect of calmness and serenity. His reliance on the love and justice of God,' says his friend Meyer, 'and on the goodness of the human heart, never forsook him.'

*Mulum*

*Multum dilexit*; and it was characteristic of the depth as well as tenderness of his feelings, that his loving nature, his sweet temper, his devotion to his friends, were often little to be surmised under what seemed, to those who did not know him well, to be Stoical reserve, or self-centred indifference. Christian to the core, Love, Duty, Truth were the mainsprings of his life, as they were the mainsprings of his influence. Thus it was, therefore, that he not only did and counselled

‘the right because it was the right,  
In scorn of consequence,’

but men of all ranks, and of the most varied opinions—kings, princes, diplomatists, politicians—those with whom he differed no less than those with whom he agreed, those whom he disliked no less than those whom he admired,—were so conscious that he had no ends of his own to serve, and that he was thoroughly to be relied on for fairness, for reticence, and for directness, that they caught in their dealings with him something of his own spirit, and yielded to him a confidence which they never had occasion to regret.

‘If a young man just entering into life,’ are his own beautiful words in a letter of his later years, ‘were to ask me, What is the chief good for which it behoves a man to strive? I could only say to him, Love and Friendship! Were he to ask me, What is a man’s most priceless possession? I must answer, The consciousness of having loved and sought the truth, of having yearned after what is good for its own sake! All else is either mere vanity or a sick man’s dream.’

It was only consistent with this creed that, looking back in his last days on what he had done, well appreciating its importance, and not unconscious of the worldly honour and reputation which, had his aim been personal ambition, it would have been easy for him to achieve, he should have no feeling of regret for the course he had early chosen and deliberately pursued, of living for others and not for himself:—

‘The singularity of my position,’ he says, ‘required me anxiously to efface myself, and to conceal, as though it were a crime, the best purposes I had in view, and frequently carried out. Like a thief in the night, I placed with liberal hand the seed within the earth, and when the plant grew up, and became visible to other people, it was my duty to ascribe the merit to others, and no other course was open to me. . . . If circumstances and men commonly combine so to veil the best of my conceptions and ideas, and the enterprises based upon them, in darkness and night, that it is impossible to form the faintest conception as to the source from which they truly sprang, this will not cause me any great vexation.’

In the eyes of such a man, the work done, if noble in itself and in its fruits, was the all in all. He had shunned the glare of the world's honours through life. Was it likely that, in the contemplation of a greater Hereafter, he should sigh for the empty glories of a posthumous fame?

All the more fitting, however, is it, that such a life should not pass away without some adequate record. More will, no doubt, be heard of it in the promised memoirs of the Prince Consort's life. But the *Memorabilia* contained in the present volume, rich as they are in authentic information as to leading men and events from 1816 to 1863, and in the opinions of one of the most sagacious of political observers, form a contribution to contemporary history of the highest value. There are some things in the book which the wiser discretion of Stockmar himself would have kept in the secrecy of his own portfolio, and we are conscious at times of a hardness of tone, on the part of the biographer, which reacts unfavourably upon his subject, and as, we see, even already led to misconceptions of his father's character. But the general impression will, we believe, be that which we have attempted very imperfectly to convey, of a good and great man, working conscientiously for the welfare of mankind, at no time sparing himself, or seeking his own aggrandizement; and happy, that through the Love and Friendship—which bound him to his royal and princely friends—he was able to exert a beneficial influence upon social and political progress, which is even now actively at work.

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ART. IV.—1. *Researches into the History of the British Dog.* By George R. Jesse. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1866.

*Our Poor Relations.* By Col. E. B. Hamley. 12mo. Edinburgh and London, 1872.

*The Reasoning Power in Animals.* By the Rev. John Selby Watson. 8vo., pp. 466. London, 1867.

*Anecdotes of Dogs.* By Edward Jesse. 12mo. London, 1858.

*The Naturalist's Library.* Vol. XIX. *The Dog.* By Lieut.-Col. Charles Hamilton Smith. 12mo. London, 1865.

*Canine Pathology.* By Delabere Blaine. 8vo. London, 1841.

*Dog Breaking.* By Col. W. N. Hutchinson. 12mo. London, 1856.

*The History of the Dog.* By W. C. L. Martin. 8vo. London, 1845.

9. *The Dogs of the British Islands.* By Stonehenge. 8vo. London, 1872.
10. *Dogs and their Management.* By Edward Mayhew, M.R.C.V.S. 12mo. London, 1869.
11. *The Animal World. A Monthly Advocate of Humanity.* Vol. III. Published by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty.
12. *The Dog.* By "Idstone." 12mo. London, 1872.

SCORES of books, of which the above are samples, offer us materials for estimating the capabilities and characteristics of dogs. With such wealth of experience, and aided by the sympathetic attention which many of us personally give to our favourites, it ought not to be impossible to construct something like an outline of Canine Psychology. We ought to be able to work out the problem, 'How a Dog Thinks and Feels,' if not with certainty, yet with what must approve itself as a near approach to truth. In the case of an Intelligence above our own, the attempt to realize its consciousness and conditions of being by any effort of thought—*wherever it surpasses us*—must obviously be futile, or, at best, can only supply us with such a 'representative truth' as the idea which a man born blind may obtain of the nature of colour. But the indolent assumption that the same inability attends us in the case of the lower animals, whose natures our own seem to comprise and overlap on all sides, is far from justified by any inherent difficulty in the matter. Extreme patience in working out details; caution in refraining from leaping to the conclusion that the possession of any single manlike faculty implies that of another; and above all, the 'scientific use of the Imagination,' warmed by sympathy with 'Our Poor Relations,' appear sufficient to supply the full equipment for our task. Proceeding step by step, and carefully distinguishing everything noteworthy which dogs have been observed to do, from that which experience proves to be beyond their powers, we may map out a line which shall approximately represent the circumference of their natures. Within this circle—as Thought is still Thought, in whatsoever brain it be carried on, and Love is Love in every breast which beats with its emotion,—we are justified in assuming that there is a real correspondence and similarity between the mental processes and feelings of the animal and our own. When we endeavour in such manner to realize the consciousness of a dog by fancying ourselves circumscribed by his limitations, we are using no idle play of imagination, but pursuing our inquiry by a method almost as exact as that, so favoured by modern mathematicians,

maticians, of applying one figure to another. How far the special attributes which distinguish us from all the lower animals, must modify each detail of thought and feeling; how Self-Consciousness must bring a new factor into every thought, and Moral Free Agency a new element into every passion, it should be part of our work to endeavour to trace. But, as above remarked, though it would be impossible for the lower being to add by imagination any such gifts to his consciousness, it is by no means an impossible task, albeit a delicate one, for the higher to imagine himself divested of them. The combination of the unconsciousness of infancy with the eager feelings and irresponsibility of childhood would not indeed accurately represent the state required, for, after the stage of strange physical similarity before birth between man and the dog, discovered by Professor Haeckel, there is no epoch in the life of the human child when a perfect parallel between it and the animal, either as regards body or mind, can be justly instituted. But picking out the points in our own experience which we share with the brute, and cautiously eliminating those which the brute does not share with us, we must needs be on the right track for constructing—as the well-worn joke would describe it—his consciousness out of our own. Our business, then, is neither like the old fabulists and modern writers of children's story-books, to talk of dogs as if they were men who had undergone metempsychosis and brought human thought and feeling into canine forms; nor yet to rest solemnly satisfied, like the old Egyptians, to treat our familiar companions as if they were so many four-footed Mysteries altogether beyond our comprehension. Modern Science is bound to show, both what the beast is in his *for intérieur*, and where and how he at present falls short of a man;—even if Mr. Darwin may hold out hopes that a million years to come the dog's posterity may develop into a race of saints and sages, of a loftier type than those whom we have known descended from the far less amiable and heroic Simian stock!

Before attempting to delineate the first outlines of a Dog's Consciousness, it will be desirable to recapitulate as briefly as possible the principal circumstances which determine his physical condition relatively to our own, and thence work upward to the study of his emotional and mental characteristics. The dog, as compared to man, has against him:—

- 1st. Inferiority of size, keeping him always beside his master like a dwarf with a giant. The legs of men, rather than their faces, must form the prominent objects of his view; and the use of looking down with condescension on something



thing smaller than ourselves, so obviously enjoyed by a big dog over a little one, must be reversed into a deep sense of humiliation as regards the lordly race who tower over him.

2nd. The lack of hands, which forbids to the cleverest dog the use of the most rudimentary mechanical contrivance, even such as crushing a bone with a stone. A dog trying to roll himself in a blanket, or to leap up a tree, reveals the vast difference between his instruments and those of a cat whose claws will aid her to climb; or of a bird, whose beak answers the purpose of a single finger and opposable thumb.

3rd. The dog's vocal organs, though seemingly more like ours than the hard black tongues and beaks of parrots, are yet incapable of being used for the formation of sounds more articulate than belong to speechless human beings. He is emphatically what the Irish expressively call him, a 'poor dumb beast,' though he is able to understand human language to an extent which only those who carefully watch him can credit.

4th. Of the inferiority of the dog's brain to that of a man it is needless to speak, seeing that it is the point which doubtless determines most of the other conditions of the animal's being. A quadruped of the size of a dog, possessed of a brain of human dimensions, would, even if dumb, be assuredly something very different from a dog.

5th. Lastly, among the great disadvantages of the dog, one which most effectually bars his advance, is the shortness of his term of life. The oldest dog only attains the age when a boy begins to acquire his higher powers; and dies before reason and conscience, or even the stronger affections, are fairly developed in his human contemporary. We blame our 'stupid old dog' at ten years of age, when we should excuse our son's folly, with the observation, 'Poor little child!' What wisdom a dog would attain who should live to the length of our span, and could celebrate a "Golden" anniversary of devotion to his master, it is almost painful to think. The creature would have arrived at a point of intelligence whereat his physical defects would press on him as on a dumb or maimed human being; and, for ourselves, the pain of separation would be intolerable. The death of the fond companion of a dozen years is quite sad enough; that of a dog who had followed our steps from the cradle to old age would trespass too closely on the sacred borders of human bereavement.

These various physical disadvantages result, in the case of the dog, as in that of all the lower animals, in the supreme deficiency which cuts off the entail of progress at each generation. The brute has no tradition, oral or written, and, though he inherits propensities



propensities from his progenitors, and copies his parents when brought up with them, he receives so little direct guidance from them, that he is not perceptibly less intelligent when kept entirely apart from his own kind in such isolation as makes of a human child almost an idiot. Like our own, the 'set' of the dog's brain is determined by the habits of preceding generations, and the facility for receiving education is inherited from an educated ancestry. But the positive *information* which a human being receives from the hour he begins to understand language to the last moment of life, from nurse, mother, companions, teachers, preachers and books, is utterly denied to the dog, who must acquire every item of his knowledge directly through his own senses. When we think of all that this implies, and what infinitesimally small store of facts or reflections the most intelligent man could acquire on such terms in seventy years, the wonder becomes rather how much, than how little, is known by a dog who has but ten or twelve years in which to learn everything.

Against all these disadvantages—diminutive size, lack of hands, lack of language, small brain, short life, total want of traditional experience—a dog, so far as we can see, can only set one single special physical advantage which he possesses over us. With us the sense of smelling is but slightly developed, and though it is an inlet of pleasurable or disagreeable emotions, and possesses a singular power of awakening associations of memory, it is of extremely little use to us as an organ of mental information. Even when we do obtain an idea by way of the nose, we commonly treat it with distrust as more uncertain than one derived from eyesight or hearing, and hesitate to swear in a court of justice that we have positively smelled even such highly odorous things as brandy or gunpowder. But in the case of our canine friend all this is altered. He learns from smell quite as much as from his sight or his hearing; and it is clear that he is even more disposed to rely on this sense than on any other. All day long that curious little black organ at the tip of his nose is inquiring actively whatever it can sniff out about people and things; and when his owner returns after an absence, though the dog partially recognizes his aspect and voice at a distance, he never gives himself up to rapture till he has smelt him, and so placed his identity beyond the hazards of a Tichborne suit.

But the dog's sense of smell differs from our own not only in superior acuteness, but also in another way which is not equally a subject of congratulation. The pleasures and pains he derives from odours seem to be nearly exactly the reverse of our own, and he loves what we hate, and hates what we love. The

explanation of this sad dereliction from the human standard of taste is not difficult to find. As the retired tallow-chandler desired to return to his work on melting-days, and the homeward-turning citizen of Edinburgh exclaimed with ecstasy, 'Ah! I smell ye again, dear auld Reekie!' so the dog has all his cherished associations of business and sport with animal odours, to us more or less disagreeable. He is entirely of the opinion of the huntsman who swore at 'those stinking violets' for spoiling the scent of the fox. In his various professions as sentinel, sheepguard, hunter, and scavenger, he and his forbears have cultivated a taste very similar to that which we find among Esquimaux, Earthmen, and other humble human races, who never turn up their noses, except in ecstasy, at blubber or decomposed flesh. The intelligent Zulus, as their celebrated Bishop told us a year or two ago, in a letter to the 'Times,' are endowed with such a *penchant* for Ubomi (namely, as one of them defined it, 'carion, with worms in it, but not too many of them'), that no other word excites in them such stirring emotions. The phrase 'to eat Ubomi' has thus become the synonym in Zulu for the loftiest imaginable felicity; and, in translating the Bible into that language, it was found unavoidable to employ it as alone suited to convey an adequate idea of the happiness of the Blessed in heaven. Very much the same ingenuous notion of where true joys are to be found pervaded the mind of poor 'Flush,' whose fond owner promised as a special favour:

' Stoppered bottle keep from thee,  
Cologne distillations.'

Had Mrs. Browning taken him out walking, Flush would probably have endeavoured to render himself delightful to her, by rolling over and over in the unspeakably noisome relics of a long-departed field-mouse. As no prospect yet appears of converting dogs to our views in these matters, it is to be feared that the love of objectionable odours must long cause a breach in the continuity of sympathy between us and our humble companions, just, as Mr. Ruskin remarks, the passion for eating onions, unfortunately distinguishing the working classes, debars them cruelly from closer relationship with ladies and gentlemen. The subject is a painful one, and we must be excused for dropping it with a sigh. To confess the bad taste of a friend is perhaps more humiliating than to confess his crimes.

Whether we ought to consider the marvellous faculty possessed by dogs, cats, and many other animals, of finding their way for long distances by unknown roads, as an exhibition of their immense acuteness of olfactory perception, or rather as evidence

evidence of the possession of a specific sense different from any which we have yet recognized, is a question of great interest to which it would be impossible here to do justice. In all collections of anecdotes of dogs instances of the display of this faculty are put forward as evidences of the sagacity of the animal; but it is certain that no sagacity, in the ordinary meaning of the term, without the aid of a sense different from any known to us, would enable the creature to perform some of the feats so recorded. As cases guaranteed by living witnesses are more satisfactory than those of older date, we shall here cite two such illustrations. The Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley, some years ago, took her Skye-terrier with her in a close barouche from Grosvenor Crescent to London Bridge. At London Bridge Lady Stanley embarked in a steamer for Gravesend, where she left Smeroch with her children, and returned to town. Next day the governess wrote to say the dog had escaped from her charge at Gravesend; and the same night the animal appeared in Grosvenor Crescent, alone, footsore, and covered with mud. An equally remarkable case was that of a hound, which was sent by Charles Cobbe, Esq., from Newbridge, county Dublin, to Moynalty, county Meath, and thence, long afterwards, conveyed to Dublin. The hound broke loose in Dublin, and the same morning made his way back to his old kennel at Newbridge; thus completing the third side of a triangle by a road he had never travelled in his life. Mr. George Jesse (vol. i. p. 136 *et seq.*) gives a series of similar stories: a butcher's dog, slipping his chain and running home 120 miles, which he had been taken by railway; an officer's dog returning 180 miles, also originally traversed by rail, &c. Strangest of all is the account given by Sir John Harington, in a letter to Prince Henry, dated 1608, of his dog Bungey, who, he affirms, often carried letters for him from his house in Bath (Somersetshire) to the Court at Greenwich.

It does not appear that this singular faculty is peculiar to dogs, or a mark of their superior intelligence. Cats, ducks, and many other creatures have made similar journeys; and, in truth, the annual migrations of so many tribes of birds and fishes can hardly be explained but as exhibitions of the same power. The only situation in which animals seem to lose themselves is in the streets of a great city, where the very cleverest of dogs, even notably retrievers (as the keepers of the admirable Home for Lost Dogs will testify), fail to find their way for very short distances. In the opinion of the writer, the theory which best explains the ascertained facts is, that the creatures in question have a certain sense of the magnetic currents, sufficing to afford them a sort of internal Mariner's Compass, marking the direction

tion in which they travel. We know that the magnetic current affects the needle, and the hypothesis that they may also affect the compass-frames, with special organizations, seems no way incredible; the fact that a dog, who can find his way for a hundred miles in the open country, may lose it in five hundred yards in a city, seems to point to the multitude of streets turning at right angles as the cause of confusion to a sense which simply indicates a straight direction.\*

To realize, then, the physical conditions of a dog, we must imagine ourselves inhabiting a diminutive and prostrate body without hands, without speech, and destined to die of old age when we enter our teens; also, as having for our special endowment a remarkable power of finding our way, and a preternaturally keen nose, accompanied by an unconquerable propensity for Ugliness and all Ubominable things. It may be added that we should conceive our bodies covered with hair; and that, besides our possession of great swiftness and agility, we are gifted with a peculiar caudal appendage, serving, so effectually, as a 'ventilator for the emotions,' that instead of availing, like language, to conceal our thoughts, it should constantly and involuntarily betray our joy, sorrow, alarm, or rage.

Some of the immediate consequences of these physical conditions of the dog should be noted before we go further. In the first place, his inability to speak forces him to devise ingenious ways of making his wants understood; such as the artificial dog belonging to the writer, who, finding her bowl of water frozen in a frost, established herself in a corner where another bowl had been kept two years previously, and sat there looking mournfully at her owner till her sad case was perceived. When a dog lives with people too busy or too obtuse to attend to such signals, he becomes sad and depressed, and loses all originality, *femme incomprise*. The pantomime of dogs, their scratching at doors for admittance, their beseeching entreaties to be taken for a walk, their ardent invitations to visit their puppies, are somewhat affecting instances of the painful efforts of the creature to express what we should say in two words.

Again, another consequence of the dog's lack of language

\* We are indebted to Francis Galton, Esq., F.R.S., for two interesting facts corroborative of the above hypothesis. 'Reindeer kids,' says Dr. Rae, 'when very young, indeed, having been deprived of their mothers and left quite alone, will, in the winter, always turn towards the north, however much you may try to drive them in the other way.' 'Buffaloes' (as stated by James Mackay, a noted Hudson's Bay Company's guide), 'whenever they are alarmed, always run southward; this habit is so constant and so well known, that, in making buffalo pound, the entrance must always face the north, for, if it is not so placed, it is impossible to drive the animals into them.'

which curiously differentiates his life from ours, is that he can be told nothing beforehand, so that all his sorrows remain uncheered by hope, and all his pleasures have the keen charm of the *imprévu*. Few things are more pitiable than to see an animal after his master's departure going about miserably seeking him, unable to receive the consolation of the assurance that the being in whom his whole heart is centred will by-and-by return. After one such period of anxiety, terminated by the joy of restoration, he does not give way to equal despair, being supported by hope born of experience, but he knows perfectly well evermore how to interpret the signs of an approaching journey, and scores of times has been known to hide himself in his master's trunk, hoping to be carried with him. On the other hand, a dog's delights are never chilled or forestalled by expectation. It was not he who discovered the mournful truth that 'nothing ever proves so good or so bad as we anticipate.' As kings never know an unexpected pleasure, so, at the opposite end of the scale, dogs never lose the edge of their enjoyments by over-raised hopes. Rapture bursts on the brute out of the midst of despair, and the result is often as with Ulysses' Argus, and the spaniel whose story is told by Jesse,\* that the dog expires in the hour of his unendurable joy. Strange is it to reflect that this uncertainty belongs to the destiny of a creature who possesses a singular taste for regularity, and cherishes the 'Rites' almost as religiously as a Chinese. Every dog desires to do to-day what he did yesterday at the same hour, and claims, with the air of a man demanding simple justice, that he shall be allowed always to exercise every privilege once granted, and enjoy in full the boasted advantage of the British Constitution—a freedom 'slowly broadening down from precedent to precedent.'

Passing beyond the physical conditions of the dog and their immediate results, we now proceed a step further towards constructing an idea of his Consciousness, by studying his Emotions, and comparing them with our own. A little reflection shows that a dog approaches a man much more nearly in the matter of feeling than either of physical or mental characteristics. It is a startling fact, well brought out by Jesse in a synopsis of the dog's attributes ('Researches,' chap. v.), that there are very few human passions which a dog does not share.

A dog feels *anger* precisely as we do, and after provocation is sometimes vindictive and sometimes placable, according to his individual character. He is susceptible of *hatred* of the bitterest kind. He is so excruciatingly *jealous*, that his life becomes

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\* Vol. i. p. 3.



a burden in the presence of a favoured rival. His *envy* continually leads him to eat what he does not want lest another animal should take it, and to illustrate the fable of 'The Dog in the Manger.' *Gluttony* holds out to him temptations under which even his honesty sometimes succumbs; but, on the other hand, from *drunkenness* he is nobly emancipated. A dog mentioned by the Rev. Thomas Jackson ('Our Dumb Companions,' p. 48) having been once made so drunk with malt liquor that he was unable to walk upstairs, ever after declined to taste the pernicious beverage, and growled and snarled at the sight of a pewter pot. Again, as to *love*, Don Juan was a cold and unenterprising character compared to a dog; and as to *maternal affection*, the mother-dog feels it with heroic passion, starving herself to death rather than forsake her offspring. *Gratitude* may be almost said to be a dog's leading principle, supplying first the spring of allegiance to his master, and ever after reconciling him with true magnanimity to take evil from the hand from which he has accepted good. *Regret* and *grief* he feels so deeply that they often break his heart. *Fear* is a passion which dogs exhibit with singular variation, some breeds and individuals being very timorous, and others perfect models of *courage*; the latter characteristic, and *fortitude* seeming to be more characteristically canine. A greyhound has been known after breaking his thigh, to run on till the course was concluded and in the excellent new volume 'On the Dog,' by Ildstone (p. 39) is a frightful story of a foxhound whom its ferocious master flogged so savagely for 'babbling,' as to cut out its eye with his whip. The animal continued to hunt with the pack till the end of the chase, whereupon the human brute, a certain Colonel Thornton, 'took out his scissors and severed the skin, by which the dog's eye had hung pendent during the entire run.' As to *Hope*, no one can observe the dog watching for his master's step, as in Landseer's picture of 'Expectation,' without admitting that he knows the sentiment as well as we. *Pride* in a successful chase may be witnessed in every dog, and even felt in the quickened heartbeats of a greyhound when caressed and praised. That dogs have personal *vanity* appears from the fact that they are so manifestly dejected and demoralized when dirty and ragged by long exposure, and recover their self-respect immediately on being washed and combed. *Chivalry* and *magnanimity* may nearly always be calculated upon in dogs, and wife-beating is an offence to which the four-footed beast never descends. The stories are endless of big dogs generously overlooking the insults of small curs, or taking them into water and giving them a good ducking as a punishment for their impertinence, and then helping them



them mercifully back to land (see Jesse's 'Anecdotes,' p. 147). *Sense of property*, bifurcating into both *covetousness* and *avarice*, is common to all dogs. The kennel, rug, collar, water basin, or bone once devoted to his use, no dog can see transferred to another without indignation. Frequently he 'covets his neighbour's house,' and attempts to ensconce himself in it surreptitiously; and almost universally he covets his neighbour's bone, and purloins it, if he dare. Even from *avarice* he cannot be wholly exonerated, observing his propensity to bury his treasures. *Shame*, after transgressing any of the arbitrary rules imposed on him, a dog displays with ludicrous simplicity; but of the deeper sense of violated modesty which in human beings accompanies the commission of sin, the dog evidently knows nothing whatever. *Humour*, so far as it can proceed without language, the dog catches readily from a humorous master, and also the enjoyment of such games as he can understand. As a baby crows with glee at 'Bo-peep,' so a dog barks with delight at 'go fetch.' Make-believe runs and false starts, romps and ticklings, rolling him up in a rug and letting him find his way out, throwing a ball for him to catch on the grass, or a stick to fish out of a lake, all supply him with pleasures perfectly analogous in their nature to that which boys and men find in Blind Man's Buff and Prisoner's Base, lordly cricket, and lady-like croquet. Lastly, *faith* in a beloved superior is perhaps the most beautiful and affecting of all the attributes of a dog. Whose heart does not grow sick at the reflection that this sacred trust of the dog in man, should be so often betrayed,—that dull boors should lure him by mock words of encouragement to the death (to him so slow and agonizing) of the halter; and that far worse wretches, in the guise of cultivated gentlemen, should first fondle, and then dissect him alive, while even in death he strives to show his confidence, and to lick their hands? Few of us, it is to be hoped, would purchase our own immunity from disease at the cost of scores of such cruel experiments, and the assurance of the vivisectors who perform them, that they do so wholly for our sakes, and not from mere scientific curiosity, would be laughable, could we find it in our hearts to laugh at such a matter. It is surely time for the world to recognize that Science may be the Moloch of one age as Superstition was of another; and that even the noble love of knowledge may prompt offences, heinous and hateful as ever sprung from the lust of power or of gold.

We have now recapitulated, as shared by the dog with ourselves, the following long list of passions and emotions: anger, hatred, jealousy, envy, gluttony, love, fear, pride, vanity, magnanimity,

namity, chivalry, covetousness, avarice, shame, humour, gratitude, regret, grief, maternal love, courage, fortitude, hope, and faith. The line delineating the circumference of the dog's nature must include all these; and many of them in a highly developed form. We must leave outside, as passions of which the dog does not partake, 1st, the love of intoxicants (a passion having only its peculiar significance in a moral free agent); 2nd, modesty (also pertaining exclusively to beings possessed of self-control); and, 3rdly and finally, the whole lofty range of feelings which have abstract ideas for their objects, to which his intellectual status forbids him to ascend. The dog obviously cannot love art, science, or literature, simply because his mental faculties fall short of apprehending the topics concerned. That he has any æsthetic sense, any notion of the beautiful or of the sublime in nature is more than doubtful; and his insatiable curiosity which, if allied to higher powers would form the spring of scientific research, ends, in his case, with the accumulation of practically useful facts. Thus we arrive at the conclusion that the line which shall delineate the circumference of the dog's emotional nature must *exclude* all those passions of humanity which are directed to abstract objects, and *include* nearly the entire range of those which concern the gratification of the physical desires and personal affections.

To these cardinal passions, shared by all men and dogs, should next be added certain special propensities partaken by certain dogs with certain men. Foremost of these is the passion for the Chase—a sentiment which the gentlemen of England, at all events, cannot find it difficult to imagine as pertaining to their own consciousness. To describe the share it holds in the life of the majority of dogs, and the degree to which their intelligence unfolds in the congenial pursuit, would swell this paper to a volume. Another propensity which the dog partially shares with men is the Histrionic. Nobody who has watched a dog closely can doubt that he frequently amuses himself by performing an imaginary scene and representing an unreal passion. At one moment he acts a dog in a rage, and pretends to be savage, and the next he acts a dog in terror, and runs round barking wildly at a Mrs. Harris. Playing with a puppy half his size he pretends to fly with tail down and ears laid back, scampering as if for his life. With his companion dog or cat he constantly performs an impromptu drama of the sensational kind, whose '*motif*' is generally an imaginary quarrel. After a fearful amount of struggling, biting, and growling, in which excellent care is taken that neither of the performers receive the smallest hurt, he finally pretends to throttle his victim, and enacts

enacts the closing scene with a tragic *furore* equal to Salvini in 'Othello.' After the piece, like other great actors, he is wont to take a drink behind the scenes.

There remain now to be considered only certain higher feelings—the sympathetic, the religious, and the moral—whose possession by dogs are all commonly denied. It has been asserted, over and over again, that one of the chief distinctions between man and the races below him lies in his Sympathy; that brutes kill or forsake their disabled companions, and man alone pities and assists his brother. That the power to feel such sympathy is the divinest thing in man we are prepared to admit. Measured by the true standard of things, intellectual progress is of small account compared to advance in the power of unselfish love. The lowest of human beings is, not the dullest and most ignorant, but the most unfeeling; and the highest is, not the cleverest or most learned, but he who has warmest sympathies; and if, indeed, the lower tribes of earth and air partake in no degree of such feelings, then is the gulf between them and our race far wider than is opened by their lack of power to follow the philosopher through his inductions, or the poet through his flights of imagination.

It is clear at first sight that animals have, as a rule, far *less* power of sympathy than civilized man, and that there exists in many of their tribes an instinct of a contrary sort (very painful to witness, though undoubtedly beneficent in its general action) to destroy the wounded and decrepit. Nevertheless it appears to be entirely an error to suppose that the higher animals are without that sense of pain at the sight of the pain of others wherein consists the first element of human sympathy. The care of birds to relieve the wants of their young can only be explained as springing from such a sentiment; and, if this be set down as a blind parental impulse, we have only to go a little further and find them, and many kinds of mammals, feeling manifest distress at the sight of the sufferings of their mates and companions. Elephants in particular positively refuse to drag a sick comrade against his will, and show their pity by every means in their power. To keep, however, to our special theme of canine character the following anecdotes seem to dispose of the more obscure part of the question—that of the sympathy of dogs with other dogs. The first is vouched for by Mr. Montague Blackett, daughter of the Dean of Bristol:—

'The scene of Waif's adventures is Whitfield-hall, Northumberland, belonging to Mrs. Blackett Ord. He was first seen in the spring of 1871: one of the girls noticed him near one of the lodges, and a little time afterwards a groom found him in a disused horse-box in the stables,

stables, and turned him out. After this he was seen occasionally about the woods, which are full of game, and so became "*suspect*," to the keepers, who tried to get near enough to shoot him, but never succeeded in catching the little wary beast off his guard. The children sometimes saw what one of them called a "*ghost-dog*," near the house, but could never get a good sight of it. I first saw him in November. It was cold, frosty weather, with snow lying on the ground; and looking out of my bedroom window, I saw the poor creature, with miserable, ragged and matted coat, and a half-starved wolfish look prowling about the shrubbery, looking for old bones left by the well-fed dogs of the house. I saw him attempt to speak to a Pomeranian lady, but she rejected his feeble attempts at sociability with contempt, and he fled back into the woods. I offered a reward to any one who would bring him unhurt to me; but though he visibly grew weaker and weaker, and could not run very fast, he always escaped from his would-be captors. One day, about a fortnight after I first saw him, my cousin went downstairs rather early in the morning. It was bright and sunny, and the housemaid had left open the glass-door opening on some steps leading to the lawn. My cousin was going to shut it, when she saw the "*wild-dog*" approaching, looking up wistfully at a fine young dog, half St. Bernard half mastiff, who was answering the appealing glance by a friendly wagging of the tail. E—— kept very quiet, half-hidden behind the curtain, and watched what went on. Bernard marched a little way towards the steps, glancing round now and then encouragingly at his humble friend, who followed timidly, and occasionally stopped with a "*don't betray me*" expression, quite pitiful to see. On this, Bernard would stop too, and cock his ears in a lively manner, and wag his tail, and altogether look so engaging, that by slow degrees he coaxed the frightened creature right up the steps, and even induced him to go into the drawing-room, though he did not go in himself, only being allowed to do so on rare occasions. E—— judiciously remained hidden and quiet, and the governess, who had also watched the proceedings, cleverly darted out of doors from another door, and shut the glass door from the outside, and so there was our friend fairly entrapped, and Bernard coolly walked away, after looking at E——, as much as to say, "*Now you look after the poor fellow—my part is done.*" Poor Waif, when he found himself shut into the drawing-room, was beside himself with fright, and was so like a wild beast, we were rather alarmed. We put down food, but he would not eat, and sat glaring and panting and growling ludicrously in a corner, a melancholy object. At last a valiant footman put on a pair of housemaid's gloves and suddenly seizing him by his neck, carried him off to the game-keeper, who waited outside, and who "*gentled*" him most cleverly. In ten minutes the dog was perfectly tame and quiet, let himself be clipped and washed, and carried off to the keeper's own house, where he still abides in great peace and amity, much beloved by the keeper's children.



The friendly St. Bernard, who here acted as 'guide, philosopher, and friend' to the poor little poodle, certainly proved himself capable of sympathy with his kind. So also did another large dog, whose mistress, Mrs. Charles Eden, has favoured us with the following details of his kindly actions:—

'Rover was a Labrador dog, and much attached to a small dog named Aline. On one occasion Aline was missing for several days, and at last it was discovered that she had a little family of puppies, which she had hidden in a hole in a bank on Ascott Heath, and thither for many days Rover had carried her some of his dinner. Rover also fought with another dog, and wounded him severely, after which he persisted for a long time in bringing his enemy a portion of his own food till he had recovered.'

Another anecdote is equally good:—

'A large well-fed dog was observed, on a very rainy day, sitting under shelter in his own den in the yard of a country house, and watching a strange dog who was standing drenched through, in miserable plight. After thinking about it for some time, the big dog suddenly sprang up, crossed the yard, jumped as he was accustomed at the latch of a wood-house till it opened, and then, leaving the door open for the wet dog to enter, returned to his own abode, and rolled himself up in the peace of a *mens conscia recti*.'

Again, a very pretty story is vouched for by the lady to whom the dog belonged, the wife of Archdeacon Bland:—

'The dog belonged to us at Whitburn. It was half Danish, and had a great attachment to my pony, which on one occasion was severely hurt. When the pony was well enough to be turned into a field, we constantly brought it carrots and other good things; and as constantly saw Traveller rush off into the garden, return with two or three fallen apples in his mouth, lay them on the grass before the pony, and then watch him eating them with the greatest demonstration of pleasure.'

Colonel Hamilton Smith ('Naturalist's Library,' vol. x. p. 86) says that he himself saw a water-spaniel plunge into the current of a roaring sluice to save a little cur, maliciously thrown into it.

These incidents are certainly sufficient to prove the most difficult part of our problem, namely, the capacity of dogs to sympathize with their own kind. As to their power of sympathizing with man, it is a matter concerning which no one possessed of an attached dog ever entertained a doubt. The dejection of the dog when his master is in affliction, his feverish anxiety when he is ill, his fury when he is struck by a foe or operated on by a surgeon, his fond efforts at consolation at sight of his tears, and his demonstrations of ecstasy at his restoration to health and cheerfulness, are all facts equally familiar and affecting.

affecting. How many lonely, deceived, and embittered hearts have been saved from breaking or turning to stone by the humble sympathy of a dog. He who saw them alone can tell. The fact that an attached dog, almost like a fond mother, loves us, irrespective of our opinions, our worldly standing, our beauty, or our abilities; that he does not want to argue with us about our politics or our theology; that he will revere us none the less if we should become bankrupt in fame and fortune, and admire us as much as ever when we grow old, ugly, and stupid; nay, further, that he shows his humble love and beseeches for ours, in those caresses for which many of us hunger in heart, though reserve and habit forbid us to ask or give them freely to our fellows;—in a word, that a dog should be so *much*, and yet, so fortunately, no *more*, like a human being, might surely prove a subject for curious speculation to those who believe that the faculty for developing such instincts came from no Divine foresight and that Jocelyn was all wrong to think

‘Et par quelle pitié pour nos cœurs Il vous donne,  
Pour aimer celui que n’aime plus personne.’

In his awful description of the death of Mary Queen of Scots, Mr. Froude tells us how her little dog was found to have followed her to the scaffold, hidden under her flowing robes, and that when her head had fallen, the poor creature, in the agony of its grief, lay down precisely in the severed place of the neck. Is it imaginable how the sympathy of a dumb mourner could be more forcibly expressed? Another story of a lighter sort was recently published in the entertaining pages of ‘*Animal World*,’ and illustrates the same sentiment in a less tragic way. We quote from memory:—

‘A lady was seriously ill, and confined to her bedroom, to which her favourite dog was rarely granted entrance. The servants of the lady daily made beef-tea for her, and threw the meat, after the juice had been extracted, to the dog. Apparently the brute came to the conclusion that his dear mistress was being starved, or at all events that his piece of meat would do her good. Waiting a favourable opportunity, in the evening he stole into her room with the beef in his mouth, and when she awoke she found it deposited as an offering of affection on her pillow!’

Beside our active sympathy with our kind, we human beings have all a certain passive sympathy, causing us to take pleasure in their approval and pain in their contempt. If they were only to us so many useful or hurtful machines, like steam-engines, this sentiment would be impossible; whereas, as we are actually constituted, we can no more help feeling a reflex  
of



of their feelings towards us than the earth and moon can help reflecting each other's light. We all live, like Don Quixote, if not exactly expecting a Sage to be engaged in writing our memoirs, yet with the consciousness that there are relations, friends, a great or a little world, taking note of our doings. A proof of the close alliance between dogs and men is that in this way dogs feel like ourselves. The dog who lives under a sense of public disapproval in the household to which he belongs, nay, towards whom some one person habitually looks reprovingly, obviously suffers misery under the cloud. His spirits droop, he moves about in a humble and sneaking manner, and often, like an ill-treated child, adopts deceitful ways foreign to his original character. Only when some member of the circle caresses him and leads him far away from the ill-omened home, does his spirit revive and his tail reassume its normal elevation. Praised and petted dogs, on the contrary, manifestly develop all their finest qualities in a continual interchange of sympathy with their masters, whose characters re-act on theirs in the most singular manner. The creature 'grows like the being he worships' in all respects in which his nature permits of likeness. The dog of a brave man is brave, or of a coward, cowardly; ill-temper and suspiciousness in the master are reflected in his *hargneux* spaniel or terrier; and good-humour, sociability, activity, indolence, cheerfulness, melancholy, generosity, dignity, impudence, cringing, with a score of other human characteristics, are reflected in dogs even after a few months of association.

Further, beside the feeling of sympathy with man, a dog entertains towards his owner a sentiment of loyal *allegiance*, which may properly be considered as his own master-passion—the one which overrides his love of his own species, his desire for pleasure, or even, in many cases, his care for self-preservation. Like Rousseau, he thinks 'être avec celui qu'on aime cela suffit.' The princely motto, 'Ich dien,' might justly be his, for he lives but to serve and obey to the utmost of his strength and intelligence. He grudges nothing for his master, resents nothing that he does to him, and trusts him even when, like the miserable French vivisector, he tries on him an 'expérience morale,' and tests how much torture he will bear before his love turns to fear and hate.

There is nothing in ordinary human affections directed towards mortal superiors parallel to this passion of allegiance of the dog for his master. The loyalty of the old knight to King Arthur, of a Brahmin to his Guroo, of the Assassins to the Old Man of the Mountain, of the favoured slaves to Nero,

Nero, of Boswell to Johnson, of a Jacobite of 1745 to the Chevalier—these are, in their various ways, the nearest parallels history offers of the exceptional development in man of dog-like allegiance towards a fellow-man. But there is another form of the same sentiment, widely diffused among mankind, namely, man's allegiance to God. When we endeavour to picture to ourselves how a dog feels towards a just and kind master, we find the nearest parallel and illustration of his humble devotion in our own Religion. Nay, had one of the Hebrew prophets devised an acted allegory to illustrate to dull mortals the elementary feelings of religion, it would have been scarcely possible for him to have thought of one closer than the parable which is shown to us every day at our firesides by our humble dependants. There is, indeed, the touching change of characters in the scene which makes us lords in one case as we are servants in the other, and so allows our own mercifulness to become the measure of the mercy we have a claim to expect. But, beside this, how wonderful is the parallel! The obedience which hastens to follow joyfully every call; the gratitude which accepts every pleasure as a gift; the patient trust which, having taken good, is ready also to take evil; the loyalty which never swerves or questions whether it will pay best to serve one master or another; the love which is the lode-star of the whole life, and which gradually assimilates in a faint and far-off way the lower nature to the higher—have not all these things a real analogy with human piety? Even the terms on which we hold our faith have their counterpart in that of a dog. The animal knows his master only *as* his master—as the superior being who directs him, and allots his pains and pleasures. Of what he is in the higher region of his thoughts and purposes, as poet, philosopher, or statesman, the dog knows nothing, though he may be dimly conscious that he is powerful, and that he works for ends incomprehensible to his humble dependant. As the dog rises in capacity, and does useful service in field or on hillside, he begins to understand the hunter or the shepherd's intentions. But to the last there is a world in the man's nature hidden from the sight of the brute. In all this, is there not singular analogy between the animal's knowledge of us, and our knowledge of our great Master?—a knowledge *true, so far as it goes*; and even it may be to the faithful soul, in a certain sense, intimate; but yet so limited, that the insect, whose universe is an oak leaf, knows as much of the tree. For us, too, is there not the possibility, through obedient toil and development through this life, and all lives to come, to learn somewhat more of Him  
of

of whom old Hooker said well, that 'though to know Him be life, and joy to make mention of His name, yet our soundest knowledge is to know that we know Him not as indeed He is, neither can know Him, and that our safest eloquence concerning Him is our silence, whereby we confess without confession that His glory is inexplicable, His greatness beyond our capacity and reach'?

Thus in endeavouring to construct an idea of the Consciousness of a dog, we seem bound to include in it a sentiment corresponding singularly with that which in ourselves we name the Religious, but which differs from ours by two sad distinctions. First, the dog worships a being always imperfect, and often cruel; and, secondly, he worships him with a blind homage which never ascends to that rational moral allegiance of a free human soul, which adores supreme Power only when identified with supreme Goodness.

Superstition, or the awe of the Unknown, has been treated by some thinkers as the primary germ of religion, and by others, far more justly, as its shadow. This shadow certainly falls on the dog no less than on man. The bravest dog will continually show signs of terror at the sight of an object which he does not understand, such as the skin of a dead monkey, the snake of a hookah, a pair of bellows, or a rattle. That the animal fancies there is something more than merely dangerous, something 'uncanny' and preternatural about such things, is apparent from his behaviour, which in the case of real danger is aggressively daring, and in that of imaginary peril abjectly timorous. All the stories of the alarm of dogs in the presence of apparitions prove, not, indeed, that the dog sees the ghost, but that he is able fully to sympathize with human fear of spectres; while if he only caught scent of a burglar (the worst real foe which could well be in question), he would fly at his throat without a minute's hesitation. Dogs also frequently establish Fetishes for themselves in the shape of any odd-looking block or stone, in a manner singularly analogous to that still practised by the rural Hindoos, as described in Mr. Lyall's remarkable article ('Fortnightly Review,' January, 1872), 'The Religion of an Indian Province.' The writer's own dog has several times thus selected a stump in the woods as her fetish, and performed round it (at a respectful distance) a vocal and saltatory cultus extremely resembling that of a Howling Dervish. Interrupted in her devotions by her owner striking the fetish with an umbrella, the dog's shrieks of fear were instantly changed for the joyous bark of a triumphant iconoclast; and having been encouraged to approach her nose to the idol, its claims to reverence

were always instantly and permanently dissipated,—a result perhaps not quite unparalleled in the history of human superstition.

The Moral nature of dogs, which must now be discussed, offers the most difficult of the problems concerning them. In treating of it, we must carefully keep in mind the often forgotten distinction between the possession of the most generous and beautiful impulses, and the power to exert a choice between following them, or others of a lower nature. That the dog possesses the noblest impulses is beyond a doubt. Even the loftiest achievements of human virtue, the sacrifice of life for the welfare of another, has probably been more often attained by a dog than by a man; and a canine Curtius might be found in every street. But a dog has many low impulses, as well as many high ones; and before we properly recognize him as a moral agent, it would be needful to show that he can exercise discrimination between the two.

That a dog has a Will and choice of action in the vulgar sense, it would be idle to deny. Nothing, indeed, is more wilful than the animal thus understood, insomuch that 'bull-dog tenacity' has become a proverb. Obviously, too, he is often 'of two minds,' whether he will follow one person or another, obey his master or enjoy an escapade; and his final decision is made on the balance of his likings and dislikings, fears and hopes. Does this Wilfulness then constitute the dog a Moral Free Agent, and must responsibility accompany such exercise of volition? Certainly not. But to find ground on which to deny his responsibility while admitting his wilfulness, we must go far below the superficial idea of moral freedom commonly in vogue, and fall back on some such theory as that of Kant. Were man himself only determined by motives of liking and disliking, hope and fear, Necessarian philosophers would be perfectly justified in holding him to be nothing but a link in the unbroken chain of causes and effects. The freedom of the human will can only be logically maintained by those who believe that, besides his lower nature, blindly guided by such motives, man has also a higher will whose choice is independent of them, and is determined not by the agreeability but the rightfulness of the action proposed to it. By this real freedom alone, man is enabled, Kant says ('Grundlegung der Sitten') to 'originate events independently of foreign determining causes,' being himself (as a *Homo Noumenon*) a cause in the supersensible world where lie the ultimate grounds of all phenomena. Only when man exerts this higher will is he truly free, no longer passive und-

his 'passions,' but an inheritor of 'the glorious liberty of the sons of God.' At other times, and when he yields either to the desire of pleasure or fear of pain, present or future, though he *appears* wilful in the common sense, his actions are really as much locked up in the necessary sequence of cause and effect, as the development of a plant or the course of the stars. They are determined by the balance of his inclinations, and of the solicitations presented to them, and these are regulated by antecedent circumstances ascending back from the beginning of things.

That the dog has any Moral Freedom of the real sort is more than doubtful. Even in a deaf, dumb, and blind human being the possession of such freedom makes itself felt through the silence and darkness which encompass the soul; and, wherever it exists the whole range of intelligence and character of behaviour must, it should seem, differ widely from anything we recognize in the animal. If dogs possessed any inner law compelling them to place moral good before the gratification of desire, we must have perceived such a fact manifested on a thousand occasions in their conduct; and that we never observe such manifestation justifies our presumption that they are not responsible when they commit actions which would involve heinous guilt in a man, nor, strictly speaking, virtuous, even when they perform heroic deeds of self-sacrifice. The elements of the moral life are there. They have the passions and desires which form the *scarp* of our own. But the *woof* of free choice, determined by love of Right for its own sake, they never throw; or if they do so, it is so rarely and obscurely as to elude our ken. And here we find ethical explanation of the fact that man may justly appropriate to himself the whole existence of an animal; whereas to reduce a fellow-man to similar slavery is a portentous crime. The dog, having no true moral freedom, is none the worse, nor are the ends of his being defeated by his will becoming absorbed in the will of his master. If he is made happy, his highest end is attained, and no wrong, but a benefit, is done him. But for the man, who possesses moral freedom, and whose proper end is the virtue to be worked out thereby, enslavement, whether physical like that of the Negro, or spiritual like that of the Jesuit, is the most grievous of all wrongs and injuries; and even the master who secures his absolute felicity in such a state of degradation, has still been guilty towards him of 'the sum of all villainies.'

To imagine, then, the moral state of the dog, we have only to conceive ourselves with nearly all our present passions and emotions, to each of which we should passively yield in turn as



temptation offered, without either thought of resistance or sense of guilt in so yielding. We should often balance in our minds which line of conduct would be most Pleasant, or most Prudent, but never which would be Right. We should live in much such a Golden Age, as the old poets sung, when there was no antithesis between virtue and pleasure, and no remorse for self-indulgence; but wherein, likewise, the sublime joy of triumph and the sacred hope of growing better and holier must be equally unknown.

Added to his possession of passions and lack of moral freedom, we must, in our estimate of the dog's consciousness, take into account the fact that he is the docile companion of a being who is morally free, and who is constantly teaching him some of the *rules*, though he cannot apprehend the *principles* of human morality. The dog is *frotté* with morality, though never moral. The influence of this reflex morality is very singular to notice, and would deserve more investigation than can here be given to it. There are regions of his nature wherein our culture and the intense sympathy he feels with us, almost seem to make the dog feel like ourselves. The external virtues of honesty and fidelity (always, historically, the earliest recognized, and implying the lesser ethical development) he appears to learn. The more inward, personal virtues of temperance, chastity, &c., seem as much outside his comprehension at his loftiest elevation, as the friend of a Newton, as at his lowest degradation, as the slave of an Australian cannibal.

In view of these facts, we are inclined to propound the hypothesis that a dog's nature will best be understood by reverting to the analogy drawn a few pages back between his devotion to his master and human religious feelings towards God. The dog's virtues and vices are all those of a faithful worshipper who has no other law beside the arbitrary will of his Deity. If Ockham's heresy were true philosophy, if right and wrong existed only in the arbitrary will of God, if He could make good evil, and evil good; and finally if this God were as weak and changeable as the human master whom the dog adores, then we should have almost a perfect analogue of the dog's moral state. He has no faculty for discerning what is good or evil in itself, or for loving the good independently, so as to prefer, like Mr. Mill, to 'go to hell' rather than flatter an evil master. Such as it is, however, we should do injustice to this religion of the dog if we omitted to remark that the reflected morality to which it leads him is something very different from the Utilitarianism of Paley and Rutherford. If the dog can neither soar to the intuitive conception of a sublime 'categoric imperative,'  
demanding



manding obedience to 'the law fit for law universal,' nor yet how the teachers now in fashion by seeking a rule of action which shall tend to secure the 'greatest happiness of the greatest number,' he is nevertheless far above the level of a mere puppet, led only by the strings of hope and fear, reward and punishment. He acts continually from pure love and sympathy, with perfect disinterestedness. -Nobody ever taught, or could teach a dog to attack a burglar, to rouse his master in case of fire (the poor spaniel recently described in the 'Times,' who was burnt to death in the achievement), or to spend long years, like Grey-Friar's Bobby, mourning on his grave.

Those distinguished living philosophers who tell us that the dog has no moral sense is nothing more than a 'mystic extension' of the sense of Utility graven on our brains by the experience of thousands of generations, may perhaps be willing to concede the existence of a similar 'set' of the canine brain towards Fidelity, going on since the remote era when the wolf was domesticated, became ennobled into the dog, while the descendants of the latter rose into the man. But however this may be, it is certain that no self-interest, such as the dog can possibly understand, can account for a multitude of actions he has been proved to perform in behalf of his idol. That he loves to be ruled and directed, even to excess, by his master, and to be made sensible every moment of the higher nature above him, is extremely true. As a writer in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' blamed the English nation for not perceiving that Ireland would be more contented if she were 'much more governed,' and made to feel the strong hand extended from Downing Street every time a pig was wanted in Connemara, so the dog, like the Gaul or the Celt, decidedly enjoys being 'very much governed,' directed what to do and to leave undone. His political life, in short, should we ever enjoy an opportunity of learning that by a really universal suffrage, will manifestly incline in favour of a Cæsarism 'mitigated' by *panem et Circenses*, which will ill interpret to signify 'bones, and the chase.'

In addition, then, to what has been said above regarding the consciousness of the dog on the side of morality, we may, in our endeavour to picture it, conceive ourselves attached to a superior being in such an absolute manner that his will should be our law. 'All human virtue,' says Suabedissen, 'is a lawgiving to ourselves. Where the lawgiving ceases sin begins.' Of such lawgiving our humble friend knows nothing. It is to be believed that the task of imagining what human life would be without it is one which experience renders only too easy to most of us; while few have ever intensely loved a fellow-mortal without

without being able at least to guess what it may mean to cast to the winds every other sentiment, and make his will our law, his love our heaven, and himself our god. Perhaps this study of canine psychology may not prove useless if it throw into relief the solemn truth, that all such idolatry addressed to a man and even such adoration of an invisible God as disregards His righteousness and is content to believe Him less than perfectly good and holy, are alike beneath the level of true human religion, and belong only to the order of feelings proper to the brute.

We now touch on the second problem. We have seen how a dog Feels, we must endeavour to form an idea how he Thinks. Recurring to our postulate that Thought is Thought in whatsoever brain it be carried on, and dismissing the vain attempt to distinguish between Instinct and Reason as probably arbitrary and certainly beside the purpose of our investigation, we may proceed to trace, so far as our materials permit, the circumference of the dog's mental powers. The following facts may serve as points to guide our outline. In the first place the mechanism of a dog's mind obviously includes several of the same wheels and pulleys as our own. He has *Memory* of persons, places, and events, extending backward to his early youth, and it is stirred, precisely like ours, according to the same law of *association of ideas*. When his master has deserted him, and in his despair the dog takes some cast-off garment and lies upon it for days together, growling at every one who tries to lure him away, what can we suppose he is doing? Obviously he is using the old coat or shoe, to bring him nearer to his lost friend; just as many of us have treasured a flower or a lock of hair; or as a hagiolater kneels beside the relics of his saint. Further, association of ideas enables him often in default of language to understand what men are doing about him. Having once seen guns elaborately cleaned preparatory to the 12th of August, the sight of the process next year fills him with rapturous anticipation of sport. The little differences of Sunday hours and costumes prove to him the hopelessness of an invitation to the walk which is to end at church. On other days the taking up of a hat, or stick, is enough to make him leap for joy, the exhibition of a whip to cringe, and the sight of a trunk, to enter into paroxysms of anxiety. Beside memory and association of ideas—both working in his narrow sphere, probably, as perfectly as they act in our wider one—the dog may be proved to possess a certain share of *Fancy* or *Imagination*. The remarks made regarding his propensity to act little dramas, showed thus much, at all events, as also his habit of fancying something terrible in odd-looking objects. By his dreams

dreams it is manifest that he either exactly reproduces by involuntary cerebration the precise events impressed on his memory, or, as is much more probable, that his brain, like ours, weaves them into fresh combinations. In the latter case, and supposing the dog to have a real dream of an imaginary chase after a hare, or battle with a cat, it almost necessarily follows that he can exercise the same faculty of pure Imagination awake, and that when he lies blinking in the sun or on the rug, he follows out, in his own little way, a reverie much like our own, combining what has been and what might be, in a visionary scene of which either hope or fear acts as the scene-shifter. *Judgment*, or an intelligent decision between probabilities, is unquestionably one of the faculties of a dog. A clever dog is one of the best discriminators of character in the world. He distinguishes at a glance a tramp or swell-mobman from a gentleman even in the most soiled attire. He has also a keen sense of the relative importance of persons, and never fails to know who is the master of the house.

By the help of these faculties, memory, association of ideas, fancy, and judgment, a dog can make plans and deliberately arrange how to compass his ends. His memory, for example, supplies him with a picture of a delightful chase; his imagination suggests the surreptitious enjoyment of another. Thereupon he contrives to steal away unperceived on a poaching expedition, whereto he probably invites a serviceable companion, and the two truants do the work of finding and catching game quite as cleverly as if under the guidance of their master. When the stolen sweets have been tasted, fear of punishment spurs the dog's imagination to the trick of getting back into his kennel, perhaps over a high wall, or, as has several times happened, of wriggling his head back into his collar. One of the cleverest devices of a dog in this line was the artifice of a poodle, recorded in Martin's 'History of the Dog' (p. 185), who, observing her master drop a gold coin on the floor in an hotel, sat for the whole day with the money in her mouth, refusing to eat, lest she should drop it, till her owner returned, when she instantly laid it at his feet. Numberless other stories are recorded of dogs obviously acting with deliberate design to draw attention to facts, such as the murder of their masters, &c. A story of this kind, which it is probable few 'general readers' have perused, is to be found in the 'Life of St. Hugh of Lincoln,' prefaced by the observation that Hugh was not 'apt in trifling talk,' but 'serious as became a bishop.' Nevertheless he guaranteed the veracity of the following narrative, which (translated from the monkish Latin) runs as follows:—

'Instigated

'Instigated by the Enemy the wife of a certain merchant, tenant of his father, and known to himself, killed her husband and buried him in a fallow field. Now, on bringing home his wares, this merchant had been wont to wait upon his lord. But on a time when all knew he had arrived, the lord began to marvel that he had not seen him. Wishing, therefore, to know what had happened, the lord went with his knights to the merchant's house. There the faithless woman, blandly saluting him, deplored her husband's going away so speedily: "Nay, after so long absence, he would lodge with me scarcely one night. He started at dawn. I know not when he will come back." 'All this while the house-dog (*canis domesticus*), by pawings, howlings, and gestures, was seeking to make known what he knew of the matter. Nor would he quit the lord at all, going on in front of him, leaping up as if to clasp him, or grovelling on the ground, moaning continually. The knights watched him, and presently he set off for the field. By sign and voice, as if he were pleading with the lord, he led on till he had brought them to the spot. Then, at the very furrow, which, as if by the plough, had been cunningly turned over, he set about tearing the clods with his teeth, scratching the earth with his paws. The men also digging with their hands, at length drew forth the corpse, and recognized it as that of the merchant.' (*Magna Vita S. Hugonis*, lib. i. ch. iii. pp. 15, 16.)

The better-known story of the Dog of Montargis ends with the dog fighting his master's murderer in regular combat. Plutarch ('*De Solertia Animalium*,' c. 13, quoted by Watson) tells a similar anecdote of a dog whom Pyrrhus adopted, having found him lying on his master's corpse. When attached to the king, the dog darted one day on two soldiers who proved to be the assassins. St. Ambrose, Giraldus Cambrensis, and Benvenuto Cellini, all tell parallel narratives.

The dog also frequently goes through the somewhat complicated mental process involved in conscious *deception*. He pretends to be asleep, or invents excuses to lag behind in a walk, or after stealing food, when he hears a step at the door, shrinks back into his kennel and lays himself down in an attitude betokening long unbroken repose. The most diverting instance of a beast's hypocrisy of this kind which we have heard is one thus described by Mrs. Symonds, of Clifton:—

'The dog was a poodle puppy, called Baldi. One night, after we had all gone to the play, supper having been laid ready for our return, we found the pigeon-pie in this condition: one pigeon having been abstracted, and the hole cleverly filled up with a bit of damp inky sponge, which my father' (the late Mr. North) 'always kept in a glass on his writing table to wipe his pens on. Baldi looked terribly guilty, and there was no doubt where the pigeon was gone; but why he should have thought of concealing his guilt by filling up the hole, I have not an idea.'

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he delightful history of Japanese Wow, told in the 'Specimen,' describes how the little gentleman carried on his deception by the help of the cat, whom, by some unknown means, he managed to fetch up bones for their joint supper behind the door in his master's study.

Again, the great intuition on which so much of human reasoning is based—that the same cause will always produce the same effect—is manifestly possessed by the canine mind as by our own. The dog observes that a certain result follows on a certain action, as the opening of a door on ringing a bell, and though it is more than doubtful whether he has any idea of the *modus operandi* or charm, he uses his 'open sesame' with implicit faith. In the works at the head of this article, which now possesses a wonderful interest from the horrible story of its author, 'The Ringing Power in Animals,' by the Rev. J. Selby Watson, there is a series of authenticated stories of this kind. One is of an English greyhound, who noticed that knocking at the door of a farmhouse was followed by its opening, and who continued to leap at the knocker till he thus obtained admission. Another, more curious, is of a dog belonging to a convent in France, who observed each of the twenty paupers fed at the *tour* rang a bell for his portion, which was pushed to him through the hole. The dog regularly rang the bell and obtained a pauper's portion for himself for a long time, till the mystery of the twenty-first applicant was discovered and a watch to be set and the impostor to be detected. We are happy to be informed that the monks allowed this dog to ring the dinner bell to the day of his death. Mr. Nassau Senior, in his article in this 'Review,' described how he himself saw a terrier to obtain entrance into the forbidden precincts of Merton College non Room by simulating a violent quarrel with another (infernal) dog at the door—a real quarrel the day before having obtained his admission by his master to save his life.

The strangest and most suggestive of all the anecdotes recorded of dogs are the numerous histories of their drowning themselves, under conditions which almost compel us to class the act as natural and conscious suicide. Not long ago many newspapers published a mournful story of a poor dog who was cruelly discarded in old age by his master, and after ineffectual efforts to find a home in another house, was seen deliberately to stand gazing at the rushing waters of the Loire, then painfully lift himself on his crippled limbs and leap into the stream. The spectator held out a stick to save him, but the beast gave him a look of despair, and away his head, and floated down without an effort to save himself. Similar incidents are to be found in Jesse's 'Anecdotes of Dogs' (p. 145), where we are told of the suicide of a hand-

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some and valuable Newfoundland dog, belonging to Mr. Floyd a solicitor at Holmfirth. The animal showed low spirits for some days, and then was seen to throw himself into the water, where he endeavoured to sink by keeping his legs perfectly still. Being dragged out, he returned time after time to the river, till at last he succeeded in keeping his head under water long enough to extinguish life. Mr. Nicol, of Pall Mall, told Mr. Jesse that he had likewise seen an old foxhound deliberately drown himself and that he was ready to make oath of the fact. In the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' is another tale of canine suicide; and Mr. George Jesse ('Researches, vol. i. p. 157) gives from an 'original source' the account of a little Havana dog who drowned himself at Honfleur. It is hard to resist the conclusion that, if these tales be true, the creatures who thus acted both knew what death is, and also were able deliberately to decide that the short pain of death was better than the prolonged one of a miserable life. Even supposing the dog, however, to possess the very high mental faculties needed for such an argument, the further manifestation of deliberate will, powerful enough to conquer the natural clinging to life of all creatures, and to make the animal resolutely keep his head under water when a few strokes of his paws would save him, is most amazing. It is much to be wished that an anecdote of this class could be thoroughly sifted and verified.

From such a general view of canine intelligence, it appears an irresistible conclusion that all (or nearly all) the elementary machinery of the human mind is present and active in the brain of a dog. There are Memory, Reflection, Combination, Forethought, Association of Ideas, and that process of arguing from cause to effect which we are wont to consider as Reasoning, strictly so called. The limitations within which this mental machinery works are indeed narrow, seldom proceeding beyond three or four steps at furthest, and dealing only, so far as we can guess, with matters immediately perceived by the senses; but nevertheless it is incumbent on us to recognize that, *so far as goes*, the thought of a dog is the same sort of phenomenon as the thought of a man, carried on doubtless with similar modifications of cerebral matter, and being to the creature who thinks to all intents and purposes the same action.

To comprehend what it would be to think under the conditions which limit the thoughts of a dog, we have need in the first place, to endeavour clearly to realize what it would be to think without Language—not merely as a dumb individual in a speaking race, but as a dumb creature in a dumb race, not even possessed of hands wherewith to make an alphabet of signs.

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Under such conditions it is apparent that we should hold a wholly different intellectual rank from that which we possess as masters of this matchless instrument. It is not only for communication with our fellows but for all the higher processes of thought that words are indispensable, and without their use the finest human brain would be able to conduct its operations a very little way in comparison of the long ascents it performs with the aid of such a ladder. All thought which rises above mere reverie, is a more or less defined *thinking in words*; and the more serious and weighty are our lucubrations, and the more abstruse their theme, the more we need definite language to carry them on. When a man loses the free use of his native tongue in acquiring familiarity with another, he frequently observes the important influence on his thoughts exercised by the transition when he begins to think in the new language; and every one who has attempted to grapple with questions of metaphysics and ontology is well aware how indispensable to such labour are the tools provided by a philosophical vocabulary. Geometry could not proceed beyond the simplest propositions without an accurate terminology; and without the names or figures of numbers, our conceptions of the numbers themselves would hardly extend beyond the five fingers which limit the calculation of the savage. To conceive, then, the limitations of a dog's intellect, we must begin by supposing ourselves always thinking, without aid from language; remembering without any verbal mnemonics; observing, without power to give a name to the thing observed; and reasoning, without the stepping-stones of any formulæ, which, when once accepted, might serve as bases to the next operations.

It would carry this inquiry into regions of very abstruse speculation to argue the question which here arises, 'Is the lack of language and of abstract ideas so closely involved that the dumbness of the dog implies his want of such ideas?' We can only remark in passing, that as a creature without words could seemingly make little or no use of such ideas, and as it is gratuitous to suppose that any creature possesses faculties both occult and superfluous, we may fairly assume that the dog possesses neither one nor the other.

Lastly, we reach the concluding problem of the dog's Consciousness. Human thought is not only occupied with its objects, but also carries with it more or less self-consciousness of its subject. It turns outward to the world, and also inward. Endless profound things have been written about this self-conscious 'Ich,' which we carry with us in every soaring and diving of imagination and reason—this 'Ego,' whose antagonism to the 'non-ego' is said to be the first perception of the awakening mind.

mind. But, whatever be its mysterious significance, are we bound to limit it to the mind of a man, and to hold that the dog's mind never turns inwards—that he never thinks that marvellous thought '*I am*'?

It has been long ago assumed that so it is; that the animal never gathers up memory and consciousness into one personality; never studies himself or compares himself with other beings, or thinks '*I am a dog.*' Such self-consciousness, the sense of moral responsibility, and the power of forming abstract ideas, are, in truth, it would appear, three phases of the same thing—three things which must exist together or not at all. If the evidence that dogs have no moral responsibility and no abstract ideas be sufficient, the further fact of their having no self-consciousness may be taken for granted; even if the absolute simplicity of their demeanour did not bear with it an assurance, beyond need of argument, that none of the doublings of self-inspection have ever disturbed the pellucid simplicity of their emotions and thoughts.

How, then, does a dog actually think, if he never carries his self-consciousness along with him? Let us remember the hours when that '*Old Man of the Sea*' has sat lightest on our own shoulders; when, acting at the bidding of some strong feeling, or engrossed in some deep interest, we forgot almost entirely to reflect in our usual wearisome way that '*I*' am doing this, that, or the other. Let us study the mental condition of the more light-hearted race of men, of children, and of savages. By a little further development of such experiences we shall find ourselves not far off from the point of the dog's state of mind. Merely to suppose ourselves always engrossed in what we are doing, as we are, for example, when we are reading or writing eagerly, watching a man in danger, or entering some sublime scene—and the feat is achieved. As we feel then, so the dog, in his own little sphere of interests, must feel always.

To sum up the conclusions arrived at in this paper. The dog's physical nature is, in every respect save his keener sense of smelling, inferior to our own. In the region of the passions and emotions he approaches us most nearly, falling short of us only where his intellect fails to apprehend the abstract objects which engage our feelings. Of moral free agency he does not partake; but his allegiance to man supplies him with a shadow of Duty and a Religion *minus* the moral element. Lastly, his mental faculties include all the fundamental machinery of the human intellect, and stop short only where the lack of language bars the path of consecutive reasoning,  
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and the absence of self-consciousness makes self-introspection impossible.

If these views be correct, it would appear that a dog's consciousness lies in a circle wholly within the borders of our own. We do not differ from him (as Descartes so strangely supposed) as a living intelligence differs from a machine, nor yet (as many persons seem to think) as in a fairy-tale a man differs from an ogre or a fairy. The only true distinction to which we can lay claim, is that we have entered on a higher stage of being, albeit the elements of all our emotions and faculties remain essentially the same as those of the affectionate and intelligent animal. He lies indeed far beneath us in the scale of existence; but it is not at a distance wholly *incommensurate*. There is a proportion, albeit a remote one, between him and ourselves; nor can any popular error be more stupid than the cant (so common in the mouths of men of science) that they would freely torture hecatombs of dogs to relieve the smallest pain of a man. The glory of our human nature does not consist in the right to dip, like *Cæsar Borgia*, in a bath of blood; but rather in the power to feel, like God, compassion for the sparrow that falls, and pity for the meanest creature which suffers.

One point only remains to be touched, and that with great hesitation. Must our tenderness for our humble friends end at the hour when their brief lives come to a close? Is there no hope that something in the dog, as well as something in man, may survive the dissolution of the fleshly frame? Undoubtedly many of the firmer grounds for human faith in immortality are wanting in the case of the creature who, so far as we discern, has no consciousness of such a destiny—no moral freedom, whose high purpose (so often failing here) must have fulfilment hereafter—no sense of that Divine communion which gives to the saint the assurance that 'God will not leave his soul in Hades, nor suffer His holy one to see corruption.' On the other hand, the unmerited sufferings of brutes lends warrant to the hope that perfect Justice will not leave them unrequited; while the veil which hangs over the 'how' and the 'whither' of the exodus of the human soul from the dissolving body, allows us at least room to speculate whether a similar law may not prevail with regard to the 'spirit of the beast,' when divided from its physical form. Referring to this last order of argument, after stating his reasons for believing that Thought and Will do not perish at death, *Bishop Butler* says ('Analogy,' p. 1, c. 1):—

'It is said that these observations are equally applicable to brutes; and it is thought an insuperable difficulty that they should be immortal, and, by consequence, capable of everlasting happiness. Now, this manner

manner of expression is both invidious and weak, for the ~~the~~ intended by it is really no difficulty at all. For, first, suppose the invidious thing were really implied (as it is not in the least in the natural immortality of brutes), namely, that they must arrive at great attainments, and become rational and moral agents, even this would be no difficulty, since we know not what latent powers and capacities they may be endowed with. There was once, prior to experience, as great a presumption against human creatures, as there is against brutes arriving at the degree of understanding which we have in maturer years, for we can trace up our own existence to the same original with theirs. And we find it to be a general law of nature, that creatures endued with capacities for virtue and religion should be placed in a condition of being in which they were altogether without the use of them for a considerable length of their duration. And great part of the human species go out of the world before they come to the exercise of these capacities in any degree at all. But, secondly, the natural immortality of brutes does not in the least imply that they are indued with any latent capacities of a moral nature, and the economy of the universe might require that there should be living creatures (in the next world as in the present) without any capacities of the kind.'

These views of the great English philosopher and moralist which would fill heaven with happy living creatures, may perhaps be supplemented by an argument, which has the advantage of drawing a line between the higher brutes and the lower whom we are commonly told must needs survive, if dogs and elephants be immortal. Accepting human immortality as given basis of reasoning, we must admit that this wondrous heritage is acquired at a certain stage of being, and that there must be a stage antecedent to it. That the precise point whose attainment such momentous consequences depend cannot be merely physical, or arbitrarily fixed at a given date, before birth or afterwards, appears equally clear. It must surely be determined by the development in the child of the mystery—something above the purely vegetative or sentient life, which that lower life is as the stalk to the flower, and scaffolding to the temple. Now if this stage of development which ensures immortality be attained early in human life (as we say by a child of a year old), it would seem that an intelligent and devoted dog has certainly reached the same, and may, therefore, possibly have risen to the sphere of being wherein death is not extinction. The spark has been lighted which no longer goes out. Neither infant nor dog is yet possessed of either moral freedom, responsibility, or religion; but there are even more tokens in the brute than in the babe of an approach to, at least preparation for, the reception of such high endowment.

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perhaps to be acquired when the narrow limitations of his present physical nature have been removed.

However these things may be in the unknown future world, it is clear enough that in the present our humble friends richly deserve our interest and our sympathy; and that we might render thanks for many a lesser comfort than a dog's affection, and preach on many a text less useful to remember than the quaint old words of the Zend Avesta ('Vendidad,' 13th Fargard, v. 75): 'The dog have I made, O Zarathustra, with his own clothing and his own shoes, with keen scent and sharp teeth, faithful to men; for I have made the dog, I who am Ahura Mazda.'

**ART. V.**—1. *Discurso Inaugural leído en la Sesión pública de la Academia Nacional de Nobles Artes de San Fernando.* (20 Noviembre, 1870). Por el Ilmo. Sr. D. Pedro de Madrazo. Madrid, 1870.

— *Arte de la Pintura, su Antigüedad y Grandezas.* Por Francisco Pacheco, vecino de Sevilla. Madrid, 1866.

**WE** had occasion, in a recent article, to point out that to the genius of Giotto is to be attributed the revival of painting in Italy at the beginning of the fourteenth century. The influence of his school, if not of the master himself, extended beyond the Alps, and to it may be equally assigned the revival of painting in other parts of Europe. Benedict XI. had invited him to decorate various public buildings at Avignon, but he was unable to visit that city, and the frescoes supposed to be by him are now known to be by Simone Martini (incorrectly called Memmi), who was of the Siennese school, which derived its principles and practice from Giotto. Later Gherardo Starnina, a Florentine 'Giottesque,' was induced to take service with 'the King of Spain,' for whom he executed many important works. Vasari says that being originally of a rude and boorish nature, he learnt manners from the Spaniards, and became genteel and courteous. There is reason to believe that in return he taught them the art of painting. He went to Spain in 1378, but was again in Florence in 1387. He was considered by his contemporaries a painter of ability, but none of his authentic works remain to enable us to judge of his merits. Again, in the first half of the fifteenth century Dello Delli, who enjoyed considerable reputation in Italy, established himself at Seville, where he appears to have been living and painting as late as 1466. After him a number of Italian artists—painters, sculptors, and architects—

came



came to Spain. Even the art of enamelling on tiles, or 'majolica,' the invention of which is attributed to the Spanish Moors, was improved by a pupil of Lucca della Robbia, who on his works at Seville signs himself 'Niculoso Francisco Italiano.'

The influence of Italian art and artists throughout Europe in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries is in a great measure to be attributed to the cosmopolitan character of the Roman Catholic Church. Italian churchmen held episcopal sees and livings in Catholic countries, and those who could afford to do so sent for painters and sculptors from Italy to decorate their cathedrals, churches, and convents. In Spain another foreign influence contributed to form the national school of painting. The close connexion which existed after the accession of Charles V. between that country and the Netherlands brought many Flemish artists and pictures to the Peninsula. John Van Eyck himself, and other Flemings of eminence, had already visited Spain. The Spanish schools of painting of the fifteenth century show unquestionable evidence of this joint Italian and Flemish influence. Their peculiar or national characteristics, derived from national feelings and from local causes, are a general sombre tone of colour, dark shadows, a strong coarse outline, a want of delicacy and refinement in drawing, expression and conception, and a complete absence of that exquisite poetical imagination which is the charm of the Italian schools even in their dawn. The art of painting was, no doubt, practised in Spain, especially in the northern provinces and Castile, before the Italian influence of the 'Giottoesques' penetrated into the Peninsula, and the names of some ancient Spanish painters have been preserved; but their works are rude and barbarous. There probably existed in Spain, as in other parts of Europe, traditions of art derived from the Romans. We know of no early Spanish painting which shows their direct influence, but it may perhaps be traced in the metal and ivory-work, enamels, and architecture which are classed by Spanish writers under the general name of 'Byzantine.' The influence of the Arabs and Moors is principally seen in architecture and architectural ornamentation. The celebrated paintings on the ceilings of the 'Sala de Justicia,' in the Alhambra, are evidently the work of an Italian artist—perhaps a Florentine—and remind us of the Gaddi. In the Academy of History at Madrid is preserved a remarkable 'tabernacle' or reliquary from the convent of Piedra near Alhama, in Arragon, in which panels representing figures of angels and prophets, and subjects from the life of the Virgin and of the Passion of our Lord, of a purely Italian character, are inserted in a frame of a mixed Gothic and Moorish design. The date



date upon this curious altar-piece is 1390, and Señor Carderera, a very competent authority, suggests\* that the paintings may be by one of the Tuscan artists, who were employed by the King of Arragon. The earliest undoubted Italian works with which we are acquainted in Spain are the frescoes in the chapel erected by Archbishop Tenorio in the cloisters of the cathedral of Toledo. They were executed in the second half of the fourteenth century. Their author not only belonged to the school of Giotto, but appears to have made use of his designs. The arrangement and treatment of the subjects, and the decoration applied to the architectural features of the building are such as Giotto had adopted at Assisi and elsewhere. Could these frescoes have been painted by Starnina? It is not impossible. If the name of their author could be found in the archives of the cathedral we should arrive at an important starting-point in the history of Spanish painting.† In the chapels of the cathedral are triptychs, pictures on panel, and frescoes of the same epoch no less Giottesque in character; especially a 'retablo' in the chapel of St. Eugenio, in which some of the subjects, such as 'The Presentation of the Infant Christ in the Temple,' are almost reproductions of the cartoons of Giotto and his scholars. In the beginning of the sixteenth century (about 1511) a painter called by the Spaniards Juan de Borgoña, of whose origin and history nothing appears to be known,‡ decorated the winter Chapter House with a series of frescoes representing the history of the Virgin. They remind us of Gian Bellini and his school, and the painter, whatever may have been his nationality, must have learnt his art in Italy. He had begun painting in the cloisters of the Cathedral as early as 1495, and he executed various works in Alcalá, Avila, and other cities.

Numerous religious paintings of the early Spanish schools exist in cathedrals and churches in various parts of Spain.§ A few are signed with the names of their authors. Several painters

\* 'Discurso leído á la Real Academia de la Historia,' por S<sup>r</sup> Don Luis Lopez Velasco. 1852. Page 41.

† Don Bonifacio Riano, a gentleman of remarkable industry and knowledge, and eminently qualified for the post, had recently been appointed keeper of those valuable archives, which have been wisely removed by the Spanish Government from clerical superintendence. Unfortunately, his premature and lamented death has brought to a close the researches which he had commenced into the artistic history of the cathedral, and which would have furnished valuable materials for the study of Spanish Art.

‡ Sean Bermudez merely mentions, with much praise, the works which he executed—paintings on panel as well as frescoes.

§ A valuable collection of early Spanish pictures, obtained from suppressed convents and churches, exists in the Ministry of Public Works and Education at Madrid. But it is not arranged, and cannot therefore be studied. It will be added to the Public Gallery of Madrid when room can be found for its reception.

of the fifteenth century, such as Pedro Berruguete, Santa Cruz, the Rincons (father and son), and Gallegos, are mentioned by Spanish writers on art. None of them show the ability and originality of the great Italian and Flemish Masters of the same period, of whom they are more or less the imitators. They were chiefly employed in painting the 'retablos,' or series of subjects from the Scriptures, and from the lives of Saints, which are generally placed over altars in Spanish cathedrals and churches. These 'retablos,' so characteristic of Spain, bear some resemblance to the Italian altar-pieces of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, in which figures of saints and biblical subjects painted on separate panels are arranged in exquisite Gothic frames. But the Spanish 'retablo' is a more imposing structure—sometimes rising to the vaulted ceiling of the loftiest cathedral, and containing, in gorgeous profusion, paintings, and figures of wood carved and set in the most elaborate Gothic or renaissance carving, resplendent with gold and colour. The taste for these vast canvases, which produce so grand and picturesque an effect in the gloomy interior of a Spanish church, prevailed until the sixteenth century, and some of the most famous Spanish artists, such as Ruelas and Herrera, were employed upon them. But the taste for such things passed away with the conventional treatment of religious subjects in the sixteenth century.

Amongst the few Spanish painters of the sixteenth century, whom the Spaniards claim the merit of originality, was Juanes Macip, of Valencia, better known as Juan de Juanes. Little is recorded of his history. He undoubtedly studied in Italy, but he could not, as Palomino maintains, have been the disciple of Raphael, who died before he was born. His countrymen claim for him the proud title of the 'Spanish Raphael,' and decide that in his portraits he was not inferior to, if he did not excel, the great Italian. Even Mr. Stirling agrees with them in preferring his representations of the Saviour, weak and characterless as they appear to us, to those of Leonardo da Vinci and all other painters.† This is partial and exaggerated praise, especially when we remember that Juanes was born in 1523, and was painting as late as 1579. But Spaniards are never so critics of their own countrymen, who must be the first in letters, arts, and arms. That he was a brilliant, if not original colorist, and that his paintings show energy if not refinement of expres-

\* A 'retablo' of no great merit as a work of art, in the South Kensington Museum, will give some idea of these altar-pieces, and of Spanish painting in the sixteenth century.

† *Annals of the Artists of Spain*, vol. i. p. 359. 'Catalogue of the Madrid Exhibition,' by Don Pedro Madrazo, 1872.

sion, may be admitted ; but in drawing, in composition, and in the highest qualities of his art, of which the works of the great Italian Masters could have furnished him models, he was singularly deficient. Judging from his pictures he might have lived nearly a century before his Italian contemporaries. Even his best in the Cathedral of Valencia, remind us by their dry manner of the early efforts of Gian Bellini, and those in the Madrid Gallery, from their raw colour and exaggerated drawing, bear a certain likeness to the works of Giulio Romano and other painters of Raphael's school or their Flemish imitators, whilst the details are executed with the care and minuteness of the 'quattro centisti.' These remarks will apply even more strongly to another much overrated painter, Morales, a native of Castile, upon whom the Spaniards have conferred the pompous epithet of 'el Divino.' He painted up to 1586, and to the unnatural and exaggerated expression and stiff conventional drawing of the drier of the Italian painters of the fifteenth century, he united the minute finish and fused monotonous colouring of his Flemish contemporaries. Nevertheless he is placed by Spanish writers, and by Mr. Stirling, amongst those 'whose genius has obtained them a place amongst the Great Painters of Europe.'\*

In studying Spanish Art it must be borne in mind that Spain was from fifty to a hundred years behind most other European countries, and especially Italy. Unless this be remembered we should constantly fall into error in giving dates to Spanish architecture, sculpture, and paintings. The archæologist and critic are equally liable to be deceived. Some Spanish Cavalcaselle is needed who will go through the labour of examining archives and contemporary records, identifying the authors and fixing the dates of monuments and pictures. If the architect attempts to assign a period to a gothic edifice in Spain by comparing its style with that of similar buildings in England or France, he will probably place it about a century too early. If it were not for the Christian emblems and the royal arms and devices which are intermingled with Moresque ornaments, the chapel of Villaviciosa, in the cathedral of Cordova, might be attributed to the Moors of the thirteenth or fourteenth century. Pictures on panel, which in treatment and execution carry us back to the infancy of Italian or Flemish painting, belong to the end of the fifteenth century. These remarks apply to Spanish works of art of all classes, including jewelry, plate, embroideries, and wood-carving.

The influence of Flemish art, which predominated in Spain during the fifteenth century, was superseded in the sixteenth by

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\* 'Annals of the Artists of Spain,' vol. i. p. 224.

that of Italy. A number of Italian painters who had settled in Spain, and of Spanish painters who had studied in Italy, prepared the way for the school which has the best claim to be called 'Spanish,'—that is, 'Spanish' in the sense that it shows the influence of the national character and of local circumstances upon an art which, in its origin and in its general aspect, was essentially foreign. We have not space to trace the development of this 'Spanish' school, or to point out the share which such second-rate painters as the pupils of Leonardo da Vinci, Valencia, Tibaldi, El Greco, Caxes, Carducci, Nardi, and others, and Italian paintings brought to Spain, may have had in forming and directing it. But those who have studied the subject critically and without preconceived opinions, will have no difficulty in distinguishing that which is national in Spanish painting from that which was derived from Italy. With every desire to assign the place which it deserves to the Spanish school of the seventeenth century—the period when it attained its highest development—we can scarcely admit the claims of more than a dozen Spanish painters, including Velasquez, Murillo, Roel, Alonzo Cano, Valdes Leal, del Mazo, Zurbaran, and Coello, any eminence; and amongst them are some whom we might hesitate to place even in the second rank amongst painters.\*

Velasquez may be considered as the best type and the true representative of the Spanish school. He is the greatest and most original painter that Spain has produced. Although his style or 'manner' was derived, either directly or indirectly, from the Italian schools of the end of the sixteenth century, it was even more 'national' than that of Murillo. For various causes his reputation may have hitherto been less than that of his contemporary, but his influence over the painters of his own country, and on painting in general, has been far greater. He was born at Seville on the 6th June, 1599, and died at Madrid in 1660.†

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\* Spanish writers on art have divided Spanish painters into several schools, such as those of Seville, Madrid, Valencia, and Castile. Velasquez is considered the head of the Madrid school, and Murillo of that of Seville, although both painters were born and studied their art in the latter city. It is unnecessary to enter into these distinctions, which are of no importance as far as our object in the present article is concerned.

† His name was De Silva, but, according to a custom still prevalent in Spain, he called himself after the family name of his mother,—Don Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez. He usually signed himself 'Diego de Silva Velasquez.' Like so many men who contributed to the former greatness and glory of Spain, he was of foreign origin, his family having originally come from Portugal.

In describing and classing the works of Velasquez, we have availed ourselves of the new Catalogue of the Madrid Gallery, by Don Pedro Madrazo, who has, with the most praiseworthy care, traced the history of the greater part of the pictures in that fine collection, and has accompanied his critical descriptions of them

He began his career consequently after the eclectic or academic school of the Carracci had given a new direction to painting in Italy. This school may be said roughly to have preceded by half a century that of Velasquez and Murillo,\* which, like most of the other schools of Europe, mainly derived its principles from the Bolognese painters. Velasquez' first master was the elder Herrera, a disciple of Luis Fernandez, a painter whose works are now unknown, but who enjoyed a considerable reputation in his day. Neither Fernandez nor Herrera seems to have been in Italy or to have studied under Italian masters. Herrera was a bold coarse painter, not without ability, but altogether wanting in sentiment and refinement, who had evidently formed his style on that of the Italian eclectics, or of their Spanish imitators. His violent temper soon led Velasquez to leave his studio and to place himself under Pacheco, who, like Herrera, had been taught by Luis Fernandez. Pacheco was a poor painter, but he was a scholar and a critic. He does not appear to have visited Italy, but he was well acquainted with the Italian schools and with their principles and practice, and wrote an elaborate treatise upon painting. He could, therefore, give his pupil technical instruction, although his pictures were of little value as examples. The painter who appears to have had the most influence upon the youthful Velasquez, and whose works seem to have contributed to form his first manner, was Luis Tristan, a follower of that clever, but eccentric and rather repulsive painter, Domenico Theotocopuli, commonly called 'El Greco,' who had acquired at Venice something of the manner of Titian and Tintoret, and whose best works show a strange mixture of powerful, though frequently false, colouring and execrable drawing. Tristan excelled in portraits. The Madrid Gallery possesses but one by him.† It hangs amongst some portraits by Velasquez, and shows how much he had learnt from Tristan.

But although Velasquez may have derived his technical knowledge from these masters, he did what all great painters have done—he applied his knowledge according to his own fashion and to the bent of his genius. He took what he considered of value from their works, but went to nature for his models

then by biographical notices and data derived from documents preserved in various Spanish archives. This catalogue, which as yet only comprises the Italian and Spanish schools, is one of the best of the kind with which we are acquainted. The new numbers given by Don Pedro Madrazo to the pictures have been used in this article.

\* Ludovico Carracci was born in 1555, Agostino in 1558, and Annibale in 1560; Guido in 1575, and Domenichino in 1581. It is important to bear these dates in mind in studying the Spanish school.

† That of an old man whose name is unknown, No. 1048.

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and his inspirations. According to Pacheco, he felt from the first that she ought to be his principal teacher, and made a vow not to draw or paint anything which he had not before him, that is, except from the thing itself. Whilst in Pacheco's studio he made careful studies of animals, birds, fish, fruit, flowers, and earthen vessels for water, and drinking cups of curious forms, and Moresque colouring, such as are still used by the common people of Andalusia and other parts of Spain. Nor did he neglect the human form and expression, selecting his models from the sunburnt and ragged countrymen of his native province. He even kept a young peasant for this purpose, whom he drew in every kind of attitude and under every form of expression and emotion, such as crying and laughing, without seeking to avoid any difficulty. He was also in the constant habit of drawing heads in chalk, heightened with white, which gave him, says Pacheco, readiness and confidence in portrait-painting—an excellent practice pursued by the old Italian masters with regard to drapery as well as to heads. It was this earnest and constant study which gave him that extraordinary command over his pencil and brush afterwards displayed in his works, and that truthfulness of representation which constitutes his principal charm as a painter. Whilst thus carefully copying from nature, Velasquez was gathering knowledge of the principles of his art, and forming his style by the study of Italian and Flemish pictures, which at that time were brought in large numbers to Seville. To this period of his career belong the 'Adoration of the Magi' in the gallery of Madrid, the earliest known picture by him, painted when in his twentieth year, and dated 1619, the 'Adoration of the Shepherds,' in the National Gallery, and the 'Aguador de Sevilla,' now in the possession of the Duke of Wellington. In 1622, having previously married, when only nineteen, the daughter of Pacheco, he went to Madrid, anxious to see the works of the great masters of the Italian and other schools, which had been collected there by the kings and grandees of Spain, and to make himself known as a painter.

Velasquez arrived at Madrid at a favourable moment. A reign which was disgraced by incessant failures in politics and arms, and by those calamities that led to the rapid fall of Spain from the first to almost the last place amongst the nations of Europe, is memorable as the brightest period of her history in letters and art. Whilst Philip IV. was king, Cervantes, Calderon, Lope de Vega, Gongora, Quevedo, and others, amongst writers, and Velasquez and Murillo, amongst painters, were prolonging a traditional glory, which was rapidly being dimmed by her statesmen, her generals, and her diplomatists. Literature and the fine arts have usually



usually flourished in a rising rather than in a declining State. To account for the appearance of so many men of genius during the disastrous reigns of Philip III. and Philip IV., we must search for the causes in an earlier state of things, when Spain was holding the first rank. The encouragement and patronage which enabled them to produce their immortal works may be attributed to the peculiar circumstances of the time in which they lived. Philip IV. was fond of literature and the arts. He was a connoisseur and a dabbler in both. He wrote indifferent verses and painted bad pictures, which received the praise usually bestowed upon royal productions. He was naturally indolent and disinclined to business. He had an ambitious and unscrupulous minister, who aimed at absolute power, and was eager, by gratifying the tastes of his master, to divert his attention from affairs of State. This he could best accomplish by encouraging the King's literary and artistic propensities, and by leading him to sacrifice to them the duties and cares of government. Thus whilst Philip took delight in artists and their works, it was as much in the interest of the Count-Duke Olivarez to find him good painters as to provide him for a similar object with beautiful mistresses. Olivarez himself was fond of the arts, and the discovery and protection of skilful artists became thus a matter of statesmanship to him and gratified at the same time his own tastes.

Velasquez had good friends in Madrid, and amongst them some who possessed influence at Court. They enabled him to see and study the royal collections in the palaces of Madrid, of the Pardo, and of the Escorial. But he did not achieve the success he had hoped for. He appears to have painted only a portrait of Gongora, a poet at that time at the height of his fame, which is still preserved in the Gallery of Madrid. His friends could not obtain for him the royal patronage, and he returned to Seville in disgust. In the following year, however, Don Juan Fonseca y Figueroa, a worthy canon of the cathedral of Seville, who held a small office in the Palace, succeeded in bringing the painter to the notice of Olivarez, who not only invited him to Madrid, but furnished him with the means of performing the journey. Velasquez was soon afterwards employed to paint the King's portrait, which he accomplished with so much success, that Olivarez declared that no one had before so well portrayed his Majesty. Philip was equally pleased, and ordered all previous portraits of himself to be withdrawn from public exhibition, intimating that he should thenceforward sit to no other painter. The picture, which is supposed to have perished in the fire which destroyed the Palace, represented the King in full armour on horseback.

horseback. It was exposed, like the works of the old Italian masters, to public criticism in the principal street of Madrid, and excited universal admiration, to the great jealousy of the fashionable artists of the capital. Pacheco was so delighted with the success of his pupil, that he composed a sonnet in his honour, in which the King and the painter were, of course, placed far above Alexander and Apelles.

A royal rescript, dated in 1628, fixes the manner in which Velasquez was to be paid for the works he had already executed for the King, and for the portraits of his Majesty that he might thereafter be called upon to paint. He was to receive 12 reals a day, and for this sum of 4380 reals a year Philip acquired the right of ordering any picture that he chose of the painter.\* Velasquez was to receive in addition medical attendance, medicines, and yearly a dress of the value of 90 ducats, like his Majesty's dwarfs and buffoons, barber and shoemaker. The King had, therefore, made a very advantageous and one-sided bargain with the painter, and is scarcely entitled to the reputation of a munificent protector of the arts, which his early patronage of Velasquez has obtained for him. Philip indeed owed more to Velasquez than Velasquez to Philip. His position was, however, assured, and he received proof of the King's favour by his appointment as 'pintor de cámara,' or painter in ordinary. The most distinguished nobles connected with the Court sat to him, and when Charles I. paid his memorable visit to Madrid, he requested Velasquez to paint his portrait. It remained unfinished when Charles suddenly quitted Spain; but he presented the painter with 100 crowns. Although the picture is mentioned by Cean Bermudez and other Spanish writers, no trace of it can now be found. About the same time he obtained, in competition with the most eminent painters of his time, the commission for a great historical picture, representing the expulsion of the Moriscos from Spain by Philip III. The King was so highly satisfied with Velasquez' work (which is unfortunately lost), that he named him an Usher of the royal chambers.

In 1628, Rubens visited Madrid for the second time as ambassador from the King of England to Philip IV. He had already been in correspondence with Velasquez, who hastened to greet a painter whose works had long excited his admiration. The influence of Rubens, and his instructive comments upon the pictures of the great masters which adorned the royal palaces, and which they visited together, produced a remarkable change in Velasquez. He felt dissatisfied with the limited knowledge

\* The real is now worth about 2½d.

of his art that he could acquire in Spain, and determined to visit Italy, where he could study the masterpieces of the Italian schools. But Philip was unwilling that he should go, and it was not until the following year that he gave him permission to depart. To provide for the expenses of his journey, the King directed that he should be paid 100 ducats as the price of his picture of the 'Borrachos,' and 300 ducats for other works previously executed,\* to which the Count-Duke added 200 golden ducats and a gold medal of his Majesty. Furnished with letters of recommendation to ambassadors, statesmen, and other illustrious personages, Velasquez sailed from Barcelona on the 10th August, in company with the greatest captain of the age, Ambrose Spinola.

With his first visit to Italy ends Velasquez' first manner. Its characteristics are powerful colouring without much variety; a general brown and sombre tone, usually associated with our notions of the Spanish school; strong contrasts of 'chiaroscuro,' or high lights with dark shadows; a decided and somewhat hard outline; broad and well-defined draperies; naturalistic treatment of common types; admirable truthfulness of representation; careful drawing and modelling, and good composition, according to the Italian maxims. Writers on Spanish painting have attributed Velasquez' first manner to the influence of Caravaggio and Ribera. The latter had left Spain before Velasquez could have profited by his teaching, but the works of both painters were then much prized, and many of them had been brought to Spain. There is no doubt that the general similarity of treatment between them and the early pictures of Velasquez is at first sight striking, and it is very probable that upon them, and from the precepts of Pacheco, he chiefly formed his first style. To this first manner belong, in addition to the 'Adoration of the Magi,' the 'Adoration of the Shepherds,' and the 'Aguador de Sevilla,' already mentioned, the celebrated picture known as the 'Borrachos,' or the 'Topers,' in the Madrid Gallery, and several portraits in the same collection. In the 'Adoration of the Magi,' the male forms are vulgar, and without any attempt at refinement. They are such as may still be seen any day amongst the Spanish peasantry. The Virgin is a comely country-woman. She holds up before the adoring kings the Child, whose limbs are swathed and bandaged in swaddling-clothes—still the fate of unhappy infants in Spain. The draperies are broad and conventional, with ample folds marked with decision. The tone of the picture is dark and rather monotonous, brown

\* This appears from a document preserved in the archives of the Palace of Madrid.

being the prevailing colour. The composition is that of the later Italian schools.

The 'Borrachos,' painted shortly before he left Madrid for Italy, shows a considerable advance in his powers, and in knowledge of his art. It is the best example of his first manner, and shows the influence of the works of Caravaggio upon him. The general tone has suffered from the effects of time and from repainting. The sky and some colours, especially the greens, which in all Velasquez' pictures have changed, have become black and opaque. This, with the darkness of the shadows, and the prevalence of browns, gives a sombre character to the picture. A peasant boy, a mock Bacchus, crowned with vine-leaves and half naked, is seated on a barrel. A man kneels before him to receive a garland, the prize of his tippling powers. To his right a half tipsy, unclothed youth lolls upon a bank and raises a glass in one hand; below him, his companion holds the wine-jar. On the other side is a group of men in various stages of tipsiness, some grinning and joking, others staid and solemn. The scene is just such a drunken orgie as might be performed by a party of Spanish peasants; and the subject is treated with a humour worthy of Cervantes. The truth and power of the picture are equally remarkable; the lights are skilfully contrasted with dark shadows; the drawing is free, though not always correct; the composition effective; the heads full of natural expression; the details—the earthen jug, the bowls and glasses—inimitable. These qualities are well calculated to delight those who are unable to appreciate the profound knowledge and wonderful skill of Velasquez's later works. It has been said that the 'Borrachos' was the picture by Velasquez which Wilkie most admired, and which most influenced him in his later or historical manner. But this may well be doubted, for in truth nothing can differ more from the careful and sober colouring of Velasquez, in this as well as in his later works, than the hasty and dashing handling of Wilkie after his visit to Spain.

Of the portraits executed by Velasquez at this period, the most important, that of Philip IV. on horseback, which first established his reputation, is unfortunately lost. But we may perhaps judge of the manner in which it was painted by the fine full-length portrait of Philip's brother Don Carlos,\* a prince of remarkable endowments, who died, to the great grief of the Spanish nation, at the early age of twenty-six. He was superior

\* No. 1073 in the Madrid Gallery, and not mentioned as that of Don Carlos by Mr. Stirling and other writers on Spanish art.

to the King in personal appearance as well as in ability and character, but he possessed the same strongly-marked Austrian features,—the narrow forehead, the large hanging nether lip, and the square, heavy chin. Velasquez has represented him in the usual black garb of the Spanish noble, slightly relieved by the collar of the Golden Fleece, and holding a glove in his right hand. The portrait is perfectly simple and yet dignified; the 'pose' as in all Velasquez' full-lengths, natural and easy. The flesh-tints are brown, and the shadows dark and somewhat heavy. Of the same period, and possessing the same characteristic qualities, are two portraits, one formerly attributed to Zurbaran, but now known to be that of the poet Gongora, painted by Velasquez on his first visit to Madrid, and the other that of a middle-aged man in black, with a ruff round his neck, whose name has not been identified.\* They are forcible, but dark and bronzy in tone. Like them, but more sketchy, are the masterly likenesses of his wife and two daughters.

Even before Velasquez quitted Madrid for Italy, the counsels of Rubens had induced him to modify his early manner. This is shown by a portrait of Philip IV.,† painted shortly before his departure, in which the flesh-tints are more transparent and warmer than in his previous works, without however the brilliancy of those of Rubens, and which is somewhat wanting in relief on account of the absence of shadows.

At Venice, Velasquez was received and entertained by the Spanish ambassador. The representative of the Republic at Madrid had already warned the jealous and vigilant Council of the Ten, that the painter was about to arrive in their city, and that, at the request of the Count-Duke, he had given him a passport; but he assured them that there was no cause to suspect the young man, whose only object, he was persuaded, was to improve himself in his profession. However, he considered it his duty, he wrote, to inform their Excellencies of Velasquez' approaching visit, that they might keep their eye on him. We can imagine the impression that the works of the great Venetian colourists, of Giorgione, Titian, Tintoret, and Paul Veronese, must have made upon Velasquez. Undimmed by time, and undefiled by restorers, they were then in all their freshness and brilliancy. A new field must have opened itself to the vision of the Spanish painter. The exquisite beauty of the city itself—its canals and palaces, the magical effects of colour which met him at every turn—added to his delight. He ever afterwards looked back to his first visit to Venice as the most pleasing event of his

\* No. 1103. The portrait of Gongora was numbered 527 in the old catalogue; it is now No. 1085.

† No. 1071 in the Madrid Gallery.



artistic life. He set himself at once to copy the pictures which most struck him, and amongst them a famous 'Crucifixion,' by Tintoret (probably that in the Scuola di San Rocco), and a 'Last Supper' by the same master, for whom he formed the highest admiration. Compelled to leave Venice on account of the breaking out of War, he went to Rome, passing through Florence and other cities, and being received on his journey with honour and distinction. He was offered rooms in the Vatican by Urban VIII., which he declined, but gratefully accepted the Pope's order for free access to all parts of the building, that he might study its treasures of art. He employed himself diligently in copying with pencil and brush from the great frescoes painted by Raphael and Michael Angelo a century before. Through the good offices of the Spanish ambassador, he obtained permission to live in the villa of the Medici, now the French Academy, on the Trinità dei Monti, and there occupied himself with drawing from many fine antique statues, and in sketching in the beautiful grounds of the palace. Some of the sketches he made are preserved in the Gallery of Madrid. They are masterly of their kind, and especially interesting, as showing how Velasquez viewed and sought to represent nature. He had not altogether abandoned his tendency to strong contrasts of light and shade, and to a general subdued, almost dark, tone of colouring. In these respects his Roman sketches bear a resemblance to the works of Canaletto, although painted with a freer and perhaps stronger hand.\*

Velasquez remained a year in Rome, where he must have known Domenichino, Guido, Guercino, and other eminent painters residing there at that time. Whilst there, he painted two pictures, the 'Forge of Vulcan,' now in the Madrid Gallery, and the 'Joseph's Coat,' preserved in the Escorial. Both these works show the influence of the Italian colourists upon him, and the change which was rapidly taking place in his manner. In Spain, although he had painted the 'Borrachos' from half naked peasant boys, he had been unable to study fully from living models. The all-powerful and ever-meddling Inquisition had forbidden the representation of the nude, and especially of the female, form, and a painter who had transgressed in that respect, might have found himself in its dungeons. The contrast offered by a collection of Italian and of Spanish paintings is very curious, not only on account of the gloomy and ascetic character of the latter, but

\* This resemblance is less seen in the fine studies for the Gardens of Aranjuez in the Madrid Gallery, in which unfortunately the original colours have become dark and black, but which give a high idea of Velasquez's powers as a landscape painter.



the almost entire absence in them of the naked figure. The winged Venuses and Cupids of the Italian schools are replaced by well-clothed saints and monks. The Virgin, like the queens and great ladies of Spain, may not even show her feet, and the infant Jesus is usually swaddled up to the chin with the utmost care. Except in the 'supreme' moment of being skinned or crucified, a martyr cannot be seen without his clothes. At Rome, Velasquez found himself under no such restraint. He had ample opportunities of drawing from the life, and he had before him the noblest representations of the human form and features on canvas and in marble. But whether in consequence of his early education and training, or because the bent of his mind was in a different direction, the works he executed under the influence of Italian examples are inferior in every respect to Spanish pictures. They prove that, with his unsurpassed ability to copy nature, he was deficient in the highest qualities of the painter—imagination and the power of idealizing his subject. The two pictures he painted at Rome, although their correctness and mastery of execution must be admitted, are but vulgar conceptions of the subjects they represent. The models which he has chosen are accurately copied, but they are commonplace and without dignity. Vulcan and his companions are rude blacksmiths; Apollo little better than a country boor, who is telling a farrier a bit of gossip about his wife. We observe, however, his usual power of rendering expression, an increased facility and freedom of execution, and an absence of the heavy brown shadows which mark his earlier works, though the picture is subdued and low in tone, even to the fire iron red-hot for the anvil. The 'Joseph's Coat' is treated in the same manner as the 'Forge of Vulcan,' and the models which were used for the Cyclops, figure as Joseph's brethren.\* After spending a short time at Naples with his imperious countryman Ribera, 'Lo Spagnoletto,' who had attained an extraordinary and undeserved reputation, Velasquez returned in 1621 to Madrid, after an absence of less than two years. He was warmly welcomed by the King, who ordered a studio to be provided for him in the Palace. For eighteen years, until his second journey to Italy, Velasquez enjoyed the highest favour at court, Philip rarely failing to pass some portion of every day in his painting-room, to which he kept a private key. He was named 'ugier de cámara,' or gentleman usher, an office which cost him so much vexation and trouble, that he resigned it in

\* For a fuller description of these pictures, see 'Velasquez and his Works,' by Stirling, who has, we think, ranked them both too high. Mr. Ford's remarks upon them ('Handbook for Spain') are more just.

1634 in favour of the painter Del Mazo, who had married his only surviving daughter. He was soon afterwards appointed to another Court place, that of 'ayuda de la guardaropa,' but without being required to perform its duties, and subsequently promoted to that of 'ayuda de cámara,' or chamberlain. He was chiefly employed in painting the King, the members of the royal family and household, and the most illustrious grandees. He appears rarely to have treated religious or historical subjects. The Madrid Gallery possesses only two pictures of this class which belong to his second manner, a 'Crucifixion' and the 'Surrender of Breda.' He had altogether abandoned his first manner. Instead of a prevailing brown tone, black shadows, and hard outline, he adopted a silvery-grey tone, transparent shadows, and a more natural gradation of tints. His heads were carefully modelled in warm and transparent colours, more after the manner of Rubens and of the Venetian masters. His landscape backgrounds are perhaps too blue, and are consequently somewhat monotonous in character. His execution is free, rapid and decisive. He rarely even took the trouble to paint over the 'pentimenti' or parts he had corrected, which are visible in most of his pictures. To this second period of his career belong the equestrian portraits of Philip III. and his Queen, Margaret of Austria, and of Philip IV. and Isabella of Bourbon, his first wife. Mr. Stirling\* pronounces that of Philip IV. the finest equestrian portrait in the world. If this high praise be deserved, which we think more than doubtful, it is because there are so few with which it can be compared. Like all Velasquez' pictures, it is painted with great truth. Parts, such as the heads of the King and the horse, are as fine as anything by him; and placed as they are on a light ground, without any artificial relief, or what the French term 'repoussoir,' they are remarkable examples of his skill as a colourist. Philip is represented in half armour of steel and gold, across which is bound a crimson scarf, and wears a hat with a plume of white and brown feathers. He is mounted upon a powerful Andalusian bay, with mane falling to the stirrup, and a long bushy tail. In his right hand he holds a Field Marshal's baton of command. Philip thus wished to celebrate his triumphal entry into Lerida after the capture of the city in 1644. The four portraits were painted at the same time, and being intended for the decoration of a large hall in the Palace,

\* 'Velasquez and his Works,' p. 91. Mr. Stirling has fallen into the mistake of Cean Bermudez in identifying this portrait with the first painted by Velasquez of the King on his return from Seville in 1624; which, as we have said, was destroyed. Philip was then a much younger man than he appears in the equestrian portrait in the Madrid Gallery.

are rather formal in composition, wanting the life that Velasquez has thrown into other works of the same class. The dresses and ornaments are, however, executed with the utmost care. A general bluish-grey tone pervades these pictures. The portraits of Philip III. and his Queen, whom Velasquez never saw, were probably taken from Pantoja or some other painter, and they are so inferior to his other works that we can scarcely persuade ourselves that they are by him, unless they have been entirely repainted.

More remarkable in character, and still better examples of the genius of Velasquez, are the two well-known equestrian portraits of Olivarez and of the Infante Don Baltasar Carlos. The Count-Duke, mounted on a prancing war-horse, and dressed in black and gold armour and plumed hat, raises in his right hand a Marshal's truncheon, as if directing the battle raging in the distance. He had never taken part in war, but it was said of him by his flatterers that it only required that he should have occasion to command in order that the world might confess that he was a great general. Velasquez may have ministered a little to his vanity by representing him as the hero of an imaginary battle. He had, however, the reputation in his youth of being the best horseman in Spain. The head is admirably painted, and the likeness was no doubt perfect. It bears the impress of the character of the minister, who brought so many calamities on his country, and who never forgave or spared a rival—haughty, cunning, cruel, and unscrupulous—the very worst of Spanish types. The armour, the trappings of the horse, and all the other details, are rendered with extraordinary truth. The smallness of the horse's head has been, perhaps justly, criticized, and the rider sits too forward, apparently almost on the neck of the animal.

Near the portrait of the Count-Duke, by Velasquez, is that of Charles V., by Titian. The two are so hung that they admit of ready comparison. The contrast between them is eminently instructive to those who would rightly appreciate the difference between the genius of those two great painters—between the 'idealist' and the 'naturalist'—the one looking at nature with a poet's eye, the other satisfied in reproducing literally and truthfully that which he sees before him. If there be any departure from truth in Velasquez' picture, it is in the somewhat artificial and mock heroic action of the horse and its rider—the horse rearing on the very edge of a ravine, the rider proudly directing a battle which he never witnessed. In Titian's grand portrait—the grandest of its class—there are united to the most poetical conception of the subject a calm quiet dignity and a natural movement entirely in harmony with the character and history of

of the Emperor. Charles is seen advancing, lance in rest, against the enemy on the fatal field of Muhlberg—so disastrous to the Protestant cause—where he himself commanded. The yellow dawn is just breaking through the rising clouds; the landscape—plain, hills, and trees—is in deep shadow, and the principal light of the picture is concentrated on the pale, earnest, and refined features and gorgeous gold-inlaid armour of the Emperor,\* over which floats the crimson scarf, embroidered with gold—the badge of a General of the House of Burgundy. On his steel morion waves a plume of crimson feathers. His horse, an Andalusian bay—a present from Monsieur de Ri, Knight of the Golden Fleece and his First Chamberlain—nearly covered with velvet trappings, canters gently over the sward. The countenance of the Emperor betrays the suffering which he had recently undergone, and which made him loth to put on his armour on that day. His voice was so feeble that it could scarcely be heard. But his pale emaciated face—the Protestants called him ‘the corpse’—has that determined, lofty, and high-bred look which became the greatest monarch and the first gentleman of the age, and shows the valour and energy which, historians say, animated his feeble body when the moment for action had come. In that face, indeed, is written the whole history of the man. There is a wonderful poetry in this picture, arising from the most perfect harmony of colour, feeling, and expression, which, although true to nature, is such as only a painter like Titian could have produced.† Velasquez, deficient in the highest gifts of the imagination, could not have thus conceived a subject. In the portrait of Olivarez, the likeness and the details are admirable for their truth, and the technical execution is as perfect as possible; but it wants that idealization, that poetical version of nature, which give an inexpressible charm to Titian’s Charles V. and to other masterpieces of that great painter.

The delightful equestrian portrait of the Infante Don Baltasar Carlos, the son of Philip IV., who died, still young, before his father, was probably painted in 1635. The young Prince, in his sixth or seventh year, is represented galloping on a breezy afternoon over the hunting-grounds of the Pardo on his chestnut pony. He is dressed in a tight-fitting jacket, embroidered with gold, and in high boots. His scarlet scarf flutters in the wind. His countenance has the animation and freshness of childhood; his action is full of life and enjoyment. As in the portrait of

\* This suit of armour is still preserved in the royal armoury of Madrid.

† This great picture was hung, with other masterpieces of the Italian, Flemish, and Spanish schools, in the principal hall of the royal palace at Madrid, in a black frame. In the fire which destroyed the building, it was injured in the lower part, where it has consequently been much restored and repainted.

Olivarez, a silvery-blue tone pervades the picture, especially the landscape, with the distant snow-capped mountains. The shadow cast by the broad hat over the upper part of the boy's face is as transparent as the shadows of Paul Veronese.

To the same period, or soon after Velasquez' return from Italy, belong his fine full-length portraits of Philip IV., of the Infante Don Ferdinand of Austria, his brother, and of Prince Baltasar, all three represented in shooting dress, and accompanied by their dogs. 'They were,' his biographer says, 'the admiration of all who saw them, and they seemed to be alive.' The well-known Austrian features are conspicuous in the three—the large underlip and square chin, the pale complexion and light hair, and that weak and indolent expression which, at last, degenerated into the imbecile face of the unfortunate Charles II. Philip was then about thirty years of age; his countenance, not unpleasing, was dull and reserved, and it is said that he was never seen to smile.

We will conclude this list of portraits with that of Don Antonio Alonso Pimentel, 9th Count of Benavente, Governor of the frontiers of Portugal in 1641—about which time the picture appears to have been painted. He is represented in full armour, bare-headed, and with one hand resting upon a helmet. It is, for life-like representation, one of the most admirable of Velasquez' portraits. The head is, in every respect, excellent. The painting of the bright damascened armour, with surrounding objects reflected upon it, is broad and masterly. It is not a little curious that this portrait should, even in the time of Philip V., have been attributed in the royal inventories to Titian. It is only recently that it has been identified and assigned to its right author. If it had been the portrait of Don Adrian Pulido Pareja, such is its marvellous truthfulness that one might almost credit the story told by Palomino that Philip, being, as he thought, the Admiral in Velasquez' studio, asked him angrily why he was still in Madrid, and not away on the service upon which he had been ordered. Receiving no reply, and discovering that he had been addressing a portrait, he turned to the painter, and exclaimed that he had fairly been deceived. Unfortunately Pareja's portrait, like those of Cardinal Borja, Archbishop of Seville, and of other distinguished persons, including a lady of extraordinary beauty, mentioned by Cean Bermudez, have disappeared. That of the poet Quevedo, which is no less celebrated, is now in the possession of the Duke of Wellington.

In 1638 Velasquez painted a 'Crucifixion,' for the convent of the nuns of St. Placido in Madrid. It hung neglected in the



sacristy until taken by the French invaders in 1808 to Paris, where it was sold by public auction to the Duke of San Fernando, and presented by him to Ferdinand VII. This is the only instance in which Velasquez is known to have treated a similar subject. Mr. Stirling observes of this picture, that 'never was that great agony more powerfully depicted.'\* The praise is not undeserved, although the death of Our Lord has called forth the powers of the greatest painters. Velasquez has shown in it that he could draw and model the human form skilfully and correctly. Its solemn effect is increased by the uniformly dark background, and by the concealment of a portion of the face of the Saviour by his falling hair.

In 1647 Velasquez was commanded by Philip IV. to paint a historical picture representing the great event of his reign—the surrender of Breda. Another Spanish painter, José Leonardo, received a similar commission. The two pictures were to hang in the 'Salon de Comedias,' a hall of the Royal Palace of Buen-Retiro. They are now in the Gallery of Madrid. They furnish an example of how differently two men can treat the same subject, and on this account, and on this account alone, invite comparison. The picture of José Leonardo, a painter who enjoyed a considerable reputation, and whose works still find favour with Spanish writers, is the conventional commonplace representation of the event, such as would suggest itself to a vulgar mind. Spinola seated on his horse, haughtily receives the keys of the city from Justin of Nassau, who kneels humbly before him. He is the arrogant conqueror humiliating to his utmost the brave man whom fate had made his prisoner. The composition and colour are as poor and weak as the conception. How differently has Velasquez conceived the same scene! Rejecting all conventional treatment, adhering strictly to nature, and representing the same event precisely as it might have occurred, he has placed before us two brave men, who, in the relative position of conqueror and conquered, meet each other as gentlemen and equals—the one acknowledging the skill and success of his victorious adversary, the other respecting the courage and misfortune of a gallant and honourable foe. We know of no finer historical picture. It shows the extraordinary power possessed by Velasquez of 'realising' an event, simply and naturally, and of expressing individual character. Justin Nassau, after an heroic defence of nearly ten months, was compelled by famine to give up the city of Breda to the Marquis Ambrose Spinola, who, like most of the great men to whom

\* 'Velasquez and his Works,' p. 131.



Spain owes her ancient glory, was an Italian, and a victim to her mean jealousy of foreigners, and to her ingratitude. Although the garrison had surrendered without terms, Spinola scorned to sanction those atrocious deeds of carnage, lust, and rapine which have so often disgraced the Spanish arms, and generously permitted the garrison to march out with the honours of war, receiving their leader with the distinction and courtesy due to his courage and rank. Velasquez has thoroughly understood and represented the character and feelings of the two generals. Spinola, to avoid showing any superiority over his fallen enemy, has dismounted from his horse, and receiving Justin uncovered, prevents him from kneeling, and kindly and courteously places the right hand upon his shoulder. His manner and expression are those of a humane man and a perfect gentleman. Velasquez had probably marked his countenance well during his voyage to Italy in company with the illustrious Genoese. Justin, with a noble look of resignation and sorrow, bends forward when delivering to Spinola the keys of the city. The meeting is witnessed by the Spanish and Flemish troops, who are drawn up on opposite sides. This arrangement of the composition was necessary to tell the story, but the two groups and the masses of colour are skilfully united by the extended arm of Spinola. Behind the Spanish General stand the Marquess of Leganés and several Spanish and Italian noblemen, and a fine head in the corner, in a hat and feathers, is supposed to represent the painter himself, although the features do not agree with those of his authentic portraits. The contrast between the Spanish and Flemish soldiers is shown without exaggeration or caricature. The Spaniards refined and haughty, the Flemish burly and honest. The strongest individuality of character and expression is given to each head. In the distance are seen the city, its detached forts, and the lines of the besiegers, and beyond a vast expanse of country, through which winds the river Merk. The effect of space and air is surprising. The colour is fresh and sparkling; the general tone a silvery blue. The numerous details are executed with the utmost care; the heads admirably modelled, the composition full of movement and life.

From the raised lances which cut the sky behind the Spanish leaders, this picture is usually known as 'Las Lanzas.' It shows perhaps better than any other of his works the versatility and originality of Velasquez as a painter of history, of portraits, of animals, and of landscape—it is the triumph of his second manner.

Velasquez' celebrated 'Dwarfs' were probably painted between the equestrian portrait of Philip IV. and the 'Surrender of Breda.'

It was the custom in the seventeenth century for the kings of Spain, and indeed of other countries, to keep such deformed creatures about their Courts. Even the household of a wealthy Spanish noble was not complete without one. Velasquez has portrayed the most favoured of the royal dwarfs, giving to each his individuality and his characteristic expression and gesture. 'El Primo' (the Cousin), as he was familiarly called, is seen seated on a rock, dressed in black, and wearing a broad hat of the same colour. He has an expression of solemn and haughty dignity not unworthy of a grandee of Spain, studying, in the folio volume bound in parchment lying open before him, the genealogy of his ancient race.\* 'Don Sebastian de Morra' has that forbidding and vindictive expression which so frequently distinguishes his kind. He sits doggedly on the ground, with his hands clenched and his feet stretched out. 'El Niño de Vallecas' gazes with a vacant and idiotic grin, holding a crust in one hand. 'El Bobo de Coria' crouches huddled up with his joined hands resting on one knee, and with an imbecile simper. In colour, modelling, and individuality these portraits are of the highest order. They are painted with a broad vigorous touch, and possess those powerful effects of 'chiaroscuro' or light and shade, in which Velasquez always delighted.

In 1643 Velasquez accompanied the king in his campaign against the Catalan rebels, when Philip displayed for a few months an ability and energy which so little agreed with his usual indolent and profitless life. He was present at the triumphal entry of his Majesty into Lerida, when he probably made the sketch for the equestrian portrait which we have described. By the fall of Olivarez, whose grasping ambition and reckless policy had brought continued disasters on Spain, and had reduced her rapidly to the second rank amongst nations, Velasquez lost a generous friend and patron. He did not hesitate to show his sympathy and respect for the fallen minister, and by doing so did not forfeit the favour of the king. This proof of his courage and independence is the theme of the wonder of Spanish writers, who have a very different idea of a courtier's duties.

In 1643 Velasquez was appointed 'Ayuda de Cámara,' or Chamberlain, and was in constant attendance upon Philip, who frequently consulted him upon important public affairs. It was probably at his suggestion that the king formed the design of founding an Academy of the Fine Arts in Madrid, and of adding to his splendid collection of pictures which he had recently increased by the purchase through his agents, of the

\* The portrait of 'El Primo' was probably painted in 1644 during Philip's expedition to Catalonia. It is No. 1095 in the new Catalogue.

masterpieces of the Gallery of Charles I. He commanded the painter himself to go to Italy to purchase for him statues and paintings for these purposes. Velasquez accordingly left Spain in company with the Duke of Naxera, who was proceeding to Trent to receive Maria of Austria, the second wife of Philip.

Velasquez revisited the principal cities of Italy, studying their schools of painting and collections. He returned with delight to Venice, and purchased there for the king several important pictures by his favourite masters, especially Tintoret. At Parma the works of Correggio principally attracted his attention. Passing rapidly through Rome he went to Naples to see the viceroy, the Count of Oñate, who was charged with supplying him with funds for executing the royal commission. Having spent a short time with his friend Ribera, who was still enjoying an ill-acquired reputation, he returned to Rome, where he was received with great distinction by Pope Innocent X. At that time no painter of any real eminence was to be found in that city. The great 'eclectics' were dead or had left it. Pietro da Cortona, a bold effective draughtsman, without true genius or originality, was the leading painter, and sculpture was represented by Bernini and his extravagant followers. Velasquez had nothing to learn from them. They might indeed have learnt a great deal from him, and have seen how much he had profited from that study of nature which they had abandoned. But the arts were then fast declining. Italy, torn to pieces by the rival ambitions of France and Spain, betrayed by her own princes, and impoverished by constant wars and oppression, had entered upon that stage of political and moral abasement which lasted for two centuries, and from which she is only now recovering. An Academy had been founded at Rome which did not tend much to the revival or promotion of the arts. It is not surprising that the portrait which Velasquez made of his mulatto slave, Juan de Pareja, who accompanied him on both his journeys to Italy, should have excited the admiration and wonder of the Romans.\* Its success induced Innocent X. to sit to the painter. The portrait of the pontiff still hangs in the Panfili Doria Palace, and is justly considered one of the chief treasures of a city so rich in great monuments, and is probably the finest work by Velasquez out of Spain. The Pope, as a proof of his satisfaction, gave Velasquez a gold medal with his effigy, and a gold chain. His nephew, Cardinal Panfili, and

\* This is probably the portrait now in the possession of the Earl of Radnor at Longford Castle. Waagen ('Art Treasures of Great Britain,' vol. iii. p. 141) calls it 'a portrait of the first class.'

some of the great officers of his court, followed his example in sitting to the Spanish painter.

Velasquez had been two years absent from Spain, and Philip desired his return. He received a hint to that effect from his friend Don Fernando Ruiz de Contreras, and at once hastened back, reaching Madrid in the month of June, 1651. The king received him with much satisfaction. The office of 'Aposentador Mayor,' a kind of Quartermaster-General of the Palace, being vacant, Velasquez applied for it, and was selected by the king out of four candidates, although he had received less support than they had obtained from influential grandees about the court.\* His principal duties were to direct public ceremonies and festivals, to provide lodgings and provisions for the king during royal progresses and journeys, to superintend the royal palaces, and to control various subordinate officers connected with them. Although the place was an honourable and lucrative one, and brought the painter in still closer relations with the king by giving him at all times access to the royal presence, it entailed upon him many irksome duties, and unfortunately occupied much of the time which he might have more profitably employed in painting. It involved him too in many quarrels trying to his patience and temper.

Velasquez brought back with him from Italy many valuable pictures, some by artists then living, which now form part of the fine public gallery of Madrid. A renewed study of the Italian Masters produced a further change in his manner of painting. Three of his works in the Madrid Collection illustrate the immediate effects of this Italian influence—the 'Coronation of the Virgin,' painted for the private chapel of the Queen, the 'God Mars,' and the 'Mercury and Argos.' In them he attempted, but unsuccessfully, to imitate the colouring of the Venetian school. The 'Coronation of the Virgin' shows his usual ability in representing nature, but is deficient in the dignity and religious feeling that become such a subject. The heads of the two Persons of the Trinity are commonplace in character; those of fine old men, and nothing more. The Virgin is a handsome Italian model, such as he may have obtained in Rome. The heads of some cherubs are very cleverly painted. The general tone is much warmer than usual with Velasquez, and the whites and high lights sparkling and telling, but the colour is monotonous and of a purply hue. The draperies want variety, and are broken up into small folds, poor, and not well under-

\* This appears from documents preserved in the archives of the Palace, which have been published by Don M. R. Zarco del Valle, in his '*Documentos Inéditos para la Historia de las Bellas Artes en España*,' Madrid, 1870.

ood—a rare thing in Velasquez' works. Similar defects are observable in the two other pictures which he painted at the same time. The 'Mars' is nothing but a clever study from a model; the details are executed with Velasquez' usual care, but a monotonous red tone prevails, and the picture is uninteresting. The same may be said of the 'Argos and Mercury,' which is scarcely more than a sketch. Velasquez must have felt that he had failed, for these three pictures, painted at the same time, were the only ones he appears to have executed in this style.\* He adopted a manner better suited to his genius, and differing altogether from that of the great colourists whom he most admired—Tintoret, Titian, and Rubens. In his second manner he had never approached them in brilliancy, and in that but harmonious colouring which forms the charm of the Venetian painters. But his second visit to Italy, and his further acquaintance with the Italian Masters, were not without advantage to him. Especially they led him to abandon altogether the hardness of outline and want of natural gradation in light and shade which are apparent in his earliest works. He even seems to have acquired from Andrea del Sarto, and some other masters of the Florentine school, what the Italians term the *sfumato*, or that hazy blending of colour, which distinguishes some of his later pictures. He produces the effect he desires, especially in details, by a much broader and simpler mode of treatment. His touch had become so sure and masterly that Raphael Mengs justly observed of one of his pictures, the *Hilanderas*, that it seemed 'rather the result of his will than work of his hand.' His later pictures are consequently better seen and understood from a distance than near. Their general tone is very low and quiet, almost sombre, as in the works of his youth; but his shadows are transparent, not heavy and brown, as in his first manner. The light and shade, contrasted with admirable effect, and the aerial perspective, are wonderfully true to nature, and convey an impression of reality which, in some instances, as in the representation of interiors, is quite marvellous. Painted in this third manner are the fine pictures of the *enfiñas* and the *Hilanderas* in the Madrid Gallery. Most painters of original genius, from Raphael to Turner, have had their 'three manners' or 'styles.' The reason is easily explained. When under the immediate influence of their teachers

Not having seen the 'Venus' (now in the possession of Mr. Morritt, of Eby) which he is said to have painted in imitation of Titian, we are unable to say whether this picture belongs to the same period as those above described. Velasquez' ability to paint from the model, we have ample proof in the *Ecce homo*; but no example of his skill in representing the female nude figure, the most difficult feat in his art—exists, as far as we are aware, in Spain.

they



they followed and imitated them to a certain extent, as Raphael did Pietro Perugino. As they felt more confidence in their own powers they emancipated themselves from early impressions, and struck out a way for themselves, forming their second manner, in which their individuality prevailed. Experience gave them confidence, and an increased facility of execution, and they adopted their third manner, in which they either produced masterpieces combining the highest qualities, or, as in the case of Turner, degenerated into wild extravagance, and contempt of the acknowledged rules and ends of painting.

Thus the 'Meniñas' and the 'Hilanderas' belong to the period of the highest development of Velasquez' genius, and were both painted in the year 1656. They show his consummate skill and his complete knowledge of the technical part of his art. Of the one, Lucca Giordano declared that it was 'the Theology of Painting'; for, as theology was the first of sciences (as it was then considered in Spain), and embraced every other, so Velasquez' picture contained all that was necessary for the teaching and acquirement of the art. To Mengs' remark on the 'Hilanderas' we have already referred. Both criticisms contain a large amount of truth.

The 'Meniñas,' or, as it was formerly called, 'la Familia,' represents Velasquez in his studio painting the royal family. In front of him are supposed to be standing Philip IV. and his Queen, Doña Mariana of Austria. They are not seen, but are reflected in a looking-glass on the opposite wall. In the foreground of the picture stands the little Princess Margarita Maria, attended by a misshapen, big-headed, female dwarf, named Maria Barbola. A well-proportioned but diminutive male dwarf, called Nicolasito Pertusato, is teasing with his foot a huge mastiff, which lies sleepily on the floor, and treats his tormentor with evident contempt. Behind this group are two attendants on the Princess—her dueña, Marcela de Ulloa, and a 'guarda-damas.' To their right stands the painter himself before his easel, brush and palette in hand. In the back-ground Don José Nieto, 'Aposentador' of the Queen, is seen through an open door ascending some steps and pushing back a curtain. The walls of the apartment are hung with pictures, in black ebony frames, according to the general custom of that day.\* The little Princess is a poor, sickly child, dressed in the

\* It would appear from the inventories of the Royal Palaces that pictures were almost invariably thus framed. It was the same in private houses. Whether this custom was derived from Holland, where black frames were also in common use, or whether it was adopted in consequence of a sumptuary law of the time of Philip IV., which forbade gilded furniture, we are unable to say. In Spanish churches, to which that law did not extend, gild frames of the most elaborate description were employed.



extravagant court costume of the time. Her two 'Meniñas,' or young ladies of honour, who seek to amuse her, especially Doña Maria Augustina Sarmiento, afterwards a celebrated beauty, are pretty and sprightly girls. At first sight this picture may not produce a favourable impression, on account of its general dark and subdued tone. Even the colours which are introduced in the ornaments and dresses of the Princess and her attendants are kept as low as possible. We find none of the silvery blues characteristic of Velasquez' second manner, and there is a complete absence of warm flesh tints. The treatment is rather that of his first manner. But how different is the 'Meniñas' from the 'Borrachos!' In it there are no strong or sharply-defined outlines, no violent transitions of light and shade, no conventional draperies, and no black shadows. The colours are lightly laid on, and, although dark, are transparent, and fused so skilfully that they seem to melt insensibly into each other. The more we look at the picture, the more it shows us the mastery of the painter over his materials, and his wonderful power of rendering nature. For truthful representation it could not be surpassed by photography, which in certain qualities of chiaroscuro it resembles. But it exceeds photography in delicate gradations of tone, and in the subtle rendering of aerial perspective, rivalling the works of De Hooch in effects of light and atmosphere, produced by the open door, and the subdued gleam of sunlight through the side-window. When Philip saw this wonderful picture, and was told by Velasquez that it was finished, he is said to have observed that it yet wanted something, and, taking a brush, painted with his royal hand the red cross of the order of 'Santiago' upon the painter's breast. It is to be regretted that stubborn dates throw a doubt upon the truth of a story which would be as honourable to Philip as to Velasquez.\* Sir Charles Eastlake pronounced the *Meniñas* the 'triumph of chiaroscuro,' and declared that 'it was worth coming to Madrid to see.'

The 'Hilanderas,' or 'Spinners,' is less dark and sombre in colour than the 'Meniñas.' Velasquez has introduced blues and reds more freely into the draperies of the principal figures, but of a quiet low tone, which produces a general harmony,

\* In the small repetition of this picture in the possession of Mr. Banks, of Kingston Lacy, Velasquez is seen with the cross of Santiago. If therefore this be the original sketch, as some maintain, it disproves the story related in the text. It has been suggested that the Kingston Lacy picture is a copy by Velasquez himself, but we doubt whether Velasquez, especially at the time when the 'Meniñas' was painted, ever repeated, still less copied, his own works. It is too highly finished to be a mere study or sketch for the larger work. But it may be a copy by Del Mazo or some other imitator of the master. Velasquez' original sketch (*Boceto*) was, in Cean Bermudez' time, in the possession of Don Gaspar de Jovellanos.

adding much to the appearance of atmosphere in the picture. As in the 'Meninas' a strong light from an open window or door is concentrated upon an inner room in the background, with the greater effect, as the foreground is skilfully thrown into shadow. The composition is simple and natural. The picture represents the interior of the royal tapestry manufactory of Santa Isabel in Madrid. In the foreground a group of poorly-dressed women are engaged in preparing and spinning the worsted for weaving. In the inner room attendants are showing a piece of tapestry to a lady, who stands with her back to the spectator. Such are the common-place incidents chosen by the painter.

To fully understand the extraordinary merits of this picture, it should be first viewed from the opposite side of the room in which it hangs. The delusion is complete. Nature herself is reproduced. We are at a loss which most to admire, the absolute truthfulness of representation, the exquisite harmony of colour, or the very semblance of air and light that the painter has produced. Our surprise is increased when we approach and perceive the simple means by which these results are obtained. The colours are laid on with the utmost freedom and confidence; yet there is no sign of undue haste or of carelessness. Everything is in its place; every touch has its value, and contributes to the general effect. We then feel the full meaning of Mengs's criticism, that this picture appeared to be the work of the will rather than of the hand.

In Velasquez's third manner are several portraits in the Madrid Gallery: amongst them may be especially noticed that of the Infanta Maria Theresa, afterwards the wife of Louis XIV., that of a sculptor wrongly called Alonso Cano, and that of a favourite dwarf of Philip IV., known as 'Don Antonio el Inglés.'\*

In the full-length portrait of the Infanta, the head is in Velasquez's second manner, whilst the remainder of the picture was finished after his second visit to Italy. It is painted with more than usual delicacy and warmth of colour. It is another example of his power of producing the most striking effects by the most simple means. The princess, in her tenth year, is dressed in the enormous hoop then worn at Court, called a 'guarda-infanta,' of pink silk, richly trimmed with silver lace. Her hair is puffed out in large masses on both sides of her head,

\* To Velasquez's third manner belongs the portrait of Philip IV. in the National Gallery. In the Gallery of Madrid there is a similar portrait by him (No. 1080). We have little hesitation in ascribing to another painter the 'Dead Warrior' assigned to him in the National Gallery. The subject is one altogether foreign to the genius of Velasquez. The only Spanish master of the time who treated such themes was Valdés Leal, who may have been the author of this picture.

according to the extravagant fashion of the time, and adorned with a red feather. Her small and delicate hands, one holding some flowers, the other a white handkerchief, are exquisitely painted, as are the drapery and the glance of the silver embroidery. With all the disadvantages of an unsightly though gorgeous costume, and a disfiguring head-dress, it is impossible to imagine a more charming portrait. The unfinished picture, representing a sculptor, is an example of Velasquez' more broad and forcible execution, but is equally remarkable for its truth. Close to it is the fine full-length portrait in Velasquez' second manner, usually known as 'the Comedian,' but conjectured to be the one mentioned in the inventories of the royal palace of Buen-Retiro as that of Pablillos de Valladolid, an 'hombre de placer,' or jester, in the service of Philip IV. He is represented with one hand extended and his legs apart, on a uniformly grey ground, with only just sufficient shadow to convey the appearance of an attitude of perfect firmness and ease. These three pictures hang side by side with the 'Borrachos,' and there could not be a more instructive lesson to the artist than to trace and study, by comparing them, the gradual change and progress which had taken place in Velasquez during his career as a painter.

'Don Antonio el Inglés,' dressed in a gold-embroidered tunic, and standing by a huge dog, almost as tall as himself, upon which he rests his hand,—a truculent little fellow, the very type of a vindictive, spiteful dwarf—is another of those masterly productions which show Velasquez' power of delineating character, and of producing the effect of detail by a few simple touches, as in the hat and feathers which 'Don Antonio' holds in his hand.

In the two full-length figures of Æsop and Menippus, also in the Madrid Gallery, we have examples of the tendency of Velasquez to avail himself of common and vulgar types for subjects which require idealization, and at the same time of conveying a true conception of character by expression. His Æsop has been described as 'a shirtless cobbler,'—and he is just such a one as may be seen any day in La Mancha—but he has a thoughtful and even wise countenance, worthy of the Greek philosopher. Menippus, wrapped in the dirty cloak of the Castilian peasant, and looking over his shoulder, has the cynical grin of a low Spaniard who has succeeded in cheating his neighbour as Menippus did. The heads in both figures are modelled in the most masterly manner.

We can only mention one more of Velasquez' works, 'St. Anthony the Abbot visiting the first Hermit, St. Paul, in the Desert,' painted in 1659, and his last. The expression and action

action of the two hermits in conversation are thoroughly natural. The landscape, with overhanging rocks and a distant meadow, is finely conceived and quite original in treatment. Wilkie observed of it that it possessed 'the very same sun we see, and the air we breathe, the very soul and spirit of nature.' Spanish writers claim for Velasquez the merit of having been the first painter who properly represented landscape. But he evidently followed Rubens, who exceeded him in the highest quality of a landscape painter—that of giving a poetical charm and character to nature. The general tone of the background in this picture is that silvery or greyish blue which is characteristic of his second manner. The composition is, as usual, simple and matter-of-fact. In this instance he has adopted the conventional treatment of the early painters, and has introduced into one canvas various episodes of the same story.\*

\* The following list of pictures by Velasquez in the Madrid Gallery, classified as nearly as possible according to the dates, may be useful.

*First Manner.*

- No.  
 1054. The Adoration of the Magi. Signed and dated 1619.  
 1085. Portrait of the poet Gongora. 1622.  
 1058. The 'Borrachos.' ? 1624.  
 1073. Full-length portrait of Don Carlos. ? 1626.  
 1103. Male portrait.  
 1086. Portrait of his wife.  
 1087, 1088. Portraits of his two daughters.  
 1070. Portrait of Philip IV. as a youth.  
 1071. Id. Id.  
 1106, 1107. Views in the Gardens of the Villa Medici. Painted at Rome in 1630.  
 1072. Portrait of the Infanta Doña Maria, sister of Philip IV., and Queen of Hungary. Probably painted in Italy. 1630.

*Second Manner (after his first visit to Italy).*

1059. The Forge of Vulcan. 1630.  
 1074. Portrait of Philip IV. in hunting-dress. Between 1631 and 1635.  
 1075. Portrait of Don Fernando of Austria, in hunting-dress. 1635.  
 1076. Portrait of the Infante Don Baltasar, in hunting-dress. 1635.  
 1068. Portrait of the same, on horseback. 1635.  
 1055. The Crucifixion. 1638.  
 1069. Equestrian portrait of Olivarez. Between 1639 and 1642.  
 1109 and 1110. Views in the Gardens of Aranjuez. ? 1642.  
 1083. Portrait of the Infante Don Baltasar in his 14th year. 1644.  
 1066. Equestrian portraits of Philip IV. and Isabella of Bourbon, his Queen. 1644.  
 1067. Equestrian portraits of Philip III. and his Queen, Margarita of Austria. 1644.  
 1090. Portrait of the Conde de Benavente.  
 1060. Surrender of Breda. 1647.  
 1095, 1096, 1098, 1099. Portraits of Dwarfs. 1644. (? Whether No. 1099 may not be in Velasquez' third manner.)  
 1092. Portrait of a Jester—called the 'Comedian.'  
 1104. Portrait of a man unknown.

*Third*

The office of 'Aposentador' of the King was no sinecure. Velasquez' time was so much occupied with its duties, that he was able to produce but few pictures during his later years. It would have been better for art had he been less honoured by the King. His labours and his troubles hastened his end. When Philip made a progress through the northern provinces of his dominions to deliver his daughter, Doña Maria Theresa, to Louis XIV., to whom she had been affianced, it fell to Velasquez to make the arrangements for the journey. If, as historians relate, the royal cavalcade was no less than six leagues in length, and included not only the innumerable attendants of the court, but a crowd of grandees who followed the King, his task could have been no light one. Even the erection and decoration of the temporary buildings on the Isle of Pheasants and on the banks of the Bidassoa, which were fitted up with every luxury, and adorned with the richest hangings and tapestry, and the splendid ceremonies which were celebrated in them, were under the painter's direction and charge. Velasquez was distinguished amidst the Spanish grandees and French nobles by his dignity and highbred courtesy, and by the taste and magnificence of his dress. 'He wore,' says Mr. Stirling, 'over a dress richly laced with silver, the usual Castilian ruff, and a short cloak embroidered with the red cross of Santiago; the badge of the order, sparkling with brilliants, was suspended from his neck by a gold chain, and the scabbard and hilt of his sword were of silver, exquisitely chased, and of Italian workmanship.'

The fatigue he underwent brought on an attack of fever, of which he died soon after his return to Madrid on the 31st July, 1660. His funeral was celebrated with all the honours due to his rank as one of the principal officers of the Court and as a

*Third Manner (after his second visit to Italy).*

- 1056. Coronation of the Virgin. 1652.
- 1102. The God Mars. 1652.
- 1063. Mercury and Argos. 1652-3.
- 1093. Portrait of a Jester, known as 'Barbaroja.'
- 1077. Portrait of Philip IV. 1654-55.
- 1062. The 'Meninas.' 1656.
- 1061. The 'Hilanderas.' 1656.
- 1084. Portrait of the Infanta Maria Theresa. (Probably commenced about 1646, and finished ten years later.)
- 1091. Portrait, called that of Alonso Cano.
- 1078, 1079. Two portraits of Doña Mariana of Austria.
- 1080. Portrait of Philip IV., about 55 years of age.
- 1081, 1082. Philip IV. and his Queen, at prayers.
- 1094. Portrait of a Jester, named 'Don Juan de Austria.'
- 1097. Portrait of Dwarf, called 'Don Antonio el Inglés.'
- 1100. *Æsop*.
- 1101. *Menippus*.
- 1037. St. Anthony and St. Paul the hermit. 1659.

Knight



Knight of the Order of Santiago, as well as to the greatest painter that Spain had produced. He left the reputation of an upright and honourable man, true to his friends, and a worthy representative of the dignity, courtesy, and chivalry of the Spaniard of the olden time. His wife died a few days after him, and their remains were placed in the same tomb. The church of San Juan which contained them was pulled down by the French in 1811, and the ashes of the great painter scattered to the wind.\*

We have sought, in describing the series of Velasquez' works in the Madrid Gallery, and there alone can he be properly studied and understood, to convey to our readers a true idea of his genius, and of his place amongst painters. He must be classed, as will have been seen, amongst the 'naturalists.' But he was a 'naturalist' in the best sense of the term. Nature was his chief, if not his only study; and he represented nature with wonderful truth and skill. Wilkie observed of him that he was 'Teniers on a large scale.' Yet no painter was less given to introduce into his pictures those trifling and irrelevant details, rendered with microscopic minuteness, which it is now the fashion to consider the peculiar characteristic of the 'naturalistic' school, and which only tend to confuse the mind, and to distract attention from the main subject. He reproduced on his canvas what he saw before him, in a simple, yet broad and forcible way, which conveys the exact impression of the scene or object as it presented itself to him. He gives to every object its proper place and relative importance by those perfect gradations of tone and colour, which constitute 'aerial perspective.' He was so successful in this respect, that it was said of him 'that he was able to paint the air itself.' He knew well that a picture, to be really effective, should contain not everything that is actually before the painter, but only that which a spectator could readily take in and observe at one and the same time. He had the power, moreover, of representing an event which he had not witnessed, as a man of a refined, honest nature, but not as a poet would have conceived it. In these qualities consisted his genius. He was equally great within these limits as a painter of portraits, of historical subjects, of domestic scenes, of landscape, of animals, and of still life. In his works which required the exercise of higher faculties he was, as we have seen, less successful. He was inferior to the best

\* The principal authorities for the life of Velasquez are Pacheco 'Arte de la Pintura,' Carducho 'Dialogos de la Pintura,' Palomino 'Vidas de los Pintores y Escultores eminentes Españoles,' and Cean Bermudez 'Diccionario de las Bellas Artes.' The Madrid Gallery contains no less than sixty-four pictures by Velasquez. It is to be observed that many of them have unfortunately been injured by repainting. The noxious race of restorers has been rampant at Madrid.



Italian painters because he lacked the highest gift in painting as in poetry—the power of idealization, or the imaginative faculties. The grand religious and classic compositions of a Raphael or a Titian were as much out of the range of his genius as the sublime conceptions of Michael Angelo. He could deal with living men, but not with God, angels, or saints. Even his animals, masterly as they are, want that marvellous expression, amounting at times almost to that of human reason and feelings, so delightful in the dogs of Landseer.

As a portrait-painter Velasquez has been compared to Titian and Vandyke. The absence of that power of idealization which has made Titian the Prince of Portrait-painters, renders Velasquez unquestionably inferior to the Venetian master, as we have pointed out in contrasting the equestrian portraits of Charles V. and Olivarez. In some respects he may be superior to Vandyke. He had less delicacy and refinement, but his portraits show more vigour and greater individuality than those of Vandyke, especially in his later or English manner. Vandyke—in his earlier works, such as the noble portraits of David Rieckaert, the painter, and Henry of Nassau, in the Madrid Gallery, and others painted at Genoa, before he adopted a somewhat feeble and monotonous colouring, and a conventional treatment of details, such as in his hands—contrasts more favourably with his Spanish rival. Rubens exceeded Velasquez in glow and transparency of colour, but not in power and breadth, or in forcible delineation of character. The portrait-painter who, perhaps, most resembles Velasquez in feeling, though not in treatment, is Moroni, in his best portraits; such, for instance, as those in the Uffizi and Pitti Palace at Florence, and that of the 'Tailor' in the National Gallery. There was also something not altogether unlike in the genius of the two men. Although Moroni could paint from nature with singular fidelity, he failed, like Velasquez, in works requiring imagination. Whilst his portraits are deserving of the highest place, his representations of sacred subjects are of very inferior merit.

In technical skill, in the use of his materials, Velasquez has, perhaps, not been surpassed by any painter. He had the most complete command over his brush, and his pictures are executed with a surprising mastery and ease. Sir Charles Eastlake, the most accomplished, just, and accurate, of modern critics, in his notes upon Velasquez' pictures in the Madrid Gallery extols the painter's 'free and liquid execution.\*' The

\* It may be mentioned, as a remarkable instance of the conscientious care and industry of Sir Charles Eastlake, that, out of 2000 pictures in the Gallery of Madrid, there is not one, however worthless, which he did not examine and upon which he did not make his notes.

colour appears to have flowed from his brush, and to have produced at once the exact effect contemplated by the painter. There are no signs in his pictures of 'going over,' or stippling, or any other kind of laboured work. Consequently they have a remarkable transparency and clearness, even although their general quality of tone may be dark; and this is especially the case of those in his second and third manner. These qualities would have made Velasquez a great painter in fresco. But he appears never to have practised that branch of his art, although he superintended the frescoes of other painters who were employed to decorate the royal palaces at Madrid.

The breadth and freedom of Velasquez' manner, which sometimes almost amounts to 'sketchiness,' and has even induced some critics to call him a 'scene-painter,' renders it extremely difficult to imitate, although it invites imitation. The so-called 'style of Velasquez' generally means, 'amongst modern painters, a tricky, careless mode of painting, violent contrasts of colour and of light and shade, and a crude, rough execution, which requires distance to convey any meaning. It is an excuse for hasty work, and serves to hide want of real knowledge and capacity. Nothing can be more fatal to a student than to fall into this error. Nor, indeed, is it less dangerous to experienced artists. Wilkie's later works furnish a caution. His visit to Spain and his attempt to imitate Velasquez have seriously injured his fame as a great and original painter, which his earlier pictures had justly acquired for him. We cannot but feel this painfully when we compare the 'Blind Fiddler' or the 'Village Festival' with the 'Preaching of Knox' in the National Gallery. Wilkie's genius was the very opposite of that of Velasquez. The one was essentially minute, the other essentially large, in the representation of nature. In endeavouring to form a new style, and to abandon that which had placed him amongst the first of English painters, Wilkie mistook the bent of his genius and failed. The English painter who, perhaps, profited most from the study of Velasquez, was the late Mr. Philip, whose colouring has many of the qualities, though wanting in the breadth and facility of that of the great Spanish master.

Amongst the scholars and followers of Velasquez may be mentioned his son-in-law, Juan Bautista Martinez del Mazo, his freedman Pareja, and Carreño. We are not acquainted with any authentic portraits by Pareja by which we can form an opinion of his abilities in that branch of his art. He is said to have imitated his master with considerable success, and it is not improbable that some portraits which are attributed to Velasquez may

may be by him. In his large picture of the 'Call of St. Matthew,' in the Madrid Gallery, he appears rather as a follower of the Venetian school. Of Del Mazo the same collection possesses a fine full-length portrait of Don Tiburcio de Redin y Cruzat, a Knight of St. John and Quarter-master of the Spanish Infantry in the time of Philip IV. In this masterly work Del Mazo approaches Velasquez. The same may be said of a noble view of Zaragoza, also in the Madrid Gallery, in which the figures, painted with great spirit, are attributed, but we believe without reason, to Velasquez himself. According to Spanish writers on art, Del Mazo succeeded so well in imitating Velasquez, that his portraits frequently pass for works by his master. We have little doubt that many pictures which in public and private collections are assigned to Velasquez are really by his pupil.\* Carreño, who was the favourite Court painter during the reign of Philip IV.'s successor, Charles II., was an able painter, but inferior to Del Mazo. His portraits are generally flat, and poorly modelled. His best is probably a full-length of a Muscovite ambassador, in the Madrid Gallery, which is cleverly painted, although somewhat monotonous in colour. The imbecile countenance of the king, and the pale Austrian features of the queen-mother, whom he constantly painted, did not offer the most attractive subjects for the painter's brush.

The golden period of the Spanish school of painting was of short duration. It ended with the seventeenth century. Until nearly the close of the eighteenth, no painter appeared who has the least claim to eminence or originality. The weak and bigoted princes who occupied the Spanish throne after Philip IV. did little or nothing for the encouragement of native art, and sent to Italy or France for their painters. Lucca Giordano, Tiepolo, Mengs, and other men of the same class, came to Madrid to decorate the royal palaces, and to paint portraits of the kings, their families, and their courtiers. Spanish artists filled churches with religious pictures, of the most childish description and beneath criticism, but to the taste of the clergy and of a nation of bigots. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, a Spanish painter arose who possessed something of the genius of Velasquez.

\* Considering the length of Velasquez' life, the number of pictures which can be confidently attributed to him is remarkably small. We believe that, even admitting some doubtful works, it would not much exceed one hundred, of which, as we have observed, no less than 64 are in the Madrid Gallery. Mr. Stirling gives a list of about 220 existing in different public and private collections, but many pictures included in it are unquestionably not by the master. Velasquez was unfortunately so much taken up by his official duties that he had not much time for painting, especially in his later years. He rarely signed his pictures: we can only mention two to which he affixed his name—the 'Adoration of the Infant' in the Madrid Gallery, and the portrait of Innocent X. at Rome.

Had Goya lived at a more favourable time, and had under higher and nobler influences, he might have raised again the fame of Spanish art. His originality, his fine execution, his powerful colouring, and the simplicity of his style remind one of Velasquez. Spanish critics dwell with enthusiasm upon this last representative of the national school, and discover in him a combination of Velasquez, Rembrandt, Titian, Paul Veronese, Watteau, and Lancret. He is being Spaniards, whilst admitting his merit we would be rational in our praise. He witnessed the degradation of the country which preceded the French revolution, and the horrors of the French occupation. He has depicted some of its episodes with much power, and has satirised in vigorous and somewhat coarse and fantastic caricature the vices of the countrymen and countrywomen which led to their misfortune. The Spanish Bourbons whom, as court painter, he has constantly to represent, Charles IV. and his queen, and Ferdinand VII. with their numerous progeny and relations, were men of ugliness who were not improved by the absurdity of costume. Goya has portrayed them and the infamous Godoy so truthfully, that their portraits alone are sufficient to hand them down to the contempt of posterity. It is not surprising that, with such subjects to paint, Goya does not enjoy out of Spain the reputation which he deserves.

The present Spanish school of painting may be considered to have been formed under the influence of Velasquez, and is, to a certain extent, endeavouring to form itself upon it. It gives good promise, and has already produced men of undoubted ability. They have met with a deserved success beyond the Pyrenees. The works of Fortuny and Madrazo are well known in France, England, and there are several young painters in Spain who may attain equal reputation. But there are two pitfalls in the present Spanish school of painting—French influence, and a premature attempt to imitate Velasquez. Pictures of late years found a ready sale in Paris. This success has been achieved by working for French dealers, conforming to French tastes. The result has been the substitution of good and honest work to that careless 'sensational' execution or that violent and unnatural colouring which our neighbours call 'chic.' Men of such unquestionable ability as Fortuny and colourists as Madrazo and other rising Spanish painters are capable of producing better things than pictures to attract crowds on the Boulevards, or to ornament the boulevards.

\* See in Don Pedro Madrazo's 'Catalogue of the Madrid Gallery,' of Goya, p. 405.

'Lionnes.' They might again revive the national school of painting, although they can expect but little encouragement in their own country, where those who are able and ought to encourage and protect art and native talent, with very rare exceptions, employ their time and money to very different ends. We have already referred to the dangerous temptation to a young artist of imitating what is called 'the manner of Velasquez.' The large and free treatment which distinguishes that consummate master, was the result of great experience and of the most perfect knowledge of his art. Those who pretend to imitate him, being deficient both in the one and the other, endeavour to make up for want of them by hasty and tricky work, which they are foolish enough to suppose produces the same result. It is the fatal error of ambitious young painters to wish to begin where great men have ended. When they have studied and laboured like Velasquez, they may hope to paint like Velasquez.

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ART. VI.—*Henri d'Ideville. Journal d'un Diplomate en Italie. Notes intimes pour servir à l'Histoire du Second Empire. Paris, 1872.*

**I**T was an admired metaphor of Lord Plunkett's, alluding to the Statute of Limitations, that, 'Time comes with his scythe in one hand to mow down the muniments of our rights, but, in his other hand, the lawgiver has placed an hour-glass by which he metes out incessantly those portions of duration which render needless the evidence he has swept away.' It is to be regretted that Time is not similarly empowered to mete out the periods which shall justify the publication of journals, memoirs, and correspondence, more or less partaking of the official character: that there is not a statute of limitations to inform and protect the writers or their representatives; who are absolutely without a guide, except a varying rule of practice or propriety which only meets the extreme cases. No one thought of condemning Lady Jackson for publishing the valuable 'Diaries' of her deceased husband, which we reviewed in April last; and Lord Palmerston's journals, including notes of cabinet discussions, were freely used by his biographer, Lord Dalling. But Mr. Charles Greville's have been discreetly kept back: Sir William Molesworth's were sealed up immediately after his death by his representatives; and when the late Marquis of Normanby announced as forthcoming his book entitled, 'A Year of Revolution, from a Journal kept in Paris in 1848,' experienced diplo-



matists stood aghast at so glaring a departure from precedent and propriety. He had been British ambassador at Paris during this year of revolution; and the chief value of his journal necessarily centred in the most delicate transactions of his embassy. The Foreign Office remonstrated in the strongest terms: a sharp correspondence ensued; and the upshot was that everything gravely compromising, everything which had become known to his Lordship under the sacred seal of official confidence, was left out.

It stands to reason that a discretionary control in such matters should be vested in all governments, but nothing of the kind has been recognised in France since the rude subversion of the dynasty under which the existing race of statesmen and diplomatists have grown up. Ex-ambassadors, ex-ministers, and ex-commanders-in-chief, have been rivalling each other in their revelations; laying despatches, conversations, and secret instructions indiscriminately before the world; exclusively intent on shifting the blame from their own shoulders, and comparatively indifferent whether their imperial master or their colleagues are held responsible for the common downfall and disgrace. There is consequently no occasion for surprise, or much call for censure, when we find a young diplomatist of distinguished ability, at the very commencement of a promising career, emancipating himself from official, professional and (in some respects) social restraint; telling us what he saw or heard in his privileged capacity behind the scenes; how the prominent personages in courts and cabinets looked and talked in their unguarded moments: with what bad faith, dissimulation, mean motives, and coarse language, great affairs may be conducted or mixed up. All this, and a great deal more that is curious and illustrative, may be learned or collected from M. d'Ideville's '*Journal in Italy*;' the extraordinary frankness (not to say indiscretion) of which, far from being excused or palliated, is boldly put forward as its main merit and attraction in an introductory epistle by a distinguished member of the French press:—

'Monsieur,' writes M. Édouard Hervé, 'your *Journal* is about to be published by the excellent publishing firm of Hachette. The favour with which these private notes were received when they appeared by extracts in the "*Journal des Débats*," "*Le Soir*," and the "*Journal de Paris*," will follow them in their new and more complete form. The public are obliged to you for introducing them behind the scenes of the diplomacy of the Second Empire. You do more than awaken a frivolous curiosity. A patriotic interest is attached to your revelations. French diplomacy has not escaped the universal decay of our institutions. You know better than I

Monsieur



Monsieur, that it is now destitute of those high qualities which so long made it one of the most powerful instruments of our influence and our grandeur. Forgetful of its traditions, it has lost even the secret of that fine language which it formerly wrote, and which all the foreign offices of Europe had learnt at its school. The permanent interests of France, of which it was the guardian, have been sacrificed to the caprices of personal power or to the necessities of revolutionary propagandism.

'You have also been personally present at this decline. You have seen, if not the causes—for they mount higher up—at least the effects, for they were beginning to be produced in their full force at the epoch of which you treat. Placed in a secondary post, and, consequently, better fitted to observe impartially than if you had played a leading part, you have been enabled to follow, day by day, since the conclusion of the war of Italy, the march of that short-sighted policy which, in favouring Italian unity and German unity, without demanding material guarantees to our advantage from either Italy or Germany, prepared the crowning disasters of the empire.'

Here, M. Hervé simply expresses the traditional policy of the majority of French statesmen, headed by M. Thiers; who conceives it both the interest and the right of France to have weak states upon her frontier. But in what respect did the Imperial Government deviate from the received doctrine? In going to war for an idea, the emperor had no intention of promoting Italian unity, or he would not have held his hand at Villa Franca; nor of neglecting material guarantees, or he would not have stipulated for Savoy and Nice. If he consolidated German unity, it was not by favouring but by opposing it; and he was never in a condition to exact a material guarantee from Germany. The remarkable circumstance, however, is, not that M. Hervé, from his peculiar point of view, should condemn the foreign policy of the empire, but that, assuming it to have been ruinous, he should encourage and commend a subordinate engaged in carrying it out for exposing it.

After expatiating on the advantages enjoyed by M. d'Ideville in studying the character of Cavour, 'that Italian minister who did so much good to his own country, and so much harm to ours, because we so willed it,' M. Hervé continues:—

'What seducing or merely interesting types you have grouped around this grand figure! Here it is the prince whom you have somewhere termed "the mock Henri IV. of another Sully:" resembling the Béarnais rather in small points than great, and slightly Gascon, it must be owned, although not born on the banks of the Garonne. There it is the woman whose beauty Greece would have deified and reserved as a model for Phidias or Praxiteles: an antique marble misplaced in our profane age. Alongside of her is another woman of whom

whom you could do no more than indicate the strange and complex type: a little of the princess, a little of the *bel esprit*, sometimes *spirituelle* and always adventurous, whom one would not wish the wife of one's worst enemy, and who has been married twice. Further on it is M. Benedetti, the skilful diplomatist, who, you say, would have been without reproach if chance had not made him Italian instead of French: it is M. Ratazzi, one of those second-rate politicians abundantly produced by the Bar, men of words rather than of action, and amongst whom the tone of mind is not always on a level with the intelligence. I say nothing of other types, and among the most curious and the most striking. All this Italian society revives in your book, such as it was ten years since, when your happily indiscreet pen surprised and fixed its features. Your book will take place in the grand inquest that France is at this moment instituting on the causes of her disasters. Wörth and Sedan were budding in the policy, the strings of which you saw at work. Competent writers have revealed the imperfections of our military organization: you initiate us into the weaknesses of our diplomacy.'

We have quoted these spirited passages because no words of ours could convey more pointedly or concisely an accurate impression of the 'Journal,' which, although extending over less than three years, comprises and lays bare some of the most curious and important events in history.

The author was named secretary of embassy to the French legation at Turin, and assumed the active duties of his post at the beginning of September 1859. Italy and France, he states, were still under the emotion of the short and glorious campaign which had pushed back the Austrians behind the Quadrilateral. But the victory of Magenta (June 4) and that of Solferino (June 24) were already forgotten and their impression effaced by the peace of Villa Franca. This peace, it will be remembered, whilst securing the independence of the Milanese, and directly leading to that of Parma, Modena, and Tuscany, threw a dark and menacing, although (as it proved) temporary cloud over the bright dawn of Italian unity, and checked the soaring ambition of Cavour in mid-career. The estimate of it therefore, naturally varied with the locality:—

'The discontent which this prudent and politic measure of the Emperor Napoleon caused in Piedmont strongly resembled ingratitude and I was equally surprised and saddened on arriving at Turin to see the portraits of Orsini and the most violent pamphlets against France ostentatiously displayed in the shop windows of the engraver and booksellers.

'Whilst Turin was still grumbling against too precipitate a peace at Milan, hardly two months since capital of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom.

kingdom, now a free Italian city, received her French liberators with a joy and an enthusiasm of which it is difficult to form a notion.

The chief of the French legation at Turin at this time was the late Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, afterwards French ambassador in England, to whose estimable qualities his quondam secretary bears a high and well-merited tribute. The French army of occupation was commanded by Marshal Vaillant, who with his staff was established at the Villa Bonaparte, the former residence of the viceroy of Italy at Milan. His traditional reputation for soldier-like bluntness may be collected from an anecdote. A lady petitioner, whom he had unceremoniously dismissed, had indignantly left the room, when he called after her: 'Pardon, Madame, mais vous me prenez pour un *sanglier*.'—'Oh, non, Maréchal, pas si sauvage.' After a moment's pause, he said half aloud: 'C'est-à-dire que je suis un *cochon*.' M. d'Ideville, who was the bearer of a delicate communication from the minister to the commander-in-chief whilst much depended on their effective co-operation, was delighted with his reception, and experienced none of the military roughness he had been led to apprehend. The marshal thus gave him the benefit of his observations and reflections:—

"They will only apply to me," were his words, speaking of the Austrians, "so great is their repugnance to considering Lombardy as belonging to Piedmont. It will be so till we have evacuated Italy. I am, moreover, well satisfied with their courtesy and my relations with General Degenfeld. I should say as much of the Lombards and the Piedmontese army, although there exists a shade of jealousy between our allies and us. Our young officers are probably more brilliant, more enterprising, than theirs, and your friends Vogüé, Louvencourt, and so many others, are more petted, more listened to, more favoured, I own, by the Milanese beauties than the new possessors of Lombardy."

This may have been so, but the same story is always told by French writers of the French. Whether captors or captives in the ruder fields of conflict with the male sex, they (by their own shewing) are invariably successful with the fair; and they boast of having, when prisoners in Berlin, revenged Wörth and Sedan by dint of the same personal gifts and accomplishments, which enabled them to improve upon Magenta and Solferino at Milan:—

"However," continues the general, "all goes well: all will have their turn, and our occupation will not be eternal. Note well! the Piedmontese is cold, but energetic, disciplined. Remember what I tell you, my young friend: I have lived half a century in Rome and  
Italy:

Italy : men do not change : I know my Italians and appreciate them at their value. To my mind the Piedmontese will be always the muscles of Italy : without muscles the body is inert : the finest body cannot act."

'The marshal, after showing me his garden, took me to his bed-chamber and pointed to his bed : "In that bed Marshal Radetzki died, but the Emperor, I hope, will not leave me in Italy long enough to die in it."

We have always been given to understand that the Austrians in Italy were insulting as well as oppressive : that they treated the Italians as an inferior race ; and circumstances have come to our knowledge which go far to substantiate the charge. For example, in 1857, an English family of distinction were travelling by the railway between Milan and Verona, when, in the middle of the night, they were summoned to vacate their carriage for the accommodation of an Austrian general and his suite. On making known their nationality, they were permitted to remain ; and an Italian party in the next carriage were turned out. But M. d'Ideville, who heard both sides, says that, although the Milanese made it a point of honour to treat the Austrians as the Germans are now treated by the French, that is, to shun their society and hold no sort of friendly intercourse with them, 'still to be just, these oppressors were the gentlest and the best tyrants. Their only crime, and it was one, was to wear the white uniform and to speak the German language.' In illustration of the honest and enlightened character of their administration, reproduces a statement made in his presence, by Cavonius, the Baron de Talleyrand, who succeeded the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne as head of the French Legation :—

'Do you know who, during the Austrian occupation, was our terrible enemy in Lombardy ? the one whom I dreaded most, and steps of whose progress I counted day by day with dismay ? it was the Archduke Maximilian, the last viceroy of the Lombard-Venetian kingdom. He was young, active, enterprising. I devoted myself heart and soul to the difficult task of reconciling the Milanese ; and assuredly he would have succeeded. Already his severance, his kindly bearing, his just and liberal mind, had won the numerous partisans away from us. At no time had the Lombard provinces been so prosperous, so well administered. I began to be alarmed ; but, thank Heaven, the kind Government of Vienna, and, as is its wont, seized, without hesitating, the opportunity to commit a blunder, an impolitic act, at once the most fatal and the most salutary for Piedmont. The wise reforms of the Archduke had given umbrage to the old party of the "Gazette de l'Empire" and the Emperor Francis Joseph, well-advised for once, recalled his brother Maximilian from Milan. I breathed freely on the new news : nothing was lost : Lombardy could not escape us now.

has been said of Austria that she is always a year, an army, an idea, behindhand. In this instance it was the idea. But reconciliation of a conquered community, an alien population, with the conquerors by dint of good government, is an event almost unprecedented in history. It may come to pass by the gradual ending of races, but not until the sharp line of demarcation, drawn by habits, manners, and language, has been worn away. It took two centuries to mould the Normans and Saxons into the English nation; and the hourly swelling cry of Home Rule has all the thanks we get for letting Ireland have her own way without her own way of having it.

The peace of Villa Franca led to the immediate resignation of Cavour, who was content to bide his time; convinced that the ball he had set rolling could not be stopped halfway down the acclivity; and the Emperor Napoleon soon came perforce to the same conclusion. In open defiance of his known wishes, the minor sovereignties were practically annexed; and the sole remaining hope of preventing the complete failure of his policy in the eyes of French statesmen was to surrender the barren boast of having made war for an idea and exact a solid compensation for his services.

Each receding step of the Emperor of the French and each advance of the King of Italy at this crisis are keenly watched and noted by the French secretary. The Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, whose personal views were opposed to those of Cavour, was recalled, and received his audience to take leave on December 13, 1859:—

‘I accompanied my minister, and, according to custom, waited with the aides-de-camp, in the adjoining *salon*. Towards the end of the audience, M. de la Tour d'Auvergne, who had forewarned me, half opened the door, and made me a sign to enter. The *salon* in which I was introduced was very simply decorated: the only ornaments were some portraits, full-length, of princes and princesses of the house of Savoy: amongst them were cardinals, bishops, saints. The King, in uniform, was standing near a window. He held out his hand to me when I approached with an obeisance, and asked if I was passing my time agreeably at Turin, “a place of residence that you must find very melancholy on arriving from Paris.” After some commonplace questions, the King resumed his conversation with the Prince. The future King of Italy seemed in remarkably good humour on that day. It was the first time I approached a crowned head, and I confess that the emotion which came over me on passing the threshold of the door was speedily dissipated. His Sardinian Majesty expressed to the Prince the lively regret he felt at his departure, and asked several particulars relating to his successor, the Baron de Talleyrand-Périgord. Finally,



Finally, as the Prince was about to take his leave, the King eagerly seized both his hands:—

“Now, my dear Prince, when are we to meet again? You are going to Berlin: I remain here, where I have still so many things to do.”

“Great and good things, assuredly, Sire,” said the Prince.”

“Doubtless,” said the King, “but, happen what may, my dear Minister, I should not like you to leave me under bad impressions. I am sure that you, too, take me for one of the impious, for an unbeliever, as they are pleased to say. You are wrong. I am not a bad Christian. If I have kings among my ancestors, I count saints also in my family. Hold! look around!”—and Victor Emmanuel pointed with animation to the portraits that tapestried the walls. “Well, do you suppose that there, on high, all these saints which belong to me have any other occupation than to pray for me? Then be at ease,” added he, as if wishing to reply to a question which the ambassador refrained from putting, but to which the conversation naturally led: “if ever, some day or other, the question about going to Rome should arise, it is to Humbert alone, I swear, that I would leave the task. For nothing in the world would I set foot in Rome. I respect Pope Pius IX., and I know that at the bottom of his heart he loves me much—even me, doubt it not. Besides, what can I wish for more? Have I not done enough for Italy?”

M. d'Ideville adds that these words, which he reports literally, were repeated by the King several times, and to other persons besides the French minister. Nor was his Majesty far wrong in supposing that the Pope had a weakness for him, and was disposed to regard him in the light of an unwilling instrument in the spoliation of the Holy See. His Holiness stated as much at a later period to M. d'Ideville at Rome: ‘It is not the King with whom I am most angry: he is not ill-disposed; he is weak, vainglorious: I pity him, and I cannot forget that all his belongings have loved this Church: so I hope he will some day or other be mindful of her.’ Nor was his Majesty fairly chargeable with dissimulation or hypocrisy when he prided himself on his traditional Christianity, and vowed that no consideration should induce him to set foot in Rome. He meant what he said: he was fully capable of resisting temptation at a distance or in the abstract; and he was swayed by circumstances as they arose. His frank, open character suggests a defence which could hardly be made for the Emperor Charles V., who, when the Pope was made prisoner by his troops at the sack of Rome, ‘appointed prayers and processions throughout all Spain for the recovery of the Pope’s liberty, which, by an order to his generals, he could immediately have granted him.’\* M. d'Ideville adds in

\* Robertson’s ‘Reign of the Emperor Charles V.’



e: 'The King has continued devout: like all the princes of  
ouse of Savoy, he had strongly marked religious feelings in  
nfancy and his youth. Up to the present time (1872) he  
performed his religious duties every year regularly at Turin.  
rumoured in Italy that, if he does not fear God as he ought  
ur Him, he has great fear of the devil.'

ie Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne is described as surrendering  
talian mission without regret, and two incidents, warranted  
ntic, are set down as tending to disgust him with the post.  
day, whilst Cavour was still president of the council, the  
ce received from Count Walewski (then secretary for  
gn affairs) a despatch to be read and communicated to  
ur. This time there was no mistaking the intentions of the  
of the Tuileries. In clear and precise language, referring  
e troubles and agitation fomented by the Sardinian cabinet  
ie duchies and Central Italy, the French government  
red, without circumvention or qualification, to that of Turin  
ny attempt at annexation would be considered a breach of  
eaties: in a word, that it was at his own risk and peril, and  
ntempt of French counsels, that the King was throwing  
elf at haphazard into enterprises which might prove fatal to  
n the end. This despatch fell in exactly with the Prince's  
of thinking, and he gladly hurried with it to Cavour.  
dear Count,' he began, 'I have a disagreeable duty to per-  
; but my government, as I have frequently given you to  
stand, energetically disapproves your attitude, and this is  
Count Walewski requests me to communicate.' Cavour,  
ead buried in his hands, listened, without interrupting, to  
espatch from the French Foreign Office; then, when the  
h minister had finished, he replied with an affected air  
nfusion, 'Alas! you are right, my dear Prince; what M.  
wski writes to you is not, I must own, in a tone to encourage  
opes: we are roundly taken to task: but what would  
ay if, in my turn, I read to you! what this time comes to  
irectly from the Tuileries, and from a certain personage  
ur acquaintance?' At the same time he drew from his  
et, with a knowing air, a letter, bearing the same date as the  
tch, in which M. Mocquard confidentially assured him, on  
art of the Emperor, that the projects of annexation were  
rably viewed, and that he need not trouble himself about  
omplications that might result. The Prince folded up his  
tch, and was bowed out with a smile of triumph by the  
t.

e compact between the French emperor and Cavour was  
y understood on both sides to be of an elastic character,  
subject

subject to modification from events, and there may have been moments when either of the contracting parties might have wavered or been disposed to draw back without incurring a suspicion of bad faith. In one of these, the Emperor, inspired (it is suggested) by the Empress, wrote the King of Piedmont a letter in which he attempted to retreat from the most compromising of his engagements. The King's indignation after receiving it was such that he lost all power of self-control, and taking the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne into a side-room during a state ball, he apostrophized him in the rudest language, seasoned with phrases personally insulting to the Emperor: 'What, after all, is this fellow, this —? The last arrival among the sovereigns of Europe, an intruder amongst us. Let him remember who he, he, is, and what I, I am! —the chief of the first and most ancient race reigning in Europe.' The unlucky minister listened to this unbecoming burst with perfect coolness, and simply said when it was spent, 'Sire, would your Majesty graciously permit me not to have heard a syllable of the words you have just uttered.' The King abruptly broke up the interview; but in the course of the evening, he rejoined the French minister, and, tapping him familiarly on the shoulder, whispered in his ear, 'It is not indispensable, my dear Prince, is it, to report to Paris our conversation of this evening? Besides, did you not, you yourself, tell me that you had heard nothing?'

No French statesman or diplomatist will ever see anything wrong in a transaction by which France acquires territory, or anything right in one by which it is taken for her. Glossing over the treaty or family compact of Plombières, M. d'Ideville says that the first overtures on the subject of Nice and Savoy were made to the Piedmontese government whilst the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne was still at Turin.

'The Emperor, with his usual reticence, had hitherto not pronounced a word which could foreshadow his intentions; but no one entertained a doubt at Paris or Turin that the intervention must have another result besides giving Lombardy to the King of Piedmont. Moreover, the pretensions of the French government were perfectly legitimate. To say nothing of the moral ties that time immemorial had attached Nice and Savoy to France, or of their community of manners and interests, it was impossible to suppose that the Emperor could have consented to lend himself to the aggrandisement of a neighbouring State, without securing for himself a territorial compensation which was, roundly speaking, a trifle in comparison of the sudden aggrandisement of the house of Savoy.'

This argument breaks down at once unless it can be contended that the house of Savoy, by dint of its new acquisitions,  
was

likely to become formidable to France; and as for moral  
could any be stronger than those which bound the royal  
of Savoy to the hereditary domains, the cradle rich in  
on, rich in historical association, of their house? The  
t was fully discussed in a former number (July, 1861),  
e adhere to the conclusion at which we arrived then,  
whatever might be said for Victor Emmanuel and his  
er, the conduct of France was indefensible. She com-  
sed something more than her reputation for disinterested-  
She compromised her reputation for good faith, and  
oned a doctrine which was speedily to be turned against  
f.

o bargain for the cession of Savoy and Nice was kept  
till the war was over, and the moral support of Eng-  
ad become immaterial. When, after repeated evasions  
enials, it was brought to light, it came upon the English  
s of Italian independence like a thunderclap; and no one  
more surprised or irritated than Lord Palmerston, the  
est supporter of the cause. He never forgave the ex-  
or for what he deemed the slight and deceit put upon  
and thenceforth, to his dying day, regarded his imperial  
with suspicion and distrust; which would hardly have  
essened had he lived to hear of the Benedetti negotiations  
lin. Nor did the mischief stop here. This doctrine of  
rial compensation, of rounding frontiers, of annexing  
lled) homogeneous provinces or communities, will always  
ned to account by the strongest; and the strongest for the  
eing should remember that they may become the weakest—

‘Turno tempus erit, magni cum optaverit emptum  
Intactum Pallanta, et cum spolia ista diemque  
Oderit.’

oy and Nice were freshly remembered when Alsace  
eclaimed by Germany, and the warmest sympathizers with  
e could not deny that she was treated no worse than she  
to treat her adversary had she been able to fulfil the threat  
tating conditions at Berlin.

was at Milan, where the French legation were in attend-  
on the court, that, returning to his hotel about two in the  
ing from a ball given to the King by the notables and mer-  
s, M. de Talleyrand received a pressing telegram from  
with an order to communicate it immediately to Cavour.  
nounced the order of departure given to the French army of  
ation, and desired the French minister to resume without  
elay of an hour the negotiations on the subject of Savoy and

Nice.

Nice. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, M. de Talleyrand got into his carriage and drove to the palace where the president of the council was lodged :

‘The King was alighting from his carriage with his minister when we drove into the court; and M. de Cavour, learning that the French minister, whom he had left half an hour before, desired an audience, received him on the instant.

‘M. de Talleyrand requested the Count’s permission for me to be present at the interview, and without more ado communicated the despatch. M. de Cavour appeared a little surprised at the (according to him) premature order of evacuation, which, he remarked, in being useful to Italy, must cause a real satisfaction at Vienna. “If the English,” he added, with a laugh, “had occupied Genoa on the same conditions on which you occupy Milan and Lombardy, do you believe that they would have been in such a hurry as you to abandon Italy? At all events, it was foreseen: all is for the best, and we shall accept this decision of the Emperor with more pleasure than the second part of your despatch. So he holds firmly to Savoy and this unhappy city of Nice?”

‘M. de Talleyrand hastened to reply that France and the Emperor considered the thing as done, and did not expect, on his part, to have any discussion on this subject with the Sardinian cabinet, except on the most advantageous mode for both governments of terminating the negotiation. Although in the different interviews of the Emperor with Cavour at Plombières and elsewhere, this important clause, express condition of our intervention in Italy, had always been reserved, the minister of Victor Emmanuel, once in possession of Lombardy, would certainly not have been the first to recall his promises.’

As M. de Talleyrand had acted up to the full spirit of his instructions, and carried them out with ability and tact, some surprise was excited by the arrival, two days before the signature of the Treaty of Cession at Turin, of M. Benedetti from the French Foreign Office in the capacity of second plenipotentiary. M. d’Ideville maintains that this appointment came too late for any useful purpose, and attributes it to an ungenerous desire on the part of M. Benedetti to share the honour of acquiring two provinces for France. According to him, the susceptibility of Baron de Talleyrand was wounded to such an extent that he had serious thoughts of throwing up his mission and demanding to be placed upon the retired list. We have authority for stating that M. d’Ideville wrote under a mistaken impression upon this subject. M. de Talleyrand entertained no thoughts of the kind; and the arrival of M. Benedetti did, in fact, accelerate the execution of the treaty. It was formally executed on the 24th of March at three o’clock in the afternoon. M. d’Ideville prints the precise hour in italics—

‘M. de

M. de Talleyrand had brought me with him to read the secret memorandum and the minute of the treaty destined for the Sardinian Government, whilst M. Artom, the Secretary of the Count de Cavour, showed me on the instrument destined for France. The other plenipotentiaries, MM. de Talleyrand, Benedetti and Farini, were seated in the little green cabinet at the angle of the palace, habitually occupied by M. de Cavour. He was walking up and down with his hands in his pockets, and his head bent down. Never had I seen him so preoccupied, so silent: his unalterable gaiety, his proverbial air of *bonhomie*, had abandoned him. In this solemn moment, when the stroke of a pen was about to take from his master two provinces, of which one was the cradle of the House of Savoy, the self-concentration, and even the sadness, of the great Minister will be fully understood.

After the reading of the treaty and the memorandum, the Count de Cavour took a pen and signed the two instruments with a firm hand. Immediately afterwards his physiognomy grew calm, and the habitual smile returned to his lips. He drew near to M. de Talleyrand, washing his hands, a gesture familiar to him, and said in a low tone, "Now we are accomplices, is it not so, Baron?"

Here is a scene for an historical painter; but one of first-rate genius would be needed to throw into Cavour's face the complicated expression which must have accompanied the concluding words: words of the deepest signification, betraying the grasping and far-sighted character of his policy. It was not to fulfil an engagement, nor to keep what he had already got, that he signed away Savoy and Nice upon this day, but to secure the complicity of France in those meditated annexations and growing schemes of aggrandisement, which were to know nor stop nor stay—

'On Gaeta's walls till Piedmont's banners fly  
And all be mine beneath th' Italian sky.'

Lord Palmerston was no believer in Italian unity. He thought that the attempt to unite the Two Sicilies under the same monarchy with the Northern and Central States, would prove as vain as the abortive experiment of moulding Holland and Belgium into one. He had declared as much in the British Parliament: he had termed the French expedition in aid of Victor Emmanuel 'a noble enterprise,' under the belief that it was a disinterested one; and he was consequently left studiously in the dark till the confederates could venture to throw off the mask:—

'Never was negotiation kept more secret, for the very day of the signature of the treaty, the presence of M. Benedetti was not generally known at Turin. The Count de Cavour, it is true, was greatly interested in keeping the facts secret as long as possible. A few days before



before Sir James Hudson had extorted from him the direct positive promise to oppose a categorical refusal to our pretensions to the county of Nice.

The Count Brassier de Saint Simon, Minister of Prussia, and the Count de Stackelberg, Minister of Russia, happening to be at the club on the evening of the 24th, inquired of M. de Rayneval and me if it was true that the treaty was to be signed on the 30th, and that a second plenipotentiary had been named for the occasion: they had nothing in their minds beyond the cession of Savoy. It was very recently that the journals had begun to speak of the annexation of Nice; and up to the last moment, M. de Cavour had hoped that the Emperor would abandon his pretensions put forward recently enough, and would attach some weight to the protestations of the English Cabinet, and above all to the embarrassments that might result to Piedmont, from what they called too great a subserviency to France.\*

Two days before the signature of the treaty, the Marchese d'Azeglio, then accredited minister from the King of Sardinia to the British court, was at Turin and had an audience with Cavour, whose parting words were: *Se potessimo almeno salvare Nizza!* ('If we could at least save Nice').

We really believe that the exigencies of the Emperor's domestic position at this time did not allow him to be generous, had he been so minded: he was obliged to act up to the traditional policy of France, which was never famous for disinterestedness and, with reference to this very transaction, was pointedly defined by a repartee. At one of Lady Palmerston's soirées, a French attaché, on his way to the refreshment room, said to Lord Houghton, '*Je vais prendre quelque chose.*' '*Vous avez raison,*' was the reply; '*c'est l'habitude de votre pays.*'\*

M. d'Ideville's revelations are not confined to political even or political personages in their public relations. He describes and analyses the Society of Turin and Milan; treats us of lifelike scenes and pictures drawn from it; and takes us along with him into the inmost recesses of confidential intimacy with men and women who are, or have been, its

\* The circumstances which led to the cession of Nice and Savoy are still involved in obscurity. The meeting between the French Emperor and Cavour at Plombières took place in the autumn of 1858; and down to February, 1860, Cavour persevered in stating that the king was under no engagement to 'cede, exchange, or sell' Savoy and Nice to France. At a prior period, in reply to inquiries from the Derby Government (acting on private information supplied by Mr. Kinglake), the Sardinian Cabinet had positively denied the existence of any 'treaty' to that effect. In July, 1859, Count Walewski formally assured Lord Cowley that the Emperor had abandoned all idea of annexing Savoy. The plausible solution is that there was no treaty, but a family compact including an agreement for the cession contingent on events. The project was anything but new; and when M. d'Ideville speaks of the negotiation being kept secret, he must mean merely the negotiation for the formal execution of the final and decisive act.



ornament and its pride. Conspicuous, pre-eminent, resplendent among these is the Countess de Castiglione, who, if not exactly deified as she would have been in Greece, was pronounced in the leading capitals of Europe, with hardly a dissenting voice, the most beautiful woman of her time. Her face and figure, which seemed moulded after the finest models of the antique, were equally faultless. She completely realised the ideal of the poet:

‘There’s a beauty for ever unchangingly bright,  
Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer day’s light;  
Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,  
Till love falls asleep in its sameness of splendour.’

When M. d’Ideville made her acquaintance, she was living in a retired villa, the Villa Gloria, with her son, a boy of four or five, separated from her husband and secluded from the world. It was (he says) by an exceptional act of favour, only (and very rarely) accorded to his countrymen, that he was admitted to the shrine. He returned to Turin after the first visit with his equanimity undisturbed: ‘the strange beauty of the woman, the perfect harmony of her form and features, seize and surprise, but admiration excludes every other sentiment.’

He returned five or six times to the villa, and the impression remained substantially the same:—

‘I was, however, much less severe than those who spoke of her: “Vacant-minded, profoundly egotistical, solely occupied with her beauty, haughty, impertinent, capricious, she envelopes the whole world in an immense contempt; incapable of feeling an affection, and, strange to say, incapable of inspiring a true love—a serious passion.” “She is too beautiful!” exclaimed the women; “and happily she is no more than beautiful.” I listened in silence to these generous estimates: at first they appeared just; at the same time they did not entirely satisfy me.’

She is an enigma that puzzles him, from which he cannot withdraw his thoughts. The voluntary exile to which she had condemned herself—this woman, whose appearance at Paris and London had never failed to create a sensation, had almost the importance of an event; her solitary life, her mysterious habits, her absolute indifference for what was passing in the world, kept his curiosity constantly on the strain. He cannot admit the possibility of her being unintellectual:

‘To bear up against so complete a solitude, to support the horrible existence that she leads, she must infallibly be quite different from what she is supposed: she must have resources in herself unknown to the vulgar, a really superior intelligence, an extraordinary mind, unique,

unique, in fact, as her form. What is there in the depths of this heart, of which many deny the existence? It is impossible that a creature so wonderfully beautiful should be deprived of that vivifying breath by which even ugliness is illumined and transfigured.'

He had given up all attempt at solution in despair, and the interest was beginning to flag, when, in a moment of *ennui*, he strolled to the villa by himself. He is admitted, and finds himself, for the first time, alone with the recluse. Then the veil of reserve was lifted, the statue became animated, and flashes of thought, which electrify him, escaped from the chiselled lips. He went away, troubled and pensive, to return very shortly for another *tête-à-tête*, which lasted two hours and was the prelude to many more:

'I insensibly accustomed myself to take the road to the villa, and each time I returned charmed. She became confiding, expansive; who would have thought it? I soon learned a part of her life, and I saw she was happy in having found a confidant. We made long boating expeditions (on the Po) together; every day I learned to know her better, and she revealed herself with a charming *naïveté*. Now, I judge her without enthusiasm, without passion; and I believe myself to be one of the very few who know her value. . . . She is far from being, as people have dared to say, an incomplete creature. The soul is truly worthy of the body: the harmony is perfect; and it is, unhappily, the consciousness of her strength, that renders her so proud, and causes her to envelope all humankind in an immense disdain. It is not her beauty of which she is most vain; it is the elevation of her character and her thoughts. She believes herself placed above others. "Scarcely have I traversed life, and already my part is played out," were her words. . . . "I have been misplaced always and everywhere," she continued; "I am not at ease and thoroughly myself except with those who are superior to me, or amongst simple people. Did you observe how my old boatmen adore me? Those only who have divined me, love me. I was thought haughty with my equals, with those at least whom the laws of society compelled me to treat as such. Tell me, can I be otherwise? I have made sincere, sincere efforts to soften my pride; I have not succeeded; for, in my own despite, the society of most men and women that you call distinguished and intelligent, causes me a lassitude, a disgust, which resembles, I own, a sovereign contempt sufficiently to be mistaken in it. This is why I always find myself displaced; and I fairly own to you I find myself so far above others that I prefer living on my hill sometimes tranquil, always independent, and above all sheltered from those *banal* ties which I hate. Is not this the sole mode of escape from everything which is stupid, vulgar, ugly, and false—from all, in a word, which is antagonistic to me?"

As a true friend and dispassionate admirer he should have told her it was not. He should have pressed her to sus-

the habitual indulgence of solitary self-worship for an interval, and try the effect of a little honest self-examination, or of intellectual intercourse with minds of the higher order busied with other topics than her charms. But he was too fascinated to play the Mentor: he does not even see that the pleasure she took in telling him her story and detailing her impressions, in making him (as he says) her confidant, was, at best, a symptom of the mental and moral disease that, by her own shewing, was at its height. Completely under the spell of the enchantress, he is in the mood for idealizing her very caprices or her faults; and on the eve of his departure from Turin he shews her all the passages of his Journal (including those we have quoted) relating to her:—

'She read the preceding pages with interest. On returning my note-book, she said, "You will see what I have added." It ran thus: "Il Padre eterno non sapeva cosa si faceva quel giorno che la messa al mondo; ha impastato tanto e tanto, e quando l'ha avuto fatto, ha perso la testa vedendo la sua maravigliosa opera, e l'ha lasciata lì, in un canto, senza metterla a posto. In tanto, l'hanno chiamato da un'altra parte, e quando è tornato l'ha trovata, fuori di posto."\*

'For whoever has known her, this strange notion of herself, which she expresses with such adorable *naïveté*, has I know not what of ingenuous and startling, that disarms all criticism.'

Such a character in a work of fiction would be deemed overdrawn, and when we find it in actual life, we are irresistibly attracted to the consideration of it, and anxious to know how it was formed, as well as to what extent it has been modified with advancing years. She was the daughter of a Florentine nobleman, the Marquis Oldoini, and born in Florence in 1840. M. d'Ideville errs in stating that she lost her mother in infancy, although she seems to have been emancipated from maternal control at an unusually early age:—

'She became the idol of Florence, that strange city, where, in the olden time, pleasure and folly were much more sovereign than the Grand Duke. At thirteen—this is authentic—Mademoiselle Virginie Oldoini had for her individual self her box at the Pergola, and her carriage at the Cascine. A crowd of passionate admirers surrounded her; all her caprices were orders; and the little Marchesa, almost a child, already excited the jealousy and the hatred of her most courted contemporaries. Must we be very severe upon her, when we think of this sad education, of this precocious childhood, passed in the

\* 'The Father Eternal did not know what he was creating when he brought her into the world: he kneaded again and again, and when he had finished, he lost his head on seeing his wonderful work, and left her there, in a corner, without placing her. In the mean time, he was summoned elsewhere, and, when he returned, he found her out of place.'

midst of the vanities and flatteries of the most frivolous society in Europe.'

She married at fifteen a man of twenty-two, the Count Castiglione; and she gave M. d'Ideville the following brief dialogue as a specimen of the interchange of feelings and sentiments which preceded their union:

"But I entreat you, my dear Count, cease to demand my hand. I have no affection for you, no sympathy. I feel that you will always be for me the most indifferent of men." "What matters it?" was his reply; "you will never love me, be it so. But I shall have the pride of possessing the most beautiful woman of my time."

They lived (she added) a life of luxury and extravagance for some years; when, his fortune becoming dilapidated and the incompatibility remaining as fixed as ever, a separation was arranged, and she retired to the villa in which she was fortunately discovered and converted into one of the most sparkling gems of his journal by the diplomatist. We do not question his good faith, but from what we know from other sources of this far-famed beauty, we cannot help suspecting that she amused herself by mystifying him. Certain is it that her seclusion was temporary and occasional; that she never withdrew, or pretended to withdraw, from society; that her ordinary residence was at Passy, near Paris, till 1868; that she has continued taking a marked interest in politics; and that those who know her best fully acquit her of the fatuity of supposing in right earnest, at any time, that there was nothing worthy to engage her attention or hold communion with her upon earth.

The Countess de Castiglione is not the only female celebrity who took M. d'Ideville into her confidence, with the obvious view of making him her medium of communication with the world. On the 31st August, 1861, at four o'clock in the afternoon, he received a note from Madame de Solms—arrived very morning at Turin—requesting him to call on her at night. Madame de Solms, afterwards Madame Ratazzi, née Bonaparte Wyse, is the granddaughter of Lucien Bonaparte, and secretary of embassy of course treats her as a princess, repairs to her hotel at the appointed time, and finds her in *déshabillé coquet, mais toujours aussi négligée que d'habitude*. A friend informing him of her reconciliation with her cousin the Emperor, she is coquettishly calling him to account for neglecting one of her friends, when there is a knock at the door, and enter Count Cibrario, Grand-Chancellor of the orders of St. Maurice and St. Lazare, a man of letters and ex-minister, between sixty and seventy years of age, enjoying the repute of an ardent devotee of

of beauty, letters, and philosophy. His disappointment at not finding the lady alone is painted in his face, and he has scarcely time to recover his equanimity, when the door opens again, to admit the celebrated deputy, orator, and poet, Brofferio. This was too much for the unlucky Grand-Chancellor, who wished himself anywhere else. It was bad enough to find a Secretary of the French Legation with the lady; but to tumble upon Brofferio, the mischievous wit, the fiery deputy of the Left, was a more serious matter. After undergoing a series of pleasantries upon the fortunate accident which had brought them together, he was beginning to breathe more freely as the last comer rose to take leave, when a light and discreet tap at the door of the room announced a fresh visitor:—

‘The lady did not hear it. “Come in,” cried Brofferio with his powerful voice; and through the half-opened door we saw timidly advancing the alight person of the President Ratazzi. I have never seen a fox-like physiognomy more downcast than that of the new visitor at the sight of the three guests of Madame de Solms. Indeed it was difficult to find three individuals who were less sympathetic to him, or whose presence was more embarrassing. Instead of the *tête-à-tête* he had fondly anticipated when ascending the staircase of the hotel, he fell into the middle of an animated conversation, and saw clearly from Brofferio’s smile and mine that his feelings were betrayed by his face.’

Cibrario fled the field: but Brofferio, from mere love of mischief and fun, immediately laid down the hat which he had taken up to depart, saying, ‘I cannot do my president the injustice or the pleasure of going away on his coming in, and with your permission, Countess, I will stay a few minutes longer. It is so long since M. Ratazzi and I have conversed together, otherwise than from the tribune to the bench, and Heaven knows my president never addresses a word to me except to call me to order. With you, dear madame, we are on a footing of equality, and on neutral ground: is it not true, M. le Président?’

The President did his best to reply in the same tone, and the conversation was sustained with tolerable spirit till Brofferio went away, and M. d’Ideville was about to follow him, when the lady gave him an imperative sign to stay and save her from the meditated *tête-à-tête*. Why she shunned it, does not appear; and may, with no lack of charity, be attributed to caprice when we find how rapidly she changed her feelings or her tone:—

‘It was to Turin that M. de Solms came to die—that fabulous personage whose existence was denied by many. He came by order: the poor man arrived in most pitiable case, but had the wit to quit this world after passing some weeks under the same roof with his  
wife,



wife, in order, probably, that his decease might be duly certified, and that no doubt might exist as to the rupture of the purely social tie which bound him to the princess, nor as to the complete liberty of the young widow. Strange proceeding! which the French law would not have tolerated; the marriage between Madame de Solms and M. Ratazzi took place at Turin, fifteen days after the decease of her first husband.'

Prior to her second marriage, this princess of the Bonaparte stock was good enough to sketch her own character, in a studied epistle, for the edification of M. d'Ideville and (through his willing and authorised instrumentality) the edification of all others who may care to study it:—

'I am not so difficult to know as you imagine. I have a great deal of heart and a sufficiency of mind (*esprit*), a very bad head, and a great awkwardness in all things. I am frank, especially because it would weary me to take the trouble of being hypocritical, loyal through pride, firm in my conduct and my friendships through egotism. I am good-natured, because, up to a certain point, it is a grace in a woman, and I make a point of remaining woman, in spite of my blue stockings, as much as possible: I am not inoffensive, for it would be a deceit, and I am not religious enough to pardon, not even to forget injuries. To sum up all, I have great qualities and great defects; I believe, however, that, modesty apart, the former outweigh the latter. I reckon among my good qualities the firm resolve not to be and, above all, not to appear perfect. I have no good sense at all, but I have a very sure *caractère*. I have no pretension: I am consequently unable to endure affectation in others. To have done with my autobiography, I am the best friend that could be found: an honest woman, but an impossible wife that (M. Hervey's phrase) I would not wish to my worst enemy: you see that I am sincere.'

Why does so clever a woman paint herself in this fashion? Because she thinks she can afford to do so. Because she expects to leave a favourable impression upon the whole. Because she would rather leave an unfavourable impression than none. Because, like the Countess de Castiglione, she knows herself a pleasanter subject of analysis and speculation than herself. Rochefoucauld explains why two lovers are never tired of talking to one another by the fact that they are always talking of themselves. The female rage for confidential communication and self-delineation may almost always be resolved into the same principle.

The private lives of royal personages belong to history, and the Duchess of Genoa was too tempting a subject to be omitted. A princess of Saxony by birth, she was married to the Duke of Genoa, the king's brother, who died in 1855. The marriage



not esteemed a happy one, and shortly after his death, she secretly and suddenly married M. Rapallo, a lieutenant in the army, of mean birth, who had belonged to the staff of her first husband, the late duke of Savoy. 'How came it to pass that this proud woman, who had never been suspected of irregularity, was hurried into the court of Turin by the scandal of a secret union and a marriage a *mésalliance*?' The dramatic and mysterious stories were whispered about are dismissed by M. d'Ideville as void of foundation, with the exception of one, equally apocryphal, which attributes the event to a fit of vexation and pique, to a morose anger resulting from disappointed ambition. 'She dreamed, it was said, and there was nothing extravagant in the dream, of becoming queen of Sardinia. She was handsome, insinuating: the King, her brother-in-law, was already married. But at the first advances of the princess, and from the moment when she had declared the conditions on which she would accept the royal attentions, he drew off in terror. At a particular epoch, the thought of such a union was tinged with a sadness and fatality which frightened the superstitious monarch.'

Not long since, this same palace of Turin, within the space of a few days, had opened its gates to give passage to three coffins of the royal family; the Queen, the Duke of Genoa, and the Dowager. Although still in love with his sister-in-law, the King came to an explanation with her: on its conclusion it remained to the Duchess no hope of mounting the throne of Sardinia. Disappointed in her projects, maddened by resentment and eager for revenge, she was bent on humiliating the sovereign and exasperating the lover at any price. To attain her end, she did not hesitate to sacrifice herself. She was secretly married to Rapallo at night in a chateau some leagues from Turin; and, as soon as the ceremony was over, she had it to be made known to the King. His anger knew no bounds: in the first burst of passion he resolved on banishing the brother's widow from his realm, take away her children, and order her to bear the title of Duchess of Genoa, and send her into disgrace to her father, the King of Saxony. But he was held down by degrees: the representatives of Saxony at Paris interposed, and she was simply forbidden to abide in Piedmontese town; the villa of Belgirate on the Lago Maggiore being assigned to her for a residence. Rapallo received the title of Marquis, and became the *chevalier d'honneur* in waiting of the Duchess. This, adds M. d'Ideville, was the sole function that he ever fulfilled at Belgirate.

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Her exile was brief. The female nobility of the newly annexed states, Milan, Parma, Modena, and Florence, claimed the privilege of presentation, and there was no royal duty or prerogative for which the King felt more thoroughly disqualified or disinclined than that of holding a levée or a drawing-room. The Duchess was recalled to do the honours of the court, with a suite comprising two ladies-in-waiting. Their husbands bore the same title as the Marquis Rapallo, who was named chamberlain, and regularly took his stand in the antechamber to introduce the personages officially presented to his wife.

The amorous complexion of Victor Emmanuel is well known. He had this in common with Henry IV., as well as chivalrous bravery and a minister who, rivalling Sully in faithful service, far surpassed him in statesmanship. Nor do we altogether agree with M. d'Ideville, that the parallel cannot be fairly carried further, or that the boundless popularity of the King in his hereditary dominions is altogether owing to the monarchical sentiment of the people. 'There he is beloved and popular, as was formerly amongst us our Henry IV., whose head and heart he is far from having. Events and, above all, the genius of his First Minister have elevated him to the position he occupies in Italy and in Europe. If ever his name is great in history, his unique merit, his sole glory, will have been to have let Italy work out her own destiny' (*d'avoir laissé se faire l'Italie*).

If this be true of Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, it is equally true of Frederick William, Emperor of Germany; and it would be paradoxical to maintain that the startling changes which the map of Europe has undergone within the last twelve years have not been prodigiously accelerated by two master-spirits—by Bismarck and Cavour. But it is surely something to appreciate such men, to sympathize with them in their loftiest aspirations, to head armies at their bidding, to play for a throne or an empire in reliance on their calculation of chances or their foreknowledge of coming events! Did either of these do more than prepare the way for the bursts of feeling and opinion which electrified Italy and Germany by turns, and merged the local jealousies of centuries in the swelling far-resounding cries of unity and nationality? With regard to Cavour, M. d'Ideville clearly states that the rapidity of the popular movement after Villa Franca took him by surprise, and that he was a reluctant or passive instrument in the combinations which, by gaining Naples, most contributed to the preposition of his King.

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'The audacious attempt succeeded, thanks to the valour and prestige of Garibaldi, powerfully aided by Neapolitan treason. Naples gave herself to Garibaldi, and Garibaldi made a present of his conquest to the King. But to whoever has followed events closely from Turin, it is evident that, far from providing and organizing the invasion of the Two Sicilies, Cavour did all he could, at least at the beginning, to oppose it. It was only when he understood that it was impossible for him to stop the enterprise, carried away as he was by the action of the Garibaldi party, that he held aloof; tolerating all, and ready to profit as he did by a conquest which, with good reason, he deemed dangerous and premature.'

Immediately on hearing of Garibaldi's landing in Sicily, the French minister, Baron Talleyrand, was directed to present a note to the Cabinet of Turin, in which the Imperial Government, complaining bitterly of this fresh violation of the law of nations, stated that it was not the dupe of the understanding existing between the Sardinian Cabinet and Garibaldi. After a frank explanation with Cavour, M. de Talleyrand requested to see the King, and speedily convinced himself that his Majesty was much less satisfied with the attempt of the hero than was supposed. '*Mon Dieu,*' he exclaimed to M. de Talleyrand, 'it would no doubt be a great misfortune; but if the Neapolitan cruisers were to hang my poor Garibaldi, he would have brought his sad fate upon himself. Things would then be extremely simplified. What a fine monument we should raise to him!' Lord Melbourne took the same view of the mixed merits and demerits of O'Connell, when he laughingly proposed to hang the great Liberator and agitator on the highest gallows and raise the finest monument to his memory.

In a studied and by no means flattering sketch of the King, M. d'Ideville says that, like all mediocre men, he is jealous and irritable:—

'It may be laid down, without fear of contradiction, that his Sardinian Majesty is boastful, is a braggadocio, with no great regard for truth, and very indiscreet. He takes all occasions for speaking of his twenty wounds, and volunteering the fabulous recital of the dangers he has run in the battle or the chase. Every one, however, knows that, although courageous, and even rash, he has rarely been hit. As to his *bonnes fortunes*, he dilates upon them with a frankness and an absence of ceremony which have nothing of the *galantuomo*. What is more singular, he sometimes confounds the successes he has had with those he fain would have had. To listen to him it is he alone who directs the affairs of the State: he is daily oppressed by the weight of work.'

In reality there is nothing the King dislikes and shuns more than work except ceremony. 'When he is obliged to attend at a great official

official dinner, he never even unfolds his napkin or tastes a dish. With his hands leaning on the pommel of his sword, he watches his guests, without trying to conceal his impatience and his ennui.' M. d'Ideville was an eye-witness of the royal demeanour during a very remarkable banquet—the one given to General Fleury in September, 1861—when, as imperial envoy, he brought the formal recognition of the kingdom of Italy by France:—

'Despite the democratic tendencies of the constitutional régime, the old etiquette of the House of Savoy was strictly observed. The table was sumptuously served: the family plate was of the finest and in the best taste. An orchestra played during the dinner: which the King—the one person ill at ease and out of keeping with the scene—hastened to abridge as soon as he could do so without a glaring offence against propriety. General Fleury, placed on his right, felt bound to talk to him during the whole dinner. The King, perceiving that his guest imitated his sobriety, made a remark on the General's want of appetite: "Ah, sire, how can one eat on such an occasion?" was the reply. "You are right," said the King with a smile, showing that he felt the flattery. When the General, after two or three other entertainments, including a shooting party, left Turin, the King was repeatedly heard murmuring to himself, "How I envy the Emperor a friend such as that."

He forgot that a subject can rarely, if ever, be a friend; the essential quality, independence, must inevitably be wanting: the most trusted minister or cherished favourite will never attain nor (if he is well advised) assume an attitude of complete equality. He will rise above it or sink below it. He will be guilty of superiority or subserviency. It was probably the sense of the tutelage under which he was kept by Cavour that made the King envy the Emperor such a (supposed) friend. 'The Count, it must be owned, had not habituated the sovereign to forms of respect and deference: he spoke to him not to say with familiarity, but often with an impatience and a rudeness, useful in business, no doubt, but little in accordance with the observances due to a King; who, whilst affecting to despise form and etiquette, is very mindful of his dignity, jealous of his prerogatives, and justly penetrated with the nobility and antiquity of his race.'

The royal susceptibility was therefore constantly rubbed against the grain whilst Cavour was in the ascendant. His successor, Ricasoli, pursued a different system. Cavour treated the King as a child: Ricasoli, on the contrary, deferred too much to him as King. Neither hit the happy medium: neither obtained his entire confidence:—

'Only one man has fathomed the King's character. This one man

receded by a curious mixture of suppleness and tact, and, let it be said, by sincere and disinterested devotedness, in becoming the confidant, the friend, the sole confidant of Victor Emmanuel. With the King finds himself at ease. He alone, admitted to the favours of the King, had access to La Mandria: he had managed to make himself the ally of Rosine, the Countess de Millefiori, whilst he had several times attempted to drive the favourite from Turin, telling the King that he could not be permitted to marry this his mistress, if he wished to make Piedmont a great kingdom and give it a name in history. Cavour greatly exaggerated the influence of the Countess de Millefiori, and he committed a capital mistake, in opinion in opposing himself to an attachment already of long standing, and which, all things considered, has never in any respect injured Victor Emmanuel; perfectly free, moreover, sovereign prince as he is, in his affections and his acts.

It is rather a lax mode of treating the subject, and the high estimate of Cavour will be heightened not lessened by the use of conduct, which strikes us to be politic as well as noble and high-minded. The hold he retained on the royal mind to his dying day, reflects credit on both minister and king. It is obvious that they understood and rightly valued each other. It would be difficult to exaggerate the dangers of the *liaison* in this case, when, as M. d'Ideville states, it was frequently about to end in a marriage; so strong was the king's wish to legitimate his children, and so overwhelming his occasional scruples of conscience at living in sin.

At the least attractive portions of M. d'Ideville's 'Journal' are those in which he records his impressions of Italian society. His visit to Turin in 1860 was the most exclusive of any European diplomat, with the exception of Vienna. The *Società del Whist*, the principal club, was strictly limited to the military and aristocracy. The best houses were similarly closed against foreigners, be they of their official rank or public services what they might, who were not privileged by birth! 'I well remember the despair of young Constantine Nigra, *chargé d'affaires* at Turin, when he came on leave to Turin: "See," he exclaimed to his friends, "what a singular country is ours! At Paris, I am not only received everywhere: I am invited, made much of and appreciated at the Tuileries, more than most Frenchmen. In my native city, here, it would not be possible for me to get a foot in the drawing-room of the Marchioness Doria. Is it not a fact?"' A confirmatory anecdote is given as related by Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne. 'Some time after my arrival at Turin, I one day invited Cavour to dinner with some members of the diplomatic body. As I had often seen young Nigra at the minister's,

minister's, and he had frequently been sent to me, I mentioned to Cavour my intention of inviting his secretary. "But my dear prince," said he, "can you think of such a thing? People don't invite Nigra." Yet Nigra was the Secretary through whom the most important affairs, those which Cavour most wished to keep secret, were transacted, including (it is said) the arrangements at Plombières and elsewhere with the French Emperor.

Up to the day of their marriage the young ladies of Turin are never seen in a *salon*, but they are partially compensated for their seclusion by a *fête*, termed 'the ball of the *tote*' (Piedmontese for *demoiselles*) to which they are permitted to invite their friends of the other sex. It is given by a subscription amongst the great families, takes place in one of the finest apartments of the city, begins at eight in the evening, and terminates at eight in the morning: no father is admitted; the mothers alone do duty as *chaperons*:—

'I have rarely seen an assembly more marked by gaiety and enjoyment. An excellent supper, in which champagne makes a discreet appearance, divides the night: then the dancing recommences with renewed spirit, whilst the more confiding mothers sleep soundly at the corner of their fire. After these twelve hours of uninterrupted dancing the young people separate with regret, with a stolen pressure of the hand or a whispered *au revoir* for the following year, unless in the course of this same year, a couple engaged that very evening become man and wife, and thus see the ball of the *tote* closed to them for ever. Sometimes, but rarely, the young men are authorized to give a similar *fête* in return to the young ladies, but many mothers decline this invitation.'

The *Kontessen* of Vienna (the unmarried daughters of the highest aristocracy), who have points in common with the *tote* of Turin, enjoy more liberty and exercise a much greater amount of influence. They have the dancing-room at a ball entirely to themselves and their partners: the mothers and fathers, with all the rest of the married people, young and old, being restricted to cards, music, or conversation apart; no jealous *chaperons* to tease by interruption; no 'frisky matrons' to fret by rivalry; and the exclusiveness of the assembly secured by a social *cordon* which it is impossible to overstep. The Turin *morgue* has been relaxed. Vienna is now the sole remaining stronghold of the manners, habits, and modes of thought which are traditionally associated with the Faubourg St. Germain. How long will this stronghold resist the constantly advancing waves of innovation and liberality?

Whilst full of grateful remembrances of the refined hospitality of Turin, M. d'Ideville dwells with the fondest enthusiasm on the social



cial delights of Milan. 'Ah! the beautiful marchionesses, the charming countesses, all those adorable Milanese women, can they ever forget the *carnavalone* of 1860?—and the declarations, so frank, the *propos* so tender and so gay, of our young officers, those old friends of three months' standing?' The most splendid of these entertainments was a court ball at the palace, at which the King and Cavour were present. The King, buttoned up in his uniform, and as usual ill at ease, gave emphatic expression, by a coarse expletive, to his wish that the whole thing was over; whilst Cavour mingled with the brilliant throng, receiving congratulations or exchanging compliments and repartees. He was talking to the Countess Allemania, a beautiful fair-haired girl, who listened, flushed with pride and pleasure, whilst her partner impatiently waited for the colloquy to end. He happened to be one of Cavour's secretaries, high in favour, and just as the waltz was drawing to a close, he came close to his chief and murmured in his ear, 'Ah, Monsieur le Comte, is it not enough for you to have Italy to yourself? *De grâce ne me prenez pas l'Allemagne* (Allemania).' Cavour smiled, and in another moment the young couple were whirling round the room.

The Milanese aristocracy, richer and more sumptuous than the Piedmontese, is also less exclusive: it is easily accessible, like the English, to all who have risen above the level by enterprise, public services, genius, learning, or accomplishment. 'Opulent and industrious, Milan possesses palaces and houses which rival those of the greatest capitals. The taste for luxury and comfort, and, above all, enlightened and wide-spread feeling for the fine arts, make it a most agreeable place of stay to visitors, without speaking of the amiable, expansive character of the inhabitants. The taste for horses and carriages is general; so that, at the drives on the Corso during the winter of 1860, we counted more than twenty carriages-and-four, as irreproachable in their appointments as any that could be seen at Paris, Vienna, or London.' At this time the Milanese were essentially *Anglomane*. Their requisites adopted all the English fashions, and made all their purchases at London. 'The fondness for England is pushed to such a point amongst the Milanese, that the costume of their police agents has been exactly copied from that of the policemen of the British metropolis.'

In the course of a hasty tour through Northern and Central Italy, M. d'Ideville noticed many things which have escaped more retentive travellers. Passing through Parma, he sets down:—

'The town is poor, behind the age, without industry and without commerce. A fact which seems improbable, and is, notwithstanding, literally true, will give an idea of the society. When the

the Duchess wished to give a *fête* or ball she was forced, in order to make sure of her company, to send to Paris for gowns and head-dresses, and distribute them among the principal ladies of the place. Without this precaution no one would have come. Whilst we were going over the palace, an old attendant who dated from the time of the Archduchess Marie-Louise, related certain anecdotes of her, very interesting, but difficult to repeat. In spite of all her extravagance the ex-Empress, it appears, was adored by the inhabitants of Paris.

Familiar as we may be with the broad aspect or general line of events, the narrative of an eye-witness or actor seldom fail to render them present to the mind's eye with more fullness, accuracy, and life. M. d'Ideville was present at the memorable sitting of the Turin Chamber on the 18th April, 1861, when Garibaldi made his first appearance as a member, having not long before told a deputation of workmen at Genoa that the Government (Cavour's) was composed of cowards; that the Chamber was an assembly of lacqueys; and, that the King was hurrying to destruction under the guidance of unworthy counsellors. The excitement was extreme; and whilst the galleries were crowded with enthusiastic followers of the hero, the great majority of the members were coldly and even unfavourably disposed towards him. He rose to reply to General Fanti, the War-Minister. The occasion was grand, and expectation was on the tiptoe—

'But, alas, the actor did not know his part. He had scarcely pronounced a few words when his memory failed; his phrases became incoherent and meaningless; he looked in vain, with his eyes aided by enormous glasses, on the notes which he held in his hand, for the thread of his ideas. The two acolytes at his side, N—— and S——, prompted him with phrases, and sought in vain to point out the forgotten passage on the notes, but every effort failed. The opening dragged painfully. The Left of the assembly, the Garibaldian deputies, were groaning under the deplorable effect produced by their chief, when, all of a sudden, abandoning the parliamentary forms which visibly put him out, Garibaldi pushed away angrily and bluntly the notes which lay heaped upon the table, and spoke extempore.

'The aspect of the scene was changed; from ridiculous and painful, it became tragical. It was then that, addressing himself with threatening voice and gesture to the ministerial bench, he declared that it would be for ever impossible for him to clasp the hand of the man who had sold his country to the foreigner; or to ally himself with a government whose cold and mischievous hand was trying to foment a fratricidal war.'

If Cavour had taken up the glove thus intemperately thrown down, he might have been fairly charged with fomenting a fratricidal war. Restraining himself by a strong effort, he made  
no

no allusion in his reply to the accusations and reproaches of Garibaldi, to whom the fitting rebuke was administered by Ricasoli. Ricasoli, affecting to disbelieve the report of Garibaldi's speech at Genoa, spoke thus :—

‘A calumny on one of the members of this Assembly has been circulated: he is accused of having uttered words unworthy of every honest man. I know this man; I know how dear to him is his country; I know the sacrifices he has made. As for me, I dare assert it here, it appears to me impossible that the odious words attributed to him should have fallen from his lips. For who, great as he may be, would dare, in his pride, to assign himself in our country a place apart? Who would dare to claim for himself the monopoly of devotedness and patriotism, and elevate himself above the rest? Amongst us a single head should tower above all others; that of the King. Before him all bow down, and ought to bow down; any other attitude would be that of a rebel.’

The action of the orator is described as in keeping with his words. He struck the table with his clenched fist. There was a thrilling, menacing ring in the tones of his voice. He looked the feudal baron of the olden time, loyal, faithful, and brave. He touched a responsive chord; and the long pent-up feeling of indignation overflowed :—

‘His discourse, strangely eloquent, the cry of the conscience of an honest man, excited transports of enthusiasm; people breathed more at ease. The King, the Parliament were avenged. On leaving the chamber the Count de Cavour, who had grasped Ricasoli's hand with visible emotion, as if struck by a sudden presentiment, exclaimed, “If I should die to-morrow, my successor has been found.”’

Cavour died within two months, and he was succeeded by Ricasoli. What he underwent on this occasion is thought to have brought on the fever of which, aided by the Sangrado treatment of his doctors, he died. He returned exhausted and embittered. ‘If emotion could have killed a man,’ he said the day after to Count Oldofredi, ‘I should have died on my return from that sitting.’

The life and character of Cavour must be familiar to most readers, but some traits mentioned by General della Marmora to M. d'Ideville are new to us :—

“I was much attached to Cavour; we were friends from childhood; and, more than any other, I bowed down before his genius. He, on his side, had a friendship for me. But I cannot tell with what cruelty, with what disdain, Cavour treated the men from whom he believed he had nothing more to expect, or those who seemed to have become useless to his designs. I never knew a man more passionate in his affections and more prone to enthusiasm. He got infatuated with

with people with singular facility; he exalted them to the skies, sang their praises to all; then, one fine day, capricious as a child, he brutally hurled them from the pedestal which he himself had made for them. Irony, contempt, even insults,—nothing was spared the men he was exalting yesterday and thought he had reason to complain of to-day. Frequently, I allow—here again resembling a child—he manifested sincere regret at the evil he had caused. He frankly regretted his loss of temper and the violence of his language. But frequently, also, it was too late. When the wound was not too deep he knew how to cure it by a word, such was the power of seduction he possessed. How, moreover, could any one fail to be touched by so sudden a return?"

An instance follows of his alienating and offending, beyond all hope of reparation or forgiveness, a man whose capacity for being a useful ally or a dangerous enemy was beyond dispute:—

"I shall never forget a letter which General Dabormida, that excellent man, addressed to him: 'You have lost in me,' wrote the General, 'a true friend, but of another you have made an enemy who will never be reconciled to you.' That other was our colleague Ratazzi. We were all three well disposed to concede the first place to Cavour, but insults were useless. Ratazzi, on whom he was then trampling, had once been in his eyes the most intelligent, the most indispensable man in Piedmont. The day when he could no longer serve Cavour in his projects, all was changed. He found himself immediately transformed into a commonplace pretender, a marplot, without capacity or influence. He received no mercy. How many," added the General, "have attributed to Ratazzi sentiments of mean envy in regard to Cavour! There existed nothing of the sort. I knew them intimately, and I was in a position to appreciate the conduct of both. I can therefore certify that the hatred of Ratazzi for the Count sprang into life upon that day when Ratazzi, humiliated in the cruelest manner, was brutally turned out of the council, not as a useless minister, but as a citizen noxious and fatal to his country."

This liability of the great man to be swayed by passing impulses in his judgments may help to account for the different tone in which he spoke, according to his mood, of the French Emperor. One day, during a period of painful suspense in which he was kept by his Imperial ally, meeting M. d'Iderville under the arcades of the principal street of Turin, he took him by the arm and began, in his most coaxing manner:—

"Well! when is Talleyrand coming back to us? Have you need of him? It is melancholy," he went on: "your long fit of pouting is absurd. Certainly Rayneval, Bourgoing and you, represent France very well, but it is a minister that we want. Are we not good *(sages)* enough to deserve a chief of legation? Talleyrand or another.

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re, my dear D'Ideville," he added, shaking his head, "Your error will never change: his error is to be always wishing to . . . Heaven knows, however, if he has need of conspiracies is he not absolute master? With a country so powerful as a great army, Europe tranquil, what has he to fear? Why, at all hours, disguise his thoughts, go right when he ought to go left, and *vice versa*? Ah, what a wonderful conspirator he is."

"I ventured to reply, "You ought to be more indulgent in particular. Have not you, Count, you too, been a daring conspirator?"

"Certainly: I have conspired; and could I do otherwise at such a time? Were we the strongest and the most numerous? We needed to hide ourselves from Austria; whilst your Emperor, as well, will remain eternally incorrigible. I have known him at this hour he could march straight, in the open light of day, following his end. But no, he prefers putting people out, by giving them on a false scent, conspiring in fact, conspiring ever. The peculiarity of his genius, the vocation of his choice: he sees it as an artist, *con amore*, and in this part he will always be the strongest of us all."

In illustration of what he terms the imperial charm of manner and of persuasion, M. d'Ideville relates that, about the same time when Cavour spoke to him in this fashion, towards the end of 1858, the deputations from Parma, Modena, and Tuscany, came to Paris to claim, in the name of their fellow-citizens, the cession of these provinces to Piedmont. On leaving the Tuileries, the deputies were so charmed with their reception, that neither of them doubted the success of their mission. Strange to say, the very evening there met in Paris the secret envoys of the deposed princes of Parma, Modena, and Tuscany. After an audience of the Emperor, and an interview with Count Walewski, the reckless personages started in hot haste for Italy to announce to their Sovereigns that the promises of the Emperor and his ministers authorized every hope for the future.

Our patience was never more severely tried than by the arrival of the Zouaves brought prisoners to Turin after the defeat of Magenta, who had so many of the first French nobility under him, that General Cialdini, on looking over the list of the dead and wounded, exclaimed, 'Why, all historic France is one might fancy oneself reading a list of a *petit lever* of XIV.' Proud of their acknowledged gallantry and their being carried away by youthful spirits, and forgetting their condition, the prisoners made the theatres and public walks the scene of language and demeanour offensive and even insulting to the Piedmontese. Cavour sent for the French Secretary and



told him: 'I leave your young countrymen free, but, for Heaven's sake, do not let them insult us *because* they are vanquished.'

The French Legation received from the young officers of this corps the most edifying revelations touching the demeanour of the Pontifical authorities at the approach of the Piedmontese. A few days before the invasion of the province of Ancona, Lamoricière, discouraged by the ill-will he encountered at every step on the part of the Government he came to defend; alarmed, humiliated, disgusted by the disorders and scandalous abuses that he discovered at every step in this obsolete Administration, made a clean breast of it with unsparing frankness, and told the Holy Father that, in spite of devotion to his person and his cause, he must renounce the enterprise in which he was engaged, rendered impossible as it was by obstacles of every kind and the undisguised hostility of the Roman Administration and the Prelacy. 'Many causes,' it is added, 'made the General odious to the Roman element. He was a foreigner, a Frenchman, brave and (above all) honest. Charged by the Pope with the organization of the army, he became, perforce, acquainted with the abuses which hitherto had remained hidden. Consequently nothing was neglected to weary and discourage the brave soldier, who had come in good faith to offer his sword and his services to the Sovereign of Catholicity.' Such was the position of the General at the moment when the crisis arrived. His resolution to abandon Rome was naturally adjourned, and he announced to the Holy Father that, in the new circumstances that had arisen, he would put himself at the head of the troops to repel the invasion:—

'From that moment, as I was assured by eye-witnesses, the General's aides-de-camp, there commenced in all the towns we were charged to protect, on the part of the delegates and all the authorities civil and ecclesiastical, a system of inertness, of ill-will, of hostility, which made us every moment ask ourselves, "What have we to do in this country?"'

One of the strangest episodes of the Italian revolution was the appearance of Alexandre Dumas as its annalist. His arrival at Turin, on his way to Naples, created a sensation; and M. d'Ideville, who had been acquainted with him at Paris, was commissioned by the Marchesa Alfieri (Cavour's niece) to ask if it would be agreeable to him to meet Cavour and some other persons of literary or political distinction at her *salon*. The invitation was declined:—

"Convey my warmest acknowledgments and deepest regrets to the Marchesa; it is impossible for me to accept. Would you like to know why? Well, then, I should meet her uncle, the Count de Cavour, and I would not see him for any money. This surprises you,  
my



my dear friend. I will tell you my reason. I leave Turin in twenty-four hours : I embark at Genoa : in three days I shall be with Garibaldi. I do not know him, but I have written to him : he expects me. This man is a hero, a sublime adventurer, a personage of romance. With him, out of him, I expect to make something. He is a madman, a simpleton if you like, but an heroic simpleton ; we shall get on capitally together. What would you have me make out of Cavour ; me, remember ? Cavour is a great statesman, a consummate politician, a man of genius. He is a cut above Garibaldi ; don't I know it ? But he does not wear a red shirt. He wears a black coat, a white cravat, like an advocate or a diplomate. I should see him, I should converse with him, and, like so many others, I should be seduced by his play of mind and his good sense. Adieu to my promising expedition. My Garibaldi would be spoilt. On no consideration, then, will I see your President of the Council. He cannot be my man any more than I can be his. I am an artist, and Garibaldi alone has attractions for me. Although I visit no one here but deputies of the Extreme Left, Brofferio and others, tell M. Cavour, I beg, that I fly from him because I admire him ; and make him clearly understand why I quit Turin without seeing him."

Dumas judged rightly. He would have made nothing out of Cavour, and he made a very good thing out of Garibaldi ; although not exactly as he had anticipated, namely, by treating him artistically and making him the picturesque hero of a romance. Garibaldi was too picturesque already to stand any fresh draping and colouring. As not unfrequently happens, no ideal could surpass the real, no fiction could improve upon the fact. He stood in no need of the *vate sacro* : in his case, the simplest chronicler was the best, and the simplest might well be suspected of exaggeration by posterity. Dumas' books on Garibaldi and his exploits never attracted much attention and are already forgotten. But the hero and the romanticist became sworn friends at sight, and Dumas was immediately installed in the palace of Chiatamone with the title and perquisites of Superintendent of Director of the Fine Arts. Here he lived at free quarters till the dictatorship ended and order was restored. Here, also, he founded a journal which lasted some months, and entered into an engagement with the Italian Government to write the ' History of the House of Bourbon at Naples ' from secret archives which the revolution had brought to light. He was to receive 30,000 francs, and M. d'Ideville says that the engagement was faithfully kept on one side, as he himself was once commissioned by his chief to solicit, in the name of Dumas, the payment by anticipation of this sum ; ' to which the Minister of the Home Department consented with the most perfect complacency, without caring to inquire whether our countryman had begun his history.'

The next time Dumas passed through Turin, M. d'Ideville met him at a supper party: Garibaldi became the subject of conversation, and it appeared that Dumas' enthusiasm had been in no respect lessened by familiarity:—

'Towards the end of the entertainment, to close the series of anecdotes relating to the dictator: "See here," said Dumas, with marked solemnity and unfolding a scrap of paper, "here are lines written by him which shall never quit me! You must know, my friends, that having had a fancy to see Victor Emmanuel, whom I do not know, I asked Garibaldi for a note of introduction to present to the King." "Here," replied Garibaldi, handing me these words hastily written, "this will be your passport." And the charming narrator passed round the scrap of crumpled paper, which contained this unique phrase: "*Sire, recevez Dumas, c'est mon ami et le vôtre.—G. Garibaldi.*" "You may well believe," added Dumas, respectfully replacing the letter in his breast pocket, "that to preserve this autograph, which the King would doubtless have desired to keep, I deprived myself, without regret, of the acquaintance of King Victor. And now that the sovereign has shown his ingratitude towards Garibaldi, to whom he is so much obliged, you may judge whether he will not have a long time to wait for my visit."

The first part of the Journal now before us ends in March, 1862. 'The second, written at Rome, comprises a period of three years,—November, 1862, January, 1866,—during which I formed part, as Secretary, of the embassy directed first by the Prince de la Tour and afterwards by the Count de Sartiges.' This second part is understood to be speedily forthcoming, and we freely own that we shall be disappointed should it prove wanting in the frankness, boldness, and even occasional imprudence, which are so attractive and valuable in the first. Diplomats may complain, with some show of reason, that such want of reticence is fatal to their trade; but secrecy has its evils; mischievous intrigues are fostered by it; and there was a basis of truth in Joseph Hume's startling apophthegm touching ministerial reserve on the ground of delicacy: 'Wherever there is delicacy, there is something wrong.' M. d'Ideville's alleged betrayal of confidence is of the most venial character: the private conversations he has printed relate to public events or (like those reported by Mr. Senior) were spoken with an obvious view to publicity, and no great harm will be done if he gives the world his impressions of Rome with the same freedom which he has used in describing the political and social celebrities of Turin.

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- ART. VII.—1, *Report from the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Slave-trade on the East Coast of Africa*, 1871.  
 2. *Despatches addressed by Dr. Livingstone to Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs*, 1870, 1871, and 1872.  
 3. *The East African Slave-trade, &c., as viewed by Residents in Zanzibar, &c.* London.  
 4. *A Letter to the Select Committee of the House of Commons.* By H. A. Fraser.  
 5. *The Slave-trade in Africa.* By Étienne-Félix Berlioux, Professor of History in the Lyceum of Lyons.

THERE is a peculiar propriety in the time at which the discovery of Dr. Livingstone has been accomplished. Lost as he has been to the civilized world for these past years, as completely as the arrow shot into the darkness, the weight of his authority against the maintenance of the East African slave-trade was beginning to diminish. There was a perceptible slackening of general interest even as to the great geographical problems, to settle which, it seemed but too probable, that he had sacrificed his life. Another buried in those sands! Another lost in those swamps! Another stricken down by the irresistible fever! Another victim to Arab treachery! Till the heart of England somewhat sickened at the mention of the subject, and many were ready to acquiesce in the great traveller's own account of the African estimate of his researches, and to say with those whose answers to his eager questions concerning the fountains of the Nile he reports, as 'We drink our fill of the river, and let the rest run by;' delivered with a look which meant 'This poor White is afflicted with hydrocephalus.'

But the voice of the living man sounds again in our ears. Mr. Stanley's courage and perseverance have enabled him to renew the long-suspended communications, and David Livingstone speaks to us out of Central Africa from the seven hundred miles of the great river's watershed, a 'bird's-eye view of which resembles the frost vegetation on window panes,' and trusts, by the sacrifice of one year more, to verify the assertion of old Herodotus as to the fountain-heads of the mysterious stream. It was in the temple of Minerva, at Sais, the old historian says, that he was told by the Steward of the Sacred Things, that from between two mountains, rising each to a peak, bearing the names of Crophî and Mophî, rise from unfathomable depths the sources of the river. Herodotus throws in the doubt whether the Steward of the Sacred Things was not laughing at him in his narrative. If perseverance can accomplish the object, Livingstone will be the revealer of the long hidden mystery.

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All this is of deep interest in the cause of scientific Geography; but for a yet higher cause we deem the sounding of this voice in our ears to be, at the present moment, singularly apposite. The mind of the nation is just beginning to awaken to a sense of its duty in relation to the East African slave-trade. In both Houses of Parliament attention has been called to it. In the Lower House a most valuable Report of a highly intelligent and diligent Committee was printed in August, 1871; and in the House of Lords, after waiting till July for the papers on the subject, which are annually laid before Parliament, an Address to the Queen upon the subject was moved by Lord Campbell, and seconded by the Bishop of Winchester. The debate upon this motion led to an emphatic declaration from Lord Granville of the interest felt in the subject at our Foreign Office, and a declaration that most of the measures suggested by the Bishop of Winchester were, or would be, adopted by the Foreign Office, so far as that office could secure the co-operation of the Administration—declarations which were well followed by the notice of the subject in the Speech put, at the close of the Session, into the mouth of the Queen, which committed the whole Government to exertion in this cause. ‘My Government has taken steps intended to prepare the way for dealing more effectually with the slave-trade on the East Coast of Africa.’\*

Happily these exertions are not confronted—as those were by which, after so fierce a conflict, the West African slave-trade was abolished through the labours of Wilberforce, Clarkson, and their allies—by any great domestic interest. Though, as we shall have to show, there is too much reason to fear that British capital does surreptitiously aid in maintaining this detestable traffic, yet it can no more openly parade the injury which it will suffer. Lord Brougham’s Bill of 5 Geo. IV. c. 113, has made it felony for any subject of Great Britain openly or secretly to take part in the vile trade in the bodies of men. This difficulty, therefore, is gone. But still no Government, even if it were united and determined in the cause, could, without national support, incur the expenses of bringing to a successful issue a contention like this; waged at a distance from home, entangled with many conflicting interests, and liable to be represented as one not immediately concerning our own national obligations, and so to incur the easily-whispered reproach of being a busy and unnecessary interference with others, suggested to unpractical minds by a dreamy and sentimental humanity.

The necessity of counteracting this inevitable tendency by

\* Queen’s Speech, August 10, 1872.

engaging in the great cause the hearty interest of all who will attend to the claims of justice and mercy, must be our excuse for stating plainly, in the first place, the actual evils of the existing trade; we shall then show our readers how we are nationally connected with it, and end by suggesting the best modes which present themselves to us for relieving humanity from this scourge, and setting free legitimate commerce from all the evils which are inflicted on it by such a horrible rivalry.

The trade in negroes from the East Coast of Africa is, so far as export goes, now almost confined to the different ports within the dominions of the Sultan of Zanzibar. There is an internal traffic along the coast-line from Zanzibar, but by far the greater portion of the traffic is with the Coast of Arabia, a certain amount with Persia, and a yet smaller with Madagascar. The Zanzibar dominions extend along the East Coast of Africa, from the Equator to ten degrees South Latitude, about 350 miles, and include the islands of Momfia, Pemba, and Zanzibar; this last being the seat of Government, separated from the mainland by a channel about twenty-five miles wide—about five miles farther than the distance of Calais from Dover.

A port named Kilwa, almost at the southern border of the Zanzibar dominion, is the place at which nearly all the slave caravans arrive from the interior, and where the victims of the traffic are put on board the dhows which are to convey them to the slave-market at Zanzibar.

Leaving then, for the present, the slaves who reach the Zanzibar slave-market, let us travel back with them from their native territory, and glance at the horrors of their capture and their transit. The mode by which the slaves are obtained is described in an official communication from Brigadier Coghlan to the Chief Secretary of Government at Bombay; quoting the words of the eminent African missionary, Dr. Krapf, he says:—

‘To the South of Pangani is the territory of the heathen Wasegua tribe and the great centre (in 1860) of the slave-trade. The Arabs of Zanzibar come here, and promise the Wasegua Chiefs a number of muskets and shot for a certain number of slaves: so, when a chief has entered into the contract he suddenly falls on a hostile village, sets it on fire, and carries off the inhabitants; among these tribes the slave-trade has hitherto flourished to a frightful extent, chiefly owing to the encouragement of the Arabs of Zanzibar. From 10,000 to 12,000 slaves are said to pass yearly through Kilwa on their way to the various ports of the Sowahili coast and to Arabia, and we saw many gangs of from six to ten slaves chained to each other, and obliged to carry burdens on their heads.’—*Appendix to House of Commons Report*, p. 115.

Again,



Again, Colonel Rigby, her Majesty's Consul at Zanzibar, says,—

'The Arabs go into the interior with large numbers of armed followers, on purpose to procure slaves, and whole districts are systematically hunted to procure them; the cupidity of the native chiefs being excited by the muskets, gunpowder, and cotton cloth they receive from the Arabs in payment.'—*App.*, p. 116.

The Rev. Horace Waller gives the same evidence:—

'I can speak distinctly to the fact of its being the chief aim of the slave-traders to set one tribe against another, in order that they may bring on war and the consequent destruction of the country, which produces just the state of things which makes slaves cheaper.'—*App.*, p. 87.

Mr. Allington, one of the witnesses, gave an instance which fell within his own experience, when he was residing with Bishop Tozer in the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassa, of one of these acts of violence:—

'I remember going into a native village near Mount Mollumbala. The slavers were there just before we got there, and on our approach they fired some shots and took to their heels, carrying away with them some men out of the village. When I got to the village there was an old chief hiding in the bush, afraid to come back to the village on account of these slavers. I have not the slightest doubt that whilst I was there parties of slavers attacked villages with the view of obtaining slaves.'—*Ans.* 1326, 1327.

Again, the Rev. Horace Waller gives the evidence of an eye-witness:—

'I have seen as many as three villages burning in one morning within two hours, and I have seen hundreds of captives carried away from those villages. The villages are set on fire, and in the confusion the men, women, and children are captured.'—*Ans.* 945, 946.

All this is abundantly confirmed by the fell seal of depopulation and destruction which has been set by these deeds of iniquity upon populous and thriving districts. Here is an official report to Lord Clarendon:—

'On arriving at the scene of their operations, they incite and sometimes help the natives of one tribe to make war upon another. Their assistance almost invariably secures victory to the side which they support, and the captives become their property, either by right or purchase. In the course of these operations thousands are killed, or die subsequently of their wounds or of starvation; villages are burnt, and the women and children are carried away as slaves. The complete depopulation of the country between the coast and the pre-  
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sent field of the slave-traders' operations attests the fearful character of these raids.'—*Report of House of Commons*, 1871, p. iv.

This utter depopulation, as if fire had passed over the land, is made the more horrible by the contrast which it presents to all that was going on in the same district before the ravages of the slave-trader swept it with the besom of destruction. It is thus that Dr. Livingstone describes the aspect of the country before the advent of the man-stealer. 'We crossed Kirk's Range, and got amongst Manganja in the primitive state, working in irons and spinning buaze, and sowing grain extensively.' 'Buaze,' adds Mr. Waller, 'is a fibre used for nets. Dr. Livingstone is speaking here of a population which had not been visited by slave-traders.'\*

There is the like testimony from every quarter. 'The land is as the Garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness.' The evidence of Major-General Rigby (who was Consul at Zanzibar and Political Agent of the Indian Government from 1858 to the end of 1861) before the Committee of the House of Commons, may be considered as settling this question for ever:—

'The vast and rich country,' he says, 'from Lake Nyassa to the south is becoming depopulated. Banians who have been for years at Zanzibar have told me that they remember, when they first came to the coast, the whole country was densely populated down to the sea-coast, and now you have to go eighteen days' journey inland before you come upon a village almost. That is fully confirmed by Baron Von der Decken and Dr. Rosher, who travelled that route. Baron Von der Decken talks of miles and miles of ruined towns and villages; the whole way up to Lake Nyassa, where there is now no population at all. . . . Dr. Livingstone recently travelled through the Manganja country, where the whole population was engaged in the cultivation and working up of cotton, and he said that he had never seen such a wonderful cotton country in his life, or such a fertile country. A year or two afterwards, he went through the same country, and found it entirely depopulated, all the huts being full of dead bodies. The children had been carried away, and most of the adults slain. That is one of the worst features of the slave-trade in that country. . . . The slave-traders kill all the men and women, and burn the villages, and carry off the children, who are driven more easily . . . the men they lose more by desertion on the way.'—*House of Commons Report*, p. 48, Ans. 611.

Here, then, is the curse with which Central Africa is cursed by the slave-trade. Intestine wars created, promoted, aggravated; scenes of peaceful, useful and active industry broken in on

\* 'House of Commons Report,' Ans. 1352.

rudely by the cupidity of the man-stealers; whole villages burnt to the ground, whole districts depopulated; and, by this terrible whirlwind of physical suffering sweeping over the land, the possibility of the increase of civilization, and, even more, of the spread of a better religion, rendered absolutely impossible.

From year to year, moreover, these terrible evils are extending themselves further into the land. Through the depopulated country the slave-trader has to press on for his victims to a further tract of land, which is as yet prosperous and peopled, because the curse has not yet reached to them. 'Every year,' says General Rigby, 'this slave-trade is extending further and further inland. A great number of the slaves are now brought from the western side of the lake Nyassa; the Arabs have got dhows in the lake on purpose to convey their slaves across.' Here is the completion of this portion of the picture. This march of death is perpetually advancing onward. The ring of fire is widening its circumference, and gathering within its folds of destruction more and more of the doomed land. Districts rich in all manner of natural fertility, in iron, in cotton (so abundant that all the people of both sexes are busily employed in spinning and weaving), in all sorts of grains and vegetables, in sugar, in dyes, in the Sim-Sim tree—from which most of our finest olive-oil is made, which goes very largely to Marseilles—in gold and in copper,—this land is being reduced to barrenness and utter desolation. 'It was formerly so thickly populated that you might have travelled for seventy or eighty miles and have come to a village at every half mile—thoroughly well-watered; a flourishing cotton-growing country. Two years past over it, and you may cross a tract of 120 miles and not find a human being of any kind; and all this damage and misery caused by the slave-trade.'†

But there is another sad chapter of this misery into which we must pray our readers to have the courage to look a little with us. We ask them to follow with us the caravan of misery, the collecting of which brings this utter destruction upon so wide a district of God's earth. It is indeed a march of death, the horrors of which every successful raid increases by prolonging the distance over which the captives have to be conveyed before they reach the sea-shore, whence they are embarked for the slave market at Zanzibar. When the emigration towards the coast begins, 'the slaves are marched in gangs, the males with their necks yoked in heavy forked sticks, which at night are fastened

\* 'Report,' p. 48.

† 'Report of House of Commons,' Ans. 947-950.

to the ground, or lashed together so as to make escape impossible. The women and children are bound with thongs: any attempt at escape, or to untie the bonds, or any wavering or lagging on the journey, has but one punishment—immediate death. The sick are left behind, and the route of a slave caravan can be tracked by the dying and the dead.\* Thus they have, now that the manstealers' hunting-ground has been forced by depopulation further back from the coast, to traverse a distance estimated as 500 miles, occupying three months of almost unequalled misery. We will not shock our readers by the detail of horrors which they may find in the answers of the witnesses before the House of Commons Committee. The imagination can supply, it cannot exaggerate, the actual scene of cruelty and blood. The earth cries aloud to Heaven against it. 'The road between Nyassa and the coast is strewn with the bones of slaves that have been killed or abandoned on the road; and for every slave brought to Kilwa there is a loss of four or five additional lives;† or, as it is estimated by Dr. Livingstone, not unfrequently of ten, for every victim who reaches the coast.

When the diminished remains of the caravan reach the sea-coast of Zanzibar, at the Port of Kilwa, they are embarked in Arab dhows, and the greater number are transported to Zanzibar, to be sold either in the open market or to private dealers. On this voyage, though the special character of their sufferings is changed, it would be difficult to say that they were diminished. In the words of the Report of the House of Commons, 'The sea passage exposes the slave to much suffering, and, in addition, to the danger from overcrowding and insufficient food. . . . Between Kilwa and Zanzibar a dhow lately lost a third of the slaves; there were ninety thrown overboard dead, or dying, many of them in a terribly emaciated state.'‡ Here is a picture of this voyage from the hand of an Officer in Her Majesty's Navy who has been himself engaged in the naval prevention of the trade:—

'The dhows or vessels generally used by the Arabs for the transport of slaves vary in size from 30 or 40 to 120 tons, and carry from 100 to 250 slaves. They are for the most part more or less unseaworthy, and badly fitted and equipped. The slaves are packed literally like herrings in a barrel. In one dhow of 37 tons captured by me, I found 160 slaves, of which number four were dead—the dead being packed in tightly with the living. Several more died within a few

\* Report to Earl of Clarendon, quoted in 'House of Commons Report of 1871,' p. 5.

† 'House of Commons Report,' pp. 287, 288.

‡ 'Report,' p. iv. days

days from the effects of previous starvation and ill-usage, many of the poor creatures suffering from frightful sores and ulcers, caused the abrasion occasioned by slave-irons.

‘Whilst in these dhows they are given barely sufficient food to sustain life: a handful of—very often unboiled—rice or sesamum and a cocoa-nut shell of water form their daily meal, and in consequence many of them appear like living skeletons. Men, women, and little children (generally more of the latter) are huddled up together; women with infants at their breasts, who from utter weakness and exhaustion are hardly able to stand upright when brought on the decks of a man-of-war.

‘The dhows for the most part generally skirt along the coast, and on being chased by a man-of-war, or her boats, invariably try to run on shore. In this they very often succeed. Regardless of all risk, they deliberately run into the boiling surf, which in a few minutes reduces their vessel to a total wreck, and, as may be expected, numbers of lives are lost. I myself, on several occasions when landing to secure slaves, have seen the beach literally lined with the bodies of little children and women who perished miserably whilst trying to struggle with the terrible surf. The Arabs generally succeed in making their escape with the able-bodied men and women, but, as may be expected, the children and weaker women perish in great numbers. In many instances, from the nature of the country where they run on shore, great numbers must ultimately die before the Arabs can reach any town or place of safety with them. On one occasion, when I was fortunate to capture 69 slaves, chiefly women or children, out of some 150, after having pursued them five miles into the interior, I found that the unfortunate creatures had then been two days without water; and of course the ones who escaped, some 60 or 70 more, must have been in the same plight. They would have, at least, 80 miles to march before they could hope to reach either food or water, so most of them must have left their bones on the road.

‘The Arabs, on being chased by a man-of-war, invariably tell the wretched cargo that the English will cut their throats and eat them, and by these means succeed in making them run away when the dhow is run on shore. The saddest of all sights is to see the bodies of little children washing about in the surf. I have seen the rotting Blue-jackets almost crying whilst picking up the bodies before burying them.

‘I have watched the slave-ships come into Zanzibar harbour, under the very guns of the English men-of-war (which, in consequence of our treaty with the Sultan, were powerless to touch them), and discharge their wretched cargoes at the Custom-house. The vessels were brought as close to the shore as possible, generally grounding four feet of water, and then the slaves shoved overboard and left to struggle on shore the best way they could. Many of the poor wretches were so utterly exhausted, that on reaching the shore they fell down on the sand, some of them never to rise again; their masters looki

on, affording them no help, and merely waiting to see whether it was worth while to pay the custom dues for them or not. If it appeared to them that their case was hopeless, they were left to die where they fell, or to be drowned by the incoming tide. All this I have seen myself, and on remonstrating with their owners and some of the Custom-house people, have been only laughed at for my pains. As long as the Government allow the Sultan to carry on the slave-trade such scenes will always exist.'—*Private Letter*.

Those who survive this voyage are sold either to private dealers or in the open market of Zanzibar. To describe this last abomination, what can be added to the words of the Hon. C. Vivian before the Committee of the House of Commons? 'I visited the slave-market here yesterday, and a more painful and disgusting sight I never saw. Hundreds of poor negroes of both sexes ranged about in all sorts of conditions, some living skeletons, others fat and well dressed, pulled about with a crook stick, and examined just like sheep or other animals in a market.\* From this market are distributed first those who are needed to supply the internal wants of the dominions of the Sultan of Zanzibar. But these form a small proportion of the whole number. Mr. Vivian, Sir Leopold Heath, and others, estimate the whole number of slaves annually exported from Zanzibar as amounting to 20,000; whilst the number retained within the Zanzibar territory does not exceed 1700. Here, then, begins a new set of horrors for these miserable creatures. The export trade is a violation of the treaty obligations of Zanzibar with Great Britain; and the cruisers of Her Majesty watch for the slave-dhows, and, if possible, capture them. This of necessity entails on the wretched Africans all the horrors of being the living subjects of a contraband trade—greater crowding on shipboard, less provisions taken, with the probable chance, if the slave-dhow is sighted by a British cruiser, that the slaves will be thrown overboard to prevent the condemnation of the vessel. Here we may end our inquiries into this dark history. With the after-expatriation and foreign servitude of those who reach the Arabian, Persian, and Muscat slave-markets we have not directly to do. It suffices for our purpose to have shown this accursed traffic devastating and depopulating Africa, making impossible its civilization or conversion, destroying the possibility of lawful commerce, and inflicting upon its immediate victims, in their convoy to the coast, in their voyage from Kilwa, and in their ultimate transportation to the shores of Asia, an amount of helpless, hopeless suffering, from the thought of which humanity revolts.

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\* 'House of Commons Report,' p. 13, Ans. 186.



But then arises the question, What have we to do with this system of iniquity? When the eloquence of William Wilberforce awoke against the slave-trade from the West Coast of Africa, it was against the crime of his own countrymen that he inveighed. It was to purge from this deep criminality the commerce of our own land that he devoted his life to the cause of abolition. This, it is urged, was our own concern. But what right have we to constitute ourselves the curators of the purity of Arabian commerce, or to trouble ourselves as to the slave-trading iniquities of the Imâm of Muscat or the Sultan of Zanzibar? There is something plausible in the argument; and addressing itself, as it does, to the practical mind of Englishmen, which, in spite of occasional paroxysms of enthusiasm, naturally revolts at all mere Quixotic undertakings, it is likely, if it is not answered, to hang as a drag upon any national efforts to put down this trade. Can it, then, be answered? We have no doubt that it can, and will proceed to allege what seem to us convincing answers to it.

In the first place, we are nationally concerned in this trade. Dr. Livingstone—no slight authority upon the matter—asserts positively that the trade is absolutely maintained by the capital of our East Indian subjects. In one of his letters, just published by the Foreign Office, Livingstone says:—

‘The subject to which I beg to draw your attention, is the part which the Banians of Zanzibar, who are protected British subjects, play in carrying on the slave-trade in Central Africa. The Banian British subjects have long been, and are now, the chief propagators of the Zanzibar slave-trade; their money, and often their muskets, gunpowder, balls, flints, beads, brass-wire, and calico, are annually advanced to the Arabs, at enormous interest, for the murderous work of slavery, of the nature of which every Banian is fully aware. Having mixed much with the Arabs in the interior, I soon learned the whole system that is called “Cutchee,” or Banian trading, is simply marauding and murdering by the Arabs, at the instigation and by the aid of our Indian fellow-subjects. The canny Indians secure nearly all the profits of the caravans they send inland, and very adroitly let the odium of slavery rest on their Arab agents. As a rule, very few Arabs could proceed on a trading expedition unless supplied by the Banians with arms, ammunition, and goods. . . . It strikes me that it is well I have been brought face to face with the Banian system, that inflicts enormous evils on Central Africa. Gentlemen in India who see only the wealth brought to Bombay at Cutch, and know that the religion of the Banians does not allow them to harm a fly, very naturally conclude that all Cutchees may safely be intrusted with the possession of slaves, but I have been forced to see that those who shrink from killing a flea or a mosquito are virtually the worst cannibals in all Africa. The Manyema cannibals among



amongst whom I spent nearly two years, are innocents compared with our protected Banian fellow-subjects. By their Arab agents, they compass the destruction of more human lives in one year than the Manyema do for their fleshpots in ten; and could the Indian gentlemen who oppose the anti-slave trade policy of the Foreign Office but witness the horrid deeds done by the Banian agents they would be foremost in decreeing that every Cutchee found guilty of direct slavery should forthwith be shipped back to India, if not to the Andaman Islands.—*Livingstone's Despatches.*

Now whilst it is not entirely correct to class, as this letter does, the inhabitants of Cutch, who are not British subjects, but the subjects of a protected State, with our actual fellow-subjects in Bombay, yet the force of the argument that the criminality of the trade is nationally ours remains altogether unshaken, whilst Bombay merchants and Bombay capital are really maintaining these horrors in Central Africa. And even as to the Cutchees themselves, the charge of moral complicity lies undoubtedly at our door; for there can be no doubt whatever that we could at once, if we so desired, conclude a treaty with the ruler of Cutch and the other protected States, which would bring their subjects under the operation of our own anti-slave-trade laws. Indeed, the more accurately we estimate the full extent and character of this Banian trade, the more clear becomes the case by which our moral complicity with it is established. The Indian traders generally known as 'Banians' are of several castes and classes. Some are Hindoos, of various sections of the great trading castes, who may be termed 'Banians' proper; others are Mahomedans of various sects, generally reckoned heretical by the more orthodox, and retaining some rites and peculiarities which are accounted for by the tradition that their ancestors were Hindoo traders converted to Islam, many of whose old Hindoo customs they retain. But all these various sections of the 'Banian' community have many points in common.

The whole trade of the East African Coast passes through their hands. They are to be found, in greater or smaller numbers, at every port on the coast, as far south as Delagoa Bay; numerous and influential in the ports under the Sultan of Zanzibar, more sparingly in the Portuguese ports. They collect from the native traders all the country produce for export, and prepare it by packing, sorting, &c., for sale to the European merchants on the coast, or for direct export to India, and other foreign parts. In like manner they are the immediate customers of the European or American importer of foreign produce, purchasing his goods wholesale, and preparing them for the native markets. There is very little trade between Europe, America,

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or Asia, with East Africa, which does not pass through the hands of some branch of the Banian community. From their knowledge of local customs and language they are on that coast necessary intermediaries in all commercial transactions between Africans and foreigners. They have long held this position. The oldest historical records relating to the East African Coast testify to their presence, and apparently to their monopoly of all foreign trade. When the Portuguese first doubled the Cape, they found Indian Banians established, and possessing all the trade—then very great—at every large port. It was they who taught Vasco de Gama and his successors the secret of the easy approach to India by the aid of the trade-winds.

But, in spite of this long possession of the coast-trade, the headquarters of all these trading communities are in India: thence their capital comes; and thither the accounts of their trade are periodically transmitted. There reside all the heads of the firm; almost without exception at some Indian emporium; whilst the younger men, who are for the time resident on the African Coast, are either British subjects, or are under some sort of British consular protection. This last element must be thoroughly apprehended, in order to estimate aright our moral responsibility as to the slave-trade. What, then, we mean is this: the official aid of the British representative is continually needed by these traders. It can, too, be almost always secured. The different members of the 'Banian' community are so closely connected, that almost every one has some unquestionably British subject with whom he is so identified in partnership or interest that, through him, the influence of the British official can be secured. Now, as all the strings of commerce—that of France, Germany, America, as well as our own—pass through the hands of Banian traders, who lean continually not only along the African Coast, but through all parts of India nearer to their homes on the goodwill and aid of British officials, we have, in fact, an overpowering hold upon the whole community, and cannot possibly escape the responsibility which the possession of this power involves as to all the trade which so greatly depends for its existence upon our protection. The argument, then, that this Eastern slave-trade is no concern of ours, and that the zeal of England against the Western cannot properly burn as hotly against the Eastern, is absolutely false in its very first proposition. We are nationally engaged in the perpetration of these wrongs; our own commerce is defiled, and the moral purpose which extinguished the Western should never rest until it is swept away utterly from us the contamination of the Eastern trade.

But further, we cannot, in other respects also, cast off the responsibility in this matter, which follows by necessary consequence.

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sequence from the maintenance of our Indian empire. Paradoxical as it sounds, there is great truth in the assertion that the Queen of England rules over the greatest Mahomedan kingdom on the earth. Whilst we continue to govern India the moral consequences of the acts which flow from the necessary effects of our maintaining that empire come back with all their responsibility upon us. And as to the Eastern slave-trade, certain political conditions of our imperial rule bring this specially home to us. For this Indian dominion, as it has mixed us directly up with so many Oriental dynasties, so it has specially connected us with the rulers of those states which form the basis of the internal African slave-trade, and from whose ports the victims of the trade are shipped and re-shipped. We have long cultivated the friendship of the ruler of Muscat,—the superior State, of which Zanzibar was formerly a conquered dependency. The old Imâm, Syud Saeed, father of the present sovereigns of Muscat and Zanzibar, was a special friend of ours: faithful to us, and supported warmly by us. His death left an open question between his two sons Syud Thoweynee and Syud Majeed as to their succession to their father's sovereignty. War was imminent between the two chieftains. It has always been our policy to prevent such wars, which, besides their other necessary evils, have in those Eastern lands a constant tendency to degenerate into piracy,—the enemy of all commerce and civilization, which it has been a part of our special efforts to suppress. We accordingly intervened, suggesting that the two Princes, instead of settling their dispute by arms, should refer the question to the arbitration of the Governor-General of India. The arbitration was accepted, and war between the two Princes prevented. The history of the conduct of this arbitration, the questions which it raised, and the mode of their settlement, is not only most interesting in itself, but some knowledge of it is almost essential to understanding the intricacy of our connection with the Oriental dynastic question, and so to our comprehending our real responsibility as to all that flows from it. We will, then, give a slight sketch of the entanglement and its solution.

The islands of Zanzibar, Mombasa, and Pemba, with Kilwâ, and other places on the coast of Africa, were not originally part of the dominions of Omân, but were taken from the Portuguese, between 1680 and 1698, by Syud bin Sultan, the Imâm of Muscat. The Imâm was the chief of the Arab tribes of Omân in Arabia, and, beyond his character of temporal ruler, was invested in their eyes with a certain sanctity, not indeed as possessing any direct religious authority, but

but as having a religious fitness to rule over pious Moslems; so that Imâm may not improperly be translated, as it is by Burton, 'the Prince-Priest.' Successive Imâm's, in virtue of their succession to the rule of Omân, were also the rulers of Zanzibar and the other African settlements. The Imâm Syud Saeed, or as other writers Anglicize the Arab name, Sayyed Said, who succeeded to the seat of empire early in this century, was a man of very superior abilities both in war and in civil administration. For his personal gallantry, in 1820-21, he received a sword of honour from the Governor-General of India; whilst he refused in successive years grants of money which were offered to him for the aid he gave us in the suppression of the slave-trade. By his force of character and by his success he both added to his African territories and consolidated greatly the dominion which he had inherited from his father, who, though he had nominally conquered the African provinces, had done little more for establishing his rule over them. He reigned for no less than fifty years. Though Muscat was the cradle and the head of his rule, yet, perceiving that Zanzibar was the living and flourishing part of his possessions, he, about 1840,\* fixed his own residence there and made it the seat of government. By this step he greatly weakened his hold over the tribes of Omân; but, on the whole, his administration was eminently successful, especially as regarded the African provinces. He induced many Arabs from Omân to settle in them, and he promoted agriculture and commerce; he broke down the monopoly which had crippled trade; concluded, in 1835, a commercial treaty with the United States of America, which thus early discovered the riches of the country in ivory, copal, and hides; four years later he received a British consul, and in 1844 concluded a treaty of commerce with the French, and received a consul from that nation.

The fruit of these enlightened views was seen at once in the growing prosperity of Zanzibar, which he found a mere line of huts and converted into a commercial town. So successful was he in this, that, whilst Zanzibar was described in 1834 as having little or no trade, it possessed in 1859 a trade which was estimated at 1,664,577*l.* sterling, with a revenue increasing at a proportionate rate. With a view, doubtless, to retaining the sovereignty in his own immediate family, he had in his lifetime appointed his second son Khaled—passing wholly over the eldest—to be Governor of the African provinces, and his third son, Thoweynee, to the government of Muscat. On the death

\* Mr. Burton places this as early as 1832.

of Khaled, in 1854, he placed a younger brother, Majeed, as his successor in the Government. In 1856 the wise old chief was gathered to his fathers in the odour of Mahomedan sanctity, bequeathing, in his last will and testament, '500 dollars to whoever washes his body with the washing of the departed. Also 1000 expiatory prayers, each expiatory prayer to be of the value of what will feed 60 poor people. Also remuneration to whosoever shall fast for him for the space of 50 months, in lieu of what was incumbent on himself for his transgression of the fast of the months of Ramadhân. Also remuneration to whoever shall perform in his stead the pilgrimage of the Mussulmans to the Holy House of God, which is in the renowned Mecca, and shall visit in his stead the tomb of our prophet Mahommed, upon whom be peace. Written by the hand of the vile Saeed.'\*

When 'the hand of the vile Saeed,' as he describes it, rested in his honoured tomb, his two sons—Thoweynee, the elder, and Majeed, the younger—were in possession of the governments respectively of Omân and of Zanzibar; and, according to the old man's desire, each after his death retained the governorship of his own province. At that time Syud Majeed paid to his brother Thoweynee 40,000 dollars: of brotherly affection and to equalize the inheritance, as he afterwards averred; as a tribute from Zanzibar as dependent upon Muscat, as was alleged by Thoweynee. It was but for a very short time that a good understanding existed between the two brothers, for, as early as 1859, the British Resident learnt that Syud Thoweynee was preparing by force of arms to dispossess Majeed, and unite the Asiatic and African provinces again into one dominion under his own rule. According to what we have already said has always been a wise part of our policy, namely, the prevention of such wars, which not only disturb the surrounding tribes, but have also an inevitable tendency to degenerate into piracy, and so, by a twofold operation, to interfere with that progress of commerce and civilization which it is our interest as well as our duty to promote,—we set ourselves to prevent this fraternal conflict. Propositions were accordingly made to both the brothers that the questions between them should be submitted to the arbitration of the Governor-General of India instead of to the issue of arms. Both consented, and the inquiry into their claims began. In order to adjust them, it became necessary to decide whether the old chief had in fact devolved either sovereignty on his successor; whether, if he had, he was by the laws and customs of Omân entitled to do so; whether the elder prince

\* 'House of Commons Report,' Appendix, 1871.



had rights of primogeniture which he could claim; whether Thoweynee ruled by election of the tribes of Omân; whether a like right of electing their sovereign ruler had devolved upon the Arab tribes in Africa, and had been in like manner exercised in favour of Majeed; and whether the 40,000 dollars were paid as tribute-money, or as an equalizing gift. All these points papers, admirable for their learning and judgment, were supplied by Brigadier Coghlan and the Rev. P. Badger; and the questions having travelled up through the Bombay Government to the Viceroy of India, were solemnly settled by Lord Canning, in a judgment to which both parties submitted, and which ruled that each should retain his dominion, and that the annual payment of the 40,000 dollars should be continued by Syud Majeed to his brother of Muscat not as a tribute from a dependent state, but as an equitable adjustment of the unequal value of their several inheritances. So far our interference had adjusted these difficult relations. But one of those revolutions which belong to Oriental kingdoms threw all again into confusion. Syud Thoweynee was assassinated by his own son, who then usurped his father's dominion but was soon driven out by a new pretender. Syud Majeed refused to pay the 40,000 dollars to the parricidal assassin of his brother, but paid it into the hands of the Bombay Government, who, now that the second usurper has been dispossessed, has handed another son of our old ally, Syud Saeed seated on the throne, will doubtless hand over to him the stipulated sum which the ruler of Zanzibar paid the Imâm of Muscat.

No intermixture with the affairs of another people and government can be more evident or closer than all this. And it is a part of this system of direct interference with the internal affairs of these governments that treaties were concluded with them which professed to limit the slave-trade of Zanzibar and prohibit that of Muscat. The Sultan of Zanzibar bound himself to enforce, and to allow us to enforce, within his own walls these limiting conditions of the trade. Here, then, we are supported by facts which establish beyond all doubt our moral responsibility as to this detestable traffic. We have constituted ourselves in the eyes of Heaven, and of the world, the protector of the Negro, and we cannot shake off at will the responsibility which such a protectorship involves. We are bound, if the treaties we have made are shamelessly evaded, or are ridiculously inadequate for their declared purpose, to reconsider and revise them. Even further than this, if these treaties have been so evaded as to allow of the continuance and even increase of the trade which they were intended at first to limit, and to



mately to destroy, whilst we find by experience that they tend, through their recognition of the slave-trade within certain prescribed boundaries, to give to it even the semblance of a legal character which it would not otherwise possess, we are absolutely bound by every principle of national obligation to insist upon so altering the treaties we have made as to prevent their sheltering the abominations they were intended to root out. So that here again we are brought back to the same conclusion: we are nationally bound to take in hand the just demands of our acknowledged clients, and, before we can be ourselves blameless in the matter, to do for them all that the acceptance of such clientship involves. The judgment which is formed by those upon the spot, even though their interest is at stake in the preservation of the trade, as given to us in the vigorous words of Admiral Cockburn, can scarcely be read without a blush. 'I assure your Lordships it is a matter of sneer and jeer by the Arabs, our impotent attempts to stop that horrible abomination. Yes, my Lords, even the Sultan says the English will talk and bully, but can't, or won't, stop the trade.'\*

But we venture to say that there is an obligation upon us to root out this crying evil from off the face of the earth, which rests upon foundations deeper, we had almost said more awful, than any of those on which we have yet touched. It is with nations as it is with individuals. Great talents call for great achievements. There is a reckoning for their use to which He who entrusts them summons every one who receives them at His hand. In one sense this is even more true and more apparent as to nations than as to individual men. For whilst there is a future retribution for the individual, there can be no future life to nations, and so their retribution is here. Like almost all retribution, it is slow, but it is sure. The pages of history, which record the downfall of once powerful peoples, is but the tracing out of the fulfilment of the doom—

*'Raro antecedentem scelestum  
Deseruit pede poena claudo.'*

Self-destroyed, cut down by strokes of the axe of vengeance which their own hands have edged and wielded, have the mighty ones of the forest, whose shadow was cast over half a subject-world, one by one fallen and perished. Like the Jewish people, they 'knew not the day of their visitation.' They have ceased to fulfil the purpose for which they were raised up, and, even through their own instrumentality, the hand of Him that selleth has been lifted up against them. Pre-eminently has this been the case when nations have comprehended

\* 'House of Commons Report,' Evidence, Answer 176.

their mission, have undertaken to discharge it, have gone some way in fulfilling it, and then have fainted in their course. The Roman empire broke in pieces when the Roman people ceased to be the world's subduers for that world's natural regeneration; when they fought their battles with hired soldiers and conquered only to fill Rome fuller with the vices of the vanquished and the luxury of the subject-world.

And Great Britain has, before God and man, accepted the championship of the negro race, and taken up the man-stealer's gauntlet, and borne it high on her helmet, with the declaration that the slave-trade shall be abolished. In ten thousand British hearts the accomplishment of this deliverance of humanity has been accepted as a religious duty; it has mingled with their prayers, it has exalted their personal religion out of the selfishness with which, alas! it too can be infected, into a noble and beneficent enthusiasm; it has elevated low and commonplace minds—as the possession of one grand idea acted on only can—to a nobleness of passion; and it has diffused itself as an indwelling spirit through a generation. It raised Henry Brougham against precedent, and almost beyond belief, to the representation of Yorkshire; it lent a glory to the foreign administration of Lord Palmerston; it did exalt the generation who accepted the charge, and brought the charge they had accepted to a triumphant issue. The evil has broken out again; the same evil, cursed with the same destruction of life, the same infliction of utter misery on its innocent victims, the same stern and heartless prohibition of civilization and new life to the continent our fathers pledged themselves to deliver from its abomination. Woe unto us if we do not secure the fulfilment of their pledges and claim the inheritance of their deeds of light! The peculiar danger of a high and general civilization is, that selfishness should eat out the cement of society, whilst luxury, like some wasting rot, saps the strength of its foundation-stones. The presence of this insidious but mighty danger to the national life was no doubt what dictated to the prescient mind of Lord Bacon the statement that 'in the growth of a state, arms do flourish; in the middle of a state, learning; and then both of them together for a time; in the decline of a state, mechanical arts and merchandise.'\*

Now, for a people who are, from the very fact of their great material prosperity, of necessity exposed to such a danger, there can be hardly any other safeguard equally sure and ready as the taking up, with a thorough purpose of heart, some cause which possesses strongly the character of unselfishness, which

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\* Bacon's 'Essay on the Vicissitudes of Things.'

embodies in itself some high principle of humanity, and which presents itself for accomplishment, not of a mere Quixotic seeking, but as the natural accompaniment of its national condition. Everything declares that from exactly such outward circumstances, under such conditions, is this cause offered to us: let us fear to turn aside from it, lest another take it, and we, with our own faint-hearted consent, be put into the lower room. Let us undertake it as our predecessors undertook the like charge when it was laid on them; let us heartily resolve to take no rest until it is accomplished; and most surely it may well be for the lengthening of our prosperity that we have undertaken its charge. This is the conclusion reached by no sanguine and enthusiastic advocates of universal intervention in the cause of philanthropy, but by the calm wisdom of the Governor of Bombay, Sir G. Clerk, and his Council, who solemnly 'resolved':—'The Honourable the Governor in Council is certain that the details furnished by Brigadier Coghlan as to the extent to which the slave-trade is carried on on the East Coast of Africa, will convince the British Government, which has ever been the chief instrument by which Providence has curbed this inhuman traffic, that its work is not completed.\*

It remains for us but to indicate briefly what appear to us to be the instruments which we should use in carrying out this great crusade.

Of these, the first appears to be that we should indeed make it a true crusade. The purchasers of these slaves are now all of them Moslem. Yet whilst this is so, we are reminded, in the Translator's Preface to M. Berlioux's work, that the Mahomedan Faith, whilst it does not forbid slavery, gives no countenance to man-stealing. In the firman on the Circassian slave-trade, in 1854, the Sultan, 'so far from offering any defence of slavery on the ground of the Ottoman Faith, uses these remarks on the religious bearing of the question "Man is the most noble of all the creatures God has formed, in making him free: selling people is contrary to the will of the Sovereign Creator."' The Pasha of Egypt spoke of slavery 'as a horrible institution, inconsistent with civilization and humanity, and that, therefore, it must be abolished.' Whilst the Shah of Persia, who raised some religious objections to the abolition of the slave-trade, was met by the opinions obtained from six of his chief Moollahs, who declared 'Selling male and female slaves is an abomination according to the most noble Faith, "the worst of men is the seller of men"—tradition of Mahomet—God it is who knows.†

\* 'House of Commons Report,' p. 122.

† Ans. 167.

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bring our Moslem brethren up to the more humane standard even of their own Faith and to the tradition of their founder. What cause can be more worthy of the united action of Christendom, than the extirpation of this abominable wickedness? To accomplish this end, we need not arms and violence, like the Crusaders of old, but the noble warfare of bringing moral force to bear upon nations who are below us in religion, morality, and civilization. 'Turkey,' says the Hon. C. Vivian, in his evidence before the House of Commons, 'is always ready to do what we ask her, when we show her the particular point.'\* What more encouraging state of relations than this? Persia has shown herself even more ready to second our views in this matter. The Shah has issued two firmans, one to the Governor of Fars and another to the Governor of Ispahan and Persian Arabia, peremptorily forbidding the introduction of negroes by sea into Persia. The firman recites, that at the request of Great Britain, 'with a view to preserve the existing friendship between the two exalted States, a decree should be issued from the Source of Magnificence, the Shah, that hereafter the importation of the negro tribes by sea should be forbidden, and this traffic be abolished.' Nor would the Government of the Shah allow any trifling with this abolition of the trade, for the firman continues:—

'In consequence of this it is ordered and ordained that, High-in-rank, after perusing this firman, which is equal to a decree of fate, will feel it incumbent on him to issue positive and strict injunctions to the whole of the dealers in slaves who trade by sea, that henceforth by sea alone the importation and exportation of negroes into the Persian dominions is entirely forbidden, but not by land. Not a single individual will be permitted to bring negroes by sea without being subjected to severe punishment.

'That High-in-rank must in this matter give peremptory orders throughout his Government, and not be remiss.'—*Appendix to House of Commons Report*, pp. 98, 99.

Beyond this the Persian Government has testified in the highest degree its sincerity in the matter, by permitting British ships of war, in order to prevent the chance of negro slaves being imported, to search all Persian vessels which are not Government vessels, the Persian Government pledging itself that—

'In no manner whatever shall any negro slave be imported in the vessels of the Persian Government. Treaties to the same effect have been concluded by our Government with many of the independent Arab chiefs, who have declared that the carrying off of slaves from the coast of Africa and elsewhere, and the transporting them in

\* Preface to 'Slave-Trade in Africa,' by M. Berlioux, p. vi.

vessels is plunder and piracy, and the friendly Arabs shall do nothing of this nature.'

Further, they have' also conceded to us the right of search in the amplest manner, agreeing that if these vessels 'come under the suspicion of being employed in the stealing and embarkation of slaves,' they may be detained and searched whenever and wherever they may be fallen in with by the cruisers of the British Government, and upon its being ascertained 'that the crews have stolen and embarked slaves, these vessels shall be liable to seizure and confiscation by the said cruisers.'\*

In like manner the Queen of Madagascar binds herself in the strongest manner to do all in her power to prevent all traffic in slaves, 'being greatly desirous of effecting the total abolition of the trade.'†

With the Imâm of Muscat and the Sultan of Zanzibar treaties or agreements have been made, with a view to restricting the internal slave-trade and extinguishing the foreign; of the observance of these we must speak presently, but, so far as a professed acquiescence in our views goes, they leave little to be desired as regards the export of slaves to Asia:—

In deference to the wishes of her Majesty and the British nation . . . His Highness the Sultan of Muscat engages to prohibit, under the severest penalties, the export of slaves from his African dominions, and their importation from any part of Africa into his provinces in Asia, and to use his influence with all the chiefs of Arabia, the Red Sea, and the Persian Gulf, in like manner to prevent the introduction of slaves from Africa to their respective territories.—*Appendix to House of Commons Report*, p. 163.

Finally, he permits the seizure and confiscation by our cruisers of all vessels bearing slaves, except between the allowed limits of the internal trade in the port of Lamoo to the north of Keelua or Kilwa to the south.

The first instrument, then, we would see used is an agreement amongst all the maritime Christian powers to enforce, and where necessary to amend, these treaties. It is eminently the interest, as it is the duty, of the mercantile powers both of Europe and America to unite in this true crusade. The natural products of Africa would enrich greatly the European and American markets. There is no limit to the increase of this trade, if only the slave-trade were abolished. Livingstone's last discoveries show us that there exist, outside that fire-line of death with which the man-stealer marks his progress, tribes of a far higher physical and moral class than the more degraded specimens along the coast-line whom we are accustomed to regard as the true speci-

\* 'House of Commons Report,' App. p. 100.

† Ibid., p. 105.



mens of the African race. All of these are devoted to commerce, and would welcome its legitimate development:—

‘Markets,’ says Livingstone, ‘are held at stated times, and the women attend them in large numbers, dressed in their best. They are keen traders, and look on the market as a great institution; to haggle, and joke, and laugh, and cheat, seem the enjoyments of life. The population, especially west of the river, is prodigiously large.’—*Despatches*, p. 9.

And again, speaking of the cannibal tribe of Manyema:—

‘The women never partake at a cannibal feast, and I am glad of it, for many of them far down Lualaba are very pretty; they bathe three or four times a day, and are expert divers for oysters.’

‘The men smelt iron from the black oxide ore, and are very good smiths; they also smelt copper from the ore, and make large ornaments very cheaply. They are generally fine, tall, strapping fellows, far superior to the Zanzibar slaves; and nothing of the West Coast negro, from whom our ideas of Africans are chiefly derived, appears amongst them; no prognathous jaws, barn-door mouth, nor lank heels are to be seen. . . . They use long spears in the thick vegetation of their country with great dexterity, and they have told us frankly, what was self-evident, that but for the fire-arms, not one of the Zanzibar slaves or half-castes would ever leave their country. . . . The people are industrious, and most of them cultivate the soil largely. We found them everywhere honest.’—*Ibid.*

Even with its present hindrances, the trade of England with Zanzibar is increasing every day. The Hamburg and French houses send their vessels direct to England, and import into Zanzibar British merchandise. In 1867-8 the returns from the Zanzibar customs amounted to 433,693*l.* A large trade exists between India and Zanzibar, where 3710 British, Indians, and subjects of protected States now reside. These, however, represent only a very small part of the commercial houses which are engaged in the Zanzibar trade. Sir Bartle Frere, a witness of the highest order, well explained this to the Committee of the House of Commons:—

‘Almost all the banking business at the ports at Zanzibar and Muscat is done by natives of India, who have their homes in Scinde, Kurrachee, Kutch, Kattewas and Bombay, and some as far south as Cananore and Cochin. They never take their families to Africa. The head of the house of business always remains in India, and their books are balanced periodically in India. . . . When you have that kind of network of indigenous activity existing as a mercantile agency, it is impossible but that the traders will be as ready to push legitimate trade as they have proved themselves to be in India.’—*Evidence*, p. 453.

From the same witness we learn that the German trade with that



that coast has become a matter of very great interest to all German mercantile men and political economists; whilst, until it was interrupted by the war, a large and increasing trade was maintained between this coast and America.

Thus the interests of France, Germany and America coincide with our own in substituting for the robbery of man that legitimate traffic which, by God's appointment, not only enriches nations with material prosperity, but bears inevitably with it the seeds of civilization, and with them the yet higher blessing of the introduction of the Christian Faith. A union of these Christian nations for the purpose of putting down the slave-trade would be irresistible. We rejoice, therefore, to gather from Lord Granville's reply to the Bishop of Winchester, in the recent debate in the House of Lords, that he is bringing all his practised skill in diplomacy energetically to bear upon the accomplishment of this great result of gathering up the moral energies of Western Christendom and of America, to deliver Africa from its scourge. This clearly should be the first step in this great work. The jealousy of other European nations, especially of the French, has been a serious impediment to our progress. A hearty unanimity amongst us would make a common failure impossible. We witness, therefore, with joy the stirring of the mind of educated France upon this matter. M. Berlioux, one of her distinguished professors, has written not only the smaller work translated by Mr. Cooper, but a larger volume, in which he thoroughly discusses the whole subject. Nothing can be more distinct than his conclusions:—

‘The Eastern slave-trade can no longer be tolerated. . . . If Europe is earnest, . . . she will prevent the transport of all slaves, and will, as a consequence, destroy man-hunting. . . . The embarkations which take place at Zanzibar under pretext of furnishing the Sultan's ships, will quickly be suppressed when the British Government shall have renounced those unfortunate treaties.’ ‘It is for Christian powers, forgetting their differences, putting aside their jealousies, . . . and engaging with firmness of purpose in the great work, to bring the force of a united public opinion to bear upon the gigantic evil, when, with the blessing of God, it will disappear from the earth.’\*

Amongst the Powers whose joint action should be secured, we have not named Portugal; and yet surely we may hope that the time is come when Portugal also might be included in so beneficent a Confederation. No country has so direct and vast an interest in stopping the East African slave-trade as Portugal. The enormous natural resources of her South African territories

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\* ‘The Slave-trade,’ &c. † M. Berlioux, pp. 62–64.

would be at once developed if the slave-trade were suppressed, and the restrictions on commerce, which are the evil legacy of her old slave-markets, were swept away. Her coal-mines alone would be an inexhaustible supply of national wealth. If the life of the late King had been prolonged, there can be no doubt that this would have been his action. And it is not too much to hope that with the general enlightenment of the nation, her Government may co-operate with Europe and America in substituting a wholesome commerce for this trade in degradation and death.

Second only in importance to this, we hold the next step to be to enforce upon our own Indian subjects, and, by means of agreement, upon the subjects of the protected Indian States, an absolute separation of every kind and degree from participation in the trade. The Act 5 Geo. IV. c. 113, gives to our Bombay Government all the power which it can need to enforce such an abstinence; and perfect, unmistakeable separation of our own subjects from the trade must be the first step to convince the Arabs, under whose jeers we now rest, that we are in thorough earnest in the matter. Every British subject taking any part, direct or indirect, in the trade, is guilty of felony; and if this is distinctly known, and it is known also that every effort will be made by our Bombay Government to trace home to the offender any such act, and if need be, to punish it with the utmost rigour of the law, we shall at once have done much to destroy the infamous traffic. For Dr. Livingstone is no doubt perfectly right in saying that, whilst the Arabs are ready enough to find the men who will conduct the actual risks of the trade, they have not the wealth necessary to advance the capital required.

'It is well known,' he declares in a despatch to Lord Granville, received on the 18th of August of this year, 'that the slave-trade in this country is carried on almost entirely with the money of Ludha Damji, the richest Banian in Zanzibar, and that of other Banian British subjects. The Banians advance the goods required, and the Arabs proceed inland as their agents, perform the trading or rather murder; and when slaves and ivory are brought to the coast the Arabs sell the slaves; the Banians pocket the price, and adroitly let the odium rest on their agents.'—*Despatches*, p. 10.

Moreover, as the Customs are farmed at Zanzibar by Banians, many of whom are British subjects, or living under British protection; and as a very large proportion of these Customs is levied openly and avowedly from the duty on slaves here in another way, the subjects of the British Crown are mixed directly up with the forbidden trade in its most open manifestations.

Diligence then, fearlessness and, if need be, severity, is what  
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**this** country has an absolute right to demand in this matter from **the** Indian Government.

A third means to which we should have immediate recourse **is** a revision of our treaty obligations, or agreements, or whatever we may term them, with the rulers of Muscat and Zanzibar. The **shameless** violation of existing obligations by their subjects, even if not connived at by themselves, gives us most clearly this right. To us it matters not whether the Sultans and their governments actually connive at the entire neglect by their subjects of the engagements which they have contracted with us, or whether it be that they are altogether powerless to repress what they have agreed with us to prevent. Probably both causes are at work. But the result is the same: that is not done, which we have abundant treaty right to require shall be done. Lieutenant-Colonel Rigby doubtless does not overstate the case when he **says**, 'Daily experience more and more convinces me of the utter impotence of the Sultan of Zanzibar to stop the trade, and that the treaties for its suppression entered into by the late Imâm and the British Government are now and always have been practically null and void.'\*

The way being thus cleared for new treaty engagements, the question is what should be the conditions they enforce. We have no hesitation in saying that their one leading feature should be the absolute prohibition of the slave-trade. This should include the abolition of all local slave-markets; the absolute prohibition of the transport of any save domestic slaves, duly registered and certified as household servants of African or Arabian subjects; and the sweeping away of all customs and duties for the public revenue levied upon any sale of slaves whatever. We have a perfect right to insist upon this: not to dwell on treaty obligations, the shameless breach of which entitles us to demand compensation, the Western nations have abstractedly the right to insist on sweeping the abomination utterly away. This is no question of the mere internal usages of another people; if it were, however bad we thought them, we should transgress the law of national right if we compulsorily changed them. But the Arab tribes of Muscat and Zanzibar can have no national right to enter countries outside their own dominions to kidnap men, women, and children, to burn and destroy peaceful villages. We have by solemn legal enactment, as well as in a multitude of treaties, declared the slave-trade to be piracy, and Christendom has added its seal to our award. We have ever held that every nation has a right to put down piracy in all waters, because

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\* 'House of Commons Report,' Appendix, p. 121.

piracy is the right of no nation, and is a deadly crime against nationality. Why, as a matter of right, should the piracy of the Arab tribes be an exception to the universal treatment of the same offence elsewhere? Instead of being marked by any mitigating circumstances, this piracy is perhaps the rankest specimen of the foul brood to which it belongs. Its area is the widest; its destruction of all lawful commerce is the most complete; the cruelty which is inseparable from it proves it to be the most horrible. We have seen what is its track of horror, from the capture to the sale in the slave-market of its miserable tortured victims. What is its climax in that market may be read in the words of a letter handed in to the Chairman of the House of Commons from Bishop Ryan (late of Mauritius):—

‘They were as naked as on the day of their birth; some of them with a long fork attached to their neck, so arranged that it was impossible for them to step forward. . . . Others were chained together in parcels of twenty. . . . The keeper of this den utters a hoarse cry: it is the order for the merchandise to stand up; but many do not obey. The chains are too short; the dead and the dying prevent the living from rising. The dead can say nothing, but what do the dying say? They say that they are dying of hunger. Let us look at some of the details: who is the creature that holds tightly in her arms a shapeless object, covered with filthy leaves? On looking close, you see it is a woman, holding to her dried-up breast the child of which she has just been delivered. . . . And the man who is working with his hands a piece of mud, which he is continually putting to his eye, what is the matter with him? Our guide tells us “he is a troublesome fellow, who sets a bad example, by throwing himself at my feet this morning, and saying with a loud voice, ‘I am dying of hunger.’ I gave him a blow which burst his eye; he is henceforth good for nothing; and,” he added with a sinister look, “He won’t be hungry long.”’—*Appendix to House of Commons Report*, p. 110.

In the name of our common humanity we declare that this foulest form of piracy is an insult and injury to God and man; and we claim for civilized Christendom the sacred right of taking its victims into her protection, and declaring the curse abolished.

But not only have we the right, we have the power also so to do, and are therefore responsible for a gross neglect if we refuse to use it. The fiat of England, France, Germany, and America has but to be uttered to be obeyed. In fact, the Arab mind has for some time been apprehending such a result. Lord Palmerston’s noble despatch has long since been translated into Arabic, and read repeatedly in the Durbar to the Sultan. In it the Arab chiefs were warned ‘that the traffic in slaves was doomed

to destruction; that Great Britain was the main instrument in the hand of Providence for the accomplishment of this object; that it is useless to oppose what is written in the book of Fate; that the slave-trade shall stop, and that we will be the instruments in stopping it.\*

Some have proposed that, either by purchase or by other means, we should annex Zanzibar to our dominion. Others less violently have proposed that we should free the Sultan of Zanzibar from his stipulated payment to the Imâm of Muscat by taking it upon ourselves. To the first suggestion we altogether object. In our judgment the injustice of such an act would be as great as its impolicy. Nothing could be devised which would throw such a suspicious character over all our attempts to extirpate the trade or alienate more hopelessly from us those through whose instrumentality and aid we must act against it. But though great names can be quoted in support of it, none greater for all reasons than that of Sir Bartle Frere, yet neither do we assent to the second proposal; for though the suppression of the man-stealing iniquity would, even for the increase of our lawful commerce, be cheaply purchased at the 8000*l.* a year which this would cost the nation, and though our undertaking such a payment might at the first moment remove some difficulties, yet we hold that neither right nor necessity requires the sacrifice. That we are entitled to demand and not to purchase the abolition we have already shown. And our demand would suffice to accomplish it without the addition of a bribe. General Rigby is strongly of opinion that the acceptance of such a payment might greatly endanger the Sultan's life. In truth, we have nothing to compound for. We should be conferring, in the very destruction of the traffic, an inestimable boon on Zanzibar. It is true that the head-money paid as tribute on each slave must be abandoned. But, instead of this, Zanzibar would receive the lawful profits of honourable commerce (already the customs yield to the Sultan 24,000*l.* a year more than they did twelve years ago), whilst she would be delivered from that influx of the lawless northern Arabs whom the slave-trade draws into the country; whose presence makes life uncertain, trade feeble, and the paralysing grasp of universal speculation irresistible. Relieved from this, 'Zanzibar would become a second Singapore or Kurrachee for that part of the world.'†

But, further, not only is the entire abolition of the trade the right, but it is the only course. The principles of righteousness on which we protest against this trade, make any connivance as

\* 'House of Commons Report,' Evidence, pp. 574-583.

† Ibid. p. 970.



to it, or any regulation of it, morally impossible. And even if this were not so, experience has convinced every one who has been engaged in the attempt to check it, that it is impossible to introduce any effective restraint upon it whilst its continuance in any shape is permitted. For, as the House of Commons Committee report,\* 'Any attempt to supply slaves for domestic use in Zanzibar will always be a pretext and cloak for a foreign trade.' It must never be forgotten that the whole population, from the Sultan's highest officer down to the lowest Arab, are personally interested in defeating all attempts at enforcing any restrictive regulations; whilst the restless intriguing and treacherous nature of the Arab eminently fit him to succeed in such a course.

Geographical peculiarities, moreover, enforce the conclusion that whilst the trade may undoubtedly be stopped, it cannot be regulated. By our present treaty, slaves may be carried, without interference from our cruisers, between Kilwa, on the south (S. lat.  $9^{\circ} 2'$ ), and Lamoo, on the north (S. lat.  $1^{\circ} 57'$ ), or along the whole extent of the African territory of Zanzibar. The vessels, therefore, which conduct the contraband trade can only be stopped after they have cleared out from Lamoo. But in these seas, with the help of the unvarying monsoon winds, it is, practically speaking, impossible that our cruisers should prevent the escape of dhows enough to pay, by the high price of the slaves landed on the other shore, for the loss of those whom we had captured, or whom, in even greater numbers than these, the fear of capture has caused to be thrown into the sea. The only way to make the sealing up of the coast possible is to allow the seizure of slave-dhows everywhere; and for this the trade must not be licensed within certain degrees of latitude, but absolutely forbidden everywhere. If only this absolute prohibition were required, and our cruisers were made somewhat more numerous, and were fitted with the steam launches which are essential for following the dhows into the creeks and bays in which they conceal themselves, the profits of the trade could be at once reduced to a point at which it would no longer pay to retain it.

We are brought to the same conclusion by the absolute necessity, of which we have spoken already, of wholly divorcing British capital and subjects from partaking in the trade. For when we attempt to do this, we are met at once by the extreme difficulty, from the indirectness of their connexion with the trade, of bringing home the offence to those who are subject to our laws. Against all avowed participation the enactments are stringent

\* Pa e viii.

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and comprehensive enough—more stringent than is always convenient to those who, with the best intentions, meddle at all with the traffic. Captain Fraser furnishes us, in the Letter the title of which is prefixed to this article, with a good instance of this. He was one of a firm who, in 1864, set on foot the cultivation of the sugar-cane and the manufacture of sugar by steam-machinery at Zanzibar. For this purpose the firm entered into partnership with the late Sultan Syud Majeed. The Sultan was to supply 500 unskilled labourers, allowing, if he fell short in his supply, the firm to engage elsewhere the number of labourers necessary to complete the stipulated complement. These labourers were of course slaves, sent by their owner the Sultan, according to the use of Zanzibar, to labour for the firm in which he was a partner. This contract was certified by the British Consul and Resident, and was declared afterwards by the Law Officers of the Crown at home to have infringed none of our enactments against the slave-trade. The co-partnership, however, was by joint consent terminated after a few months; and the firm, having obtained the requisite machinery at a large expense, looked about for another mode of employing it. They first endeavoured to obtain free labourers from the Comoro Islands; but these would steal, and would not work. Then the firm fell back again upon the employment of slave labour. But this time they entered into a contract with the Arab owners of the gangs of porters who were to supply them with slaves bound to work for five years, after which they were to obtain their freedom. The firm had not perceived the difference between entering into partnership with a native who employed his own slaves, and undertaking to receive the 'transfer' for five years of a gang of slaves to themselves: an operation decided by the Law Officers of the Crown to be a violation of the Act 5 of George IV. c. 113. Thus the firm had involved themselves unawares, and, as Captain Fraser argues, with most humane intentions, in a most serious violation of the law; from the penalties of which they escaped only by the Sultan manumitting the slaves in question, in consequence of which no penalties were sued for against the firm. Captain Fraser casts his uttermost scorn on this act of manumission—most unfairly, as it seems to us; and for himself and his firm most ungratefully, as that act of prerogative alone delivered them from the very serious complications in which they had become involved.

But dangerous as it is for a British subject to connect himself in any way directly with the traffic in slaves, yet, to bring home the indirect traffic criminally to them is, whilst the trade is legal at all, well nigh impossible. The Consul at Zanzibar may

easily prove that a Banian house there, itself a branch of another great house at Bombay, and both of them of the very highest commercial character, fitted out a caravan for a most respectable Arab merchant, with the cloths of Hamburg, or the beads and wire of England and America, to go into the interior and trade for ivory. Evil rumours may soon abound as to the conduct of the caravan; that its conductors are stirring up wars amongst the inland tribes and practising the slave-trade with its most aggravated enormities; but the Consul is utterly powerless as to interfering with it. After two years, perhaps, the Arab re-appears; slaves in numbers, as well as ivory, arrive; who are sold for the mainland, whilst some to go to Zanzibar, some to Arabia. It is clear as the sun at noonday that all this is the direct fruit of the employment of British capital in the felonious trade; but how can he bring home the guilty complicity? How can he obtain evidence where the whole feeling of the place is against any inquiry?

Captain Fraser's own letter to the Select Committee of the House of Commons is a curious instance of the universality of this feeling amongst residents at Zanzibar. In the evidence given before the Committee, the Rev. Horace Waller had deposed that 'the fact of Captain Fraser employing slaves led to everlasting murmuring on the part of the natives.' 'One morning they would see us burning the dhows which were engaged in the slave-trade, and the next morning they would see an Englishman working factories and plantations with the slaves safely landed. . . . The poor slaves were hired in gangs from their Arab masters. . . . It was encouraging the slave-trade.' Our readers will remember Captain Fraser's defence of the transaction. But Mr. Waller's evidence stings him to the quick, and he 'protests against the injustice done him by receiving and placing on Parliamentary record such statements,' and claims earnestly 'the rehabilitation of his character for the great injury done to him.' Captain Fraser, therefore, considers, as most Englishmen would, that to be charged with having in any way promoted the slave-trade is a brand upon his character. And yet even upon such a mind the effect of a residence in the midst of slavery can too plainly be traced in the picture which he draws of the slave's life on the plantations at Zanzibar. It is the old story with which all who remember the struggle with West Indian slavery were so familiar. The comfort of the slaves, their ease, and the like: with, however, incidentally, the terrible admission as to the most prolific race in the world, that 'some children, not many, are to be seen amongst them.'\* This is 'the East African slave-trade'

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\* *The East African Slave Trade.*

results as viewed by residents in Zanzibar.' The vital difference between slavery and freedom,—the degradation of humanity which is involved in men and women being happy because, though the property of a master as much as any other of his chattels, they have a 'good supply of poultry and perhaps a goat or two,'—seems almost to have faded away from the writer's view. If this is the effect of living in such a moral atmosphere upon a high-minded British merchant, we may conceive what it must be upon the natives of India and Arabia, who live by the abominations of the trade, and how impossible it would be for the most zealous consul to obtain, in such a state of society, evidence which could lead to the conviction of the covert slave-trader.

Only in the fewest instances would it be possible to prove the guilt which he knows to exist. Legal slave-trading must, whilst it exists, effectually shelter the felonious act, and only by the trade being declared universally unlawful, can any general attempts to punish British subjects be successful. We are brought to the inevitable conclusion: the Sultan must be induced to give up a partial protection of the trade.

But if, without exception of any kind, the transport of slaves was absolutely forbidden, all these difficulties would cease. Nor would any evil accrue to Zanzibar. The British cruisers, acting in concert with the native Government, could, without any difficulty, prevent the acts of violence which are sometimes apprehended as a consequence of abolition from the Northern Arabs. Nor need any difficulty arise as to the supply of labour. The engagement for their manumission after a brief time of service, made by Captain Fraser as to the negroes his firm proposed to hire, might be universal, and a term of apprenticeship might terminate in freedom. The abolition of slavery would of itself substitute the far more useful exertions of free for the proverbial idleness of slave-labour; whilst, if in the Seychelles, at the Mauritius, and other places more remote from a labour-market, sugar and other exports can be grown without slave-labour, far more certainly could they be at Zanzibar.

When once this new condition of treaty obligation had been established, the Governor-General of India could act upon the whole Banian community in a way which is now entirely impossible. If the Viceroy could notify, first, to the vast Banian confederacy, some members of which are to be found at every emporium of trade in India, and then through their respective chieftains (such as the Rao of Cutch, the Nawab of Jafferabad, and others) that the British Government was in earnest in its  
of suppressing the slave-trade, and that it would exert  
of punishing any Indian subject who might be convicted

of participating in the traffic, the effect would be seen in every branch of the great mercantile community. The effect of such notifications in India cannot be overlooked. As in the case of suttee, infanticide, and many other abominations, the clearly expressed will of the Imperial power carries immense weight even into the family and counting-house of a Banian subject of an independent chief.

One other suggestion, earnestly pressed by Dr. Livingstone, might, moreover, be most usefully adopted. He considers that the most beneficial measure which could be introduced into Eastern Africa would be the moral element which has done so much for suppressing the Western slave-trade. He quotes the report made by Colonel Ord, and laid before Parliament in 1865, as establishing the fact that, whilst the presence of a naval squadron has had its share in the work, after all, the suppression of the trade around the English settlements on the West Coast is mainly due to the existence there of settlements of free Christian Negroes. If, he urges,

'the native Christians of one or more of the English settlements on the West Coast, which have fully accomplished their object in suppressing the slave-trade, could be induced by voluntary emigration to move to some healthy spot on the East Coast, they would in time frown down the duplicity which prevails so much in all classes that no slave-trade treaty can bind them. Slaves purchase their liberty in Cuba, and return to unhealthy Lagos to settle as petty traders; men of the same enterprising class who have been imbued with the moral atmosphere of our settlements would be of invaluable benefit in developing lawful commerce.'—*Despatches*, p. 22.

He suggests that the Sultan can, without interference with any native rights, give ground for such a settlement, and is quite ready to do so, on the mainland opposite to the island, which in many places is perfectly healthy, and that all which our Government need do would be to provide an able man to begin and lead the movement; or at most to transport existing officials in a man-of-war, and to advance on loan part of the passage-money, and give rations and house-rent for the earliest infancy of the settlement. In this view Mr. Churchill, who has resided between two and three years as Political Agent and Consul at Zanzibar, entirely agreed in his evidence before the House of Commons,\* and recommended, as Livingstone does also, the island of Momfia to be acquired from the Sultan as the best place for such a settlement.

The Rev. H. Badger, whose acquaintance with the whole subject makes his opinion worthy of the utmost weight, suggests

\* Pages 416-420.

Iniack island, in Delagoa Bay, with the surrounding country of Tembé, undoubtedly British property, as the fittest for such a purpose. Iniack island, he urges,\*—

‘is admirably adapted for trade, whilst the two navigable rivers in its immediate neighbourhood, the Mapoota and Manice, are said to give access to the Zulu country, and to the territories of the Transvaal Republic. Should the result be favourable, Iniack island would bid fair to become an important commercial emporium, whilst the adjoining country of Tembé, also British territory, might afford an eligible settlement whereon to locate the slaves captured by our cruisers on the coast. In short, the healthiness of the climate once proved, a British station in Delagoa Bay might occupy, on this side of Africa, a position analogous to Sierra Leone on the Western Coast; and should the scheme proposed be found feasible, benevolent societies at home would not be backward to crown the humane efforts of the Government in behalf of the liberated Africans, by corresponding endeavours to impart to them the blessings of a Christian civilization.’

Yet still, even when the assent of the Sultan of Zanzibar and of the Imâm of Muscat has been given to treaties which absolutely abolish the slave-trade, our work will not all be done. No great and long existing moral evil can ever be extirpated without testing, by the need of prolonged exertion, the real steadfastness of purpose with which it was assailed. How long and how exhausting was the struggle with the West India slave-trade! It is of the nature of such evil that it lowers the general standard of opinion to its own level. So many are interested in maintaining the abuse, so few are willing or able to assist in its destruction, that even when suppressed it must for a time be liable, like a half-extinguished fire, suddenly to blaze forth again with all its former intensity. For all this we must be prepared. We must maintain for a season our cruisers on the watch, and if only the Treasury will give them the support they must have, the authorities at the Admiralty know well how, and are thoroughly ready to do what is required of them. But, beyond the simply repressive powers of our naval force, we must be prepared for other exertions. Accurate information and concentrated command are two of the most essential elements of success in our undertaking. For the first it is essential that our Consul at Zanzibar should have an able and thoroughly trusty agent, whose field of action should be between the sea-coast and the Lake of Nyassa. His actual location might be left to his own determination. But he should be where he could for himself observe, and so prevent, every attempt to renew the trade. The command

\* ‘Pall Mall Gazette,’ Aug. 13.



of such means of information by our Consul is absolutely essential to any successful attempt to prevent the revival of the trade, even were it once destroyed. Until lawful commerce has established itself, and proved to the petty native chieftains how far better for them is honourable trade than felonious man-stealing, this watch must be kept; and, to make it effectual, there must be concentration of command. In every cause which demands for success rapid and determined action, divided command is the sure secret for securing weakness in execution; and these evils are increased when a wide distance is interposed between the different centres in which command is lodged. For this reason we hold it essential to our success in our great endeavour that the proposition of Sir George Clerk should be adopted, and all political and consular officers from Zanzibar to the Persian Gulf be placed under the orders of the Governor of Aden, who should be invested with the authority now exercised through the Governor of Bombay by the Government of India, and be allowed to communicate directly with the Viceroy and with the Foreign and Indian Offices. This would at once put an end to the division of authority and responsibility between India and England which now paralyses exertion, and causes interminable delays which make it impossible for the political agent at Zanzibar to know what instructions he may receive from Simla, Calcutta, or Bombay, till months after the duplicates of the despatches on which instructions are needed have reached London. All these delays might be at once terminated by the political agents at Zanzibar, and along the coast to Muscat, being instructed to correspond, through the political agent at Aden, with the Foreign and Indian Offices; whilst the Indian Government, and the Government of Bombay, were instructed to abstain from giving orders to those authorities on matters relating to East Africa without previous reference to Her Majesty's Government in London. With this concentration of command, and the now meditated line of postal steam-communication between Aden and Zanzibar, and Zanzibar and Natal, the increased powers of our officers to check the slave-trade would be immeasurably increased. Of all the suggested means for putting an end to it, this would probably be ultimately the most effectual, whilst it would be the most easily carried to completion. All that would be necessary would be the early protection which the presence of a judicious British consular agent would afford to the rising settlement. A firman from the Sultan or native Prince on whose territories the settlement was effected would give it the necessary status. Materials of increase would naturally gather round such a centre of protection, and, after its taking root, there  
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need be no more outlay of British money or exertion of British power than in a Turkish port in the Mediterranean.

Another great and difficult question might thus at the same time find its solution. Perhaps the most anxious duty which our watching the Coast of Africa now imposes on us is the treatment of the slaves whom our cruisers capture. The whole process of the capture is one of sorrow and perplexity. The slave-dhows, when pursued and threatened with capture by our cruisers, begin, as we have seen, by throwing into the sea the least vigorous of the slaves, and often never cease their work of death till all are thrown over, or the dhow itself stranded upon the rocks. But, as to the comparatively few whom we do rescue, surely it is difficult to conceive more direct self-constituted responsibility than is ours towards these wretched creatures.

It is impossible to deny that, at present, we have, with all our good intentions, but ill discharged these duties. On this point the 'Resident at Zanzibar' speaks in terms of most unmeasured, and not, we fear, wholly undeserved severity:—'Up to this point I have confined my remarks to the Report of the Commission, but I would fain go beyond it, to record my feeble protest against the inhuman and selfish policy that has throughout characterized the national effort to suppress the East African slave-trade.' Strong words, but not more so than justice demands. It is not the mere expenditure of a certain yearly sum, to support a squadron for the repression of the traffic, that will relieve the country from the reproach of acting selfishly, nor will the release of any number of slaves per annum save it from the stigma of inhumanity. Contrast the slave located in Zanzibar with the slave liberated by Great Britain! We have already quoted the description of the slaves located in Zanzibar: here is the contrast. 'Where shall we find the freed slave under the protection of Great Britain living in equal comfort? Where shall we look for any such evidence that he is well-cared for and contented? Alas! we may search in vain: the prison islets of Aden, the stews of Bombay, the plantations of Mauritius and Seychelles, tell alike the same disgraceful tale.

There is no future provided for the 'protected' freed slave, unless one infinitely more hopeless and brutalized than the lot from which he was forcibly torn. Is it for this so much treasure is lavished, so much innocent blood shed?\*

A free settlement of men of their own race and blood would, under proper safeguards, form the fittest home for at least a large proportion of the captives. The Church Missionary Society,

\* 'East African Slave Trade,' &c., p. 18.

which

which has long, so greatly to its honour, provided schools for training the children whom our energies have rescued, will, we may be sure, be represented at such a new home of freedom; and the more recent efforts which at Zanzibar itself have been made under the superintendence of Bishop Tozer and the Central African Mission, might co-operate with it. Dr. Christie bears some remarkable testimony as to the rapidity with which even adult slaves, into whose nature the curse of slavery had eaten deeply, might, by judicious kindness and regular employment, be transformed into useful citizens of such a settlement:—

‘On my arrival,’ he says, ‘I resided on the estate nearly two months. The negroes were exceedingly filthy in their habits. . . . Many of them came from the same place and belonged to the same tribe, but they seemed utterly indifferent regarding each other. I was not prepared to see this, as I thought that a common affliction, viz., Slavery, would have produced a common sympathy. . . . Since I first came to the place, there has been a great change for the better in the condition of the people in every respect. At the time of their manumission by the late Sultan, not one elected to leave the estate. . . . The progress made by these people in the short space of six years is wonderful, and Messrs. H. O. Fraser and Co. have solved the problem completely as to what can be done with negroes in such a short space of time who have lived till the time of maturity in a savage state.’—*Appendix to a Letter, &c.*, p. 18.

Here is well-grounded hope that, in a friendly free settlement, even the poor degraded beings who have been rescued from the slave-dhow may become happy and useful members of a society of industrious freemen. Such a settlement of free negroes would not only be the greatest direct barrier yet interposed in the path of the slave-trade, but it might also be a principal means of opening those paths of honourable commerce into the centre of Africa, to which we must mainly trust at last for destroying in its interior districts the tendency to steal and sell men. When the native chieftains find by experience that men are more lucratively valuable to them as the producers and exporters of articles of commerce than they are by being sold into a foreign slavery, the temptation to internal warfare, to slave-hunting, and to welcome the slave-dealer, will have passed away. Africa may be at peace within herself, her vast resources may enrich the markets of the world, and her now miserable children may know the blessings of freedom, security, and abundance; whilst along the highway which Commerce shall have opened, Christianity may speed upon its higher errand yet, of gathering in the nations to the knowledge of their God.

We trust that both the Indian and the Home Government  
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will well weigh these suggestions, and will act with vigour in the matter. It is one which, from its own character and on account of the interest which will be raised concerning it in the country when the facts of the case are well known, will not brook listlessness and half-measures.

There are, in the evidence taken before the House of Commons and in the Report of their Committee, allusions of a painful kind to differences between different departments of the Government as embarrassing our action, and so preventing our success, and making our present expenditure on the cause useless and ridiculous. This must not continue. It is a case in which half-economy is entire loss. There must be no squabbling between the Government of India and the Administration at home as to the payment of officers needful to promote the objects of both; no frustrating by the Treasury, in one of its parsimonious fits, the more statesman-like proposals of the Foreign Office; no starving down of the squadron employed, so as to disgust its gallant commanders and give the nation the cost of maintaining it, and yet, through a paltry economy, maintaining it in vain.

On this question any Government which would act with a generous vigour would have the whole country with it. It is one as to which internal wrangling and the great waste of petty savings may heap up against the sure day of reckoning, to the injury of any Administration, a large accumulation of reproaches. It is one from which rightly-handled resolution, skill, and diplomatic success may reap no little harvest of honourable estimation. Great as would be the merit of having solved by geographical discovery all the problems which yet perplex us as to the mysterious deserts and mighty rivers of Central Africa, how far grander would it be to have delivered these even unknown tribes from this deadly and greatly aggravated curse of the slave-trade! This is the great discoverer's own estimate of all his own labours. The noblest passage, as it seems to us, in his last despatches expresses, in his strong straightforward words, this as the utterance of his soul,—'Baker came further up the Nile than any other in modern times, but turned when between 600 and 700 miles short of the *Caput Nili*. He is now employed in a more noble work than the discovery of Nile sources; and if he succeeds in suppressing the Nile slave-trade, the boon he will bestow on humanity will be of far higher value than all my sources together.'\*

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\* Livingstone's Despatches, p. 8.

ART. VIII.—1. *Hansard's Debates*, 1871, 1872. London.

2. *Judgments of the Arbitrators at Geneva*. 'London Gazette,' September 24, 1872.

3. *Speech of Mr. Butt, Q.C.* 'Times,' October 4, 1872.

THE fickleness of fortune is one of those proverbial truths which has not grown old with time; and still, as in the old time, it is in the world of politics that her strangest whims and most startling infidelities are displayed. Happily the vicissitudes of political life bear a very different signification from that which attached to them in former times, and we can contemplate their possibility, and study their progress, with scarcely severer twinges of sympathy than we should feel for pieces that were unexpectedly taken in a game of chess. The fall of greatness was a thing to be mourned over in days when men were really great, and when they really fell. Now, they mount to so moderate an elevation, that when the turn of fortune comes they have not far to fall. The rulers of a democratic state are blessed with immunities of the same kind as those which are enjoyed by the rider of a humble domestic animal. His rate of progression may be moderate, and the figure which he displays to bystanders may not be impressive; but when his own imperfect horsemanship, or the temper of the animal on whom his fate depends, condemn him to quit the saddle, the catastrophe is more disfiguring than dangerous in its results. But the position of a politician is as precarious as ever it was, though the tumbles to which he is exposed are no longer terrible. Mr. Gladstone has no cause to fear the fate of Wolsey, or even of the light-hearted Ollivier. But his fall from the kind of supremacy he enjoyed is almost as sudden as if he had lived under the most despotic sovereign. Even within the narrow limits of the difference which with us exists between the power of one subject and another, the turns of fortune are quite as startling as in the times and countries where the statesman who played the game of politics laid stakes of real value upon the board.

Any one who judged only by superficial appearances would, indeed, have been incredulous if in March, last year, a prophet had foretold to him the curious change of feeling which eighteen months has sufficed to bring about. Up to that time the fortunes of the Gladstone administration were apparently unbroken and unthreatened. The enormous majority of 1868 had been rather strengthened than weakened by intermediate elections. The prestige of the Government was undiminished. It had put its hand to three great measures—the Church Act, the Land Act, and the Education Act—and it had carried them without substantial

stantial alteration. It had thoroughly mastered the House of Commons, and cowed the House of Lords. It had sensibly reduced the estimates, and had been able to remit taxation which its predecessors had imposed. These were all brilliant, and, as far as appearances went, unqualified successes. Time enough had not elapsed to judge of the working of the revolutionary legislation which had been prescribed for Ireland, or to determine whether reduced estimates were due to true economy, or simply to the retrenchment of stores, which it would be necessary to replace. Even Lord Granville's foreign policy was too fresh to have yet stung the insensitive nerve of English national pride. Happily for the English, they do not understand when other nations despise them. Russia had torn up the treaty which it had cost two years of war and half a million lives to win; America had received traitors from Ireland with all the honours Congress could bestow; Prince Bismarck had repelled our efforts at mediation with ostentatious contempt; but trade was beginning to mend, and these trifles passed unnoticed. The first cloud in the serene atmosphere was the unlucky budget of Mr. Lowe. It would not be fair to use any severer epithet, for the scheme hardly deserved all the obloquy that was heaped upon it. It was not much to be admired, for subsequent experience showed it to have been rather a budget of panic than of precaution. The two millions raised were a useless addition to the burdens of the people. But its prominent demerits were rather political than financial. The match-tax was neither better nor worse than any other excise duty that was at once new and rather fanciful. The succession duty, which Mr. Lowe tried to increase, is less just, indeed, than the income-tax; but it is more just than a rate. The succession duty is an income-tax confined to schedules A and C. The poor-rate is an income-tax confined to schedule A. But whatever might be advanced theoretically in favour of the scheme, its sins as a practical measure of political strategy were immediately apparent; it trod with vicious emphasis on the corns of two classes, one of which was very powerful and the other was very noisy, and both of them, unluckily, strongly represented among the supporters of Her Majesty's Government. The succession duty drew a protest from the brother of the Duke of Devonshire; the match-tax brought together just that sort of ragged, riotous, reckless mob that stirs the enthusiasm of the advanced Liberal to frenzy. A Government which subsists upon the combined allegiance of Whig landlords and trades-unions, might get on with tolerable safety so long as it could pit its supporters against each other; but before a hostile combination of the two it could do nothing but instantly succumb.

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The obnoxious budget was withdrawn, and was replaced by a twopenny income-tax, which by no means helped to restore the popularity of the Ministry, but which passed because it was the least novel idea that could possibly be suggested.

The moral effect of this great defeat was enormous. The spell was broken which for more than two years had cowed large interests into submitting to the severest measures, in the fear that worse would come upon them. The huge majority was vulnerable: the all-powerful ministry had accepted the extreme humiliation of taking back their budget. It was a message of good tidings to many a threatened and trembling interest. They plucked up a heart to resist what a little before they had been inclined to accept as their inevitable fate. The Government had already thrown down the gauntlet to three powerful interests—the soldiers, the brewers, and the landed gentry. At first all three were disposed to submit with desponding apathy; but as soon as the discomfiture of Mr. Lowe announced that the Government had lost their talisman and no longer possessed a charmed life, they began to bestir themselves to resist. For the officers the day of deliverance came too late. It was against them that the Government directed its most resolute efforts; and they were weakest in numerical support. They fought their battle with professional determination, and but for the technical accident which placed it in the power of the Crown to disregard the adverse vote of the House of Lords, they would not have succumbed. A high-handed act of power, which practically passed an Act of Parliament by the assent of the Commons alone, was too pleasing to the self-love of the latter to involve any immediate danger to the Ministry. But the mode in which it was received in the country was very noticeable. It was within a month of the Royal Warrant that the Surrey election took place. That election was remarkable as announcing the conversion of one of the most radical constituencies of the kingdom; and still more, as the first of a series of disasters which have lasted from that time almost unbroken until now.

The two other assailed interests fared better. It was difficult to enlist against them the specious jealousies of class which had been fatal to the system of army-purchase. Mr. Bruce's assault upon the property of the brewers and the publicans, Mr. Goschen's ingenious attempt to sow dissension between the owners and occupiers of land, touched, not a dispute upon the relative efficiency of two rival plans of military organization, but the pecuniary interests of men who were to be found in every rank of society. As soon as a chance for resistance showed itself, they let it be known that they were not disposed to be shorn peaceably;



ably; and their opposition was so menacing, that the bills which excited it never even reached a second reading. The Licensing Bill has reappeared in a despoiled and mutilated shape, and favoured by its insignificance has, after surrendering its most salient enactments, survived the perils of the session. It is so badly drawn, and founded upon such false principles, that public discontent will probably enforce its modification next year. Mr. Goschen is happily removed to another sphere, where rating, at least in a parochial sense, is unknown; and his Bill is altogether laid aside. It was introduced to stifle the nascent agitation against the anomalies and iniquities of rating, by carrying the war into the enemy's country, and dividing the assailants against each other. The resolution carried by Sir Massey Lopes will probably prevent the revival of this strategy. The question of rating must be taken up shortly, and must be dealt with on much wider grounds than the division of the rating between landlord and tenant.

But though the assault failed in two points out of three, the impression which it produced did not disappear. A feeling began to spread in men's minds that the mission of the ministry was to destroy; and no one knew whose turn would come first, or which institution would be next selected for attack. So many clauses had either been visited or threatened with injury of some kind, that a general sentiment of uneasiness began to prevail. So long as the spoliation was confined to Irish ground, English people were not vehemently moved. It seemed quite natural that there should be revolutionary proceedings in Ireland. It might be lamentable, but it was by no means new. Innumerable experiments in Government had been tried there at various times; and the proposed legislation was only the addition of another to the list. They had all failed, and this would probably fail just like the rest; but it was not worth any political excitement or alarm. It was absurd to suppose that any one would draw such measures into a precedent for England, or would confound the English Church or the English landlord with the Irish travesties of those cherished institutions.

Such was, in a more or less articulate form, the argument with which the average Englishman allayed any misgivings which the Irish Church Bill or the Irish Land Bill might have excited in his mind. It never occurred to him as a serious probability that the Government would import the eccentricities of their Irish legislation into England, and would begin to cut down upar-trees on this side of St. George's Channel. If for no other reason, he would have rejected the idea with anger, as implying that there really was some sort of analogy between England and Ireland.

Ireland. If his illusions were flimsy, his disenchantment was severe. When in 1871 the intentions of the ministry on this head were left in no kind of doubt, when in addition to the attacks on the army, the liquor trade, and the landlords, he was harassed by bold advances in direct taxation and new views as to its assessment, by hints from the Home Secretary of the approaching disestablishment of the English Church, and by the devouring activity of Commissioners scheming to alienate from their ancient uses local endowments in almost every town and village, he was roughly shaken from his complacency; and in proportion as his slumber had been deep, his awakening to the hard reality was disagreeable.

It would not be true to say that these predatory forays upon English interests entirely account for the more recent unpopularity of Ministers. The mishaps that have distinguished much of the Admiralty administration have had their share; and the Washington Treaty has not been without effect. The impression left by the negotiations which preceded and followed it have not been favourable either to the clear-sightedness or the resolution of the Government. The result of them in the heavy damages—equal to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  income-tax—inflicted by the award that has just been issued, has been to a great extent what the world expected. The American negotiators knew perfectly what they were about; and they coaxed or drove our Government to affix the Queen's signature to terms of reference which much ensured our condemnation in respect to the Alabama. The selection of the arbitrators, and the use of 'less accurate' language, did the rest. Those who wish to see how the vaunted plan of arbitration is likely to work in future, should not fail to master the eloquent judgment in which Sir Alexander Cockburn has recorded his protest against an ignorant decision, and laid down in masterly language the true principles of international law. A 'scratch' tribunal of foreign jurists, who neither understood the language in which the counsel addressed them, nor the laws of the country on which they were called to pass a judgment, guided by no other light than the studied ambiguities of the Washington Treaty, was not likely to produce a decision deserving of respect. The money must unhappily be paid; but it is worth while to cast a glance at the process by which it has been exacted from us, if only to appreciate the operations which go on in the mind of ill-informed judges called upon to interpret less accurate rules.

The rules required a neutral state, to use 'due diligence, to prevent the fitting out, arming, or equipping within its jurisdiction of any vessel which it has reasonable ground to believe is intended to cruise or carry on war against a Power with which

it is at peace.' But no hint was given of what due diligence meant, or what were reasonable grounds of belief. It was not said whether the belief was to be that which an absolute Government might entertain upon hearsay, or only that which a jury would entertain under the strict laws of evidence. Nor was it explained whether the 'diligence' expected of the executive was to be shown in accordance with the institutions of a free country, or by acts of lawless force overriding them. The three arbitrators were accustomed to the highhanded ways of foreign police. They would not understand that our Government cannot meddle with the liberty of its subjects until sufficient proof of criminal intent has been produced. M. Staempfli appears to have been especially irritated by this plea, which he always italicises contemptuously. His reply, and that of the other foreign arbitrators is that the Government ought to have 'taken the initiative;' and ought to have found out for themselves the 'sufficient proofs' which the American agents had failed to discover. Count Sclopis actually goes so far as to say, 'It is a little surprising to find the Collector of Customs setting himself up as a judge of legal proofs, when he ought to have had prompt recourse to more direct means of guaranteeing the duties of neutrality.' The extent of omniscience which the British Government was bound as a neutral to possess, in the opinion of these arbitrators, may be illustrated from a passage in M. Staempfli's judgment upon the 'Shenandoah.' This vessel—an old East India trader—was sold to one Wright, September 20, 1864. Wright had married the daughter of one Prioleau: Prioleau was a partner in the firm of Fraser, Trenholm, and Co.: and this firm were agents of the Confederate Government. On October 8, 1864, the vessel sailed from the Thames, and was armed as a cruiser in French waters. Except Mr. Wright's relationships there was no one iota of evidence or suspicion to connect her before she sailed with the Confederate Government. And yet one of the arbitrators, who has condemned us in large damages on her account, seriously lays down that the Government ought to have known that the vessel was sold to Wright: that it ought further to have been familiar with the fact that Wright had married Prioleau's daughter: that it ought to have further known that Prioleau was a partner in the firm of Messrs. Fraser and Trenholm: that it ought thence to have concluded that the ship which had been bought by the merchant, who had married the daughter of another merchant, who was a partner of the firm that had transacted business for the Southern States must necessarily be about to sail for an illegal purpose, and accordingly ought to have interposed. And all these facts were to be discovered and acted

acted upon between the 20th of September and the 8th of October. It is possible that the police of a Fouché or a Vidocq might have possessed this kind of information: and that their master might have been arbitrary enough to act upon it. But the British Government has never yet held it to be an international duty to keep a register of the names of all members of all mercantile firms, with a full account of the marriages of all the daughters. It is fair to add that the utmost pains were taken to mislead the Arbitrators on points of British law of which they were likely to be ignorant. The American counsel had the effrontery to assert that 'the British Ministers do not scruple to suspend the privileges of the writ of *habeas corpus*, whether with or without previous Parliamentary authorization, and whether in the United Kingdom or in the Colonies, on occasion of petty acts of rebellion or revolt.' Well might Sir Alexander Cockburn say that he was 'lost in amazement and sought in vain to discover what could possibly be meant by so strange a statement.'

But even Mr. Adams was misled into making an assertion to English law quite as baseless, which must have had an important effect in adding to the bewilderment of his three colleagues. In commenting on the case of the 'Florida' he said that the English Government 'had in its hands all the means of extorting unwilling testimony through efficient and trustworthy agents.' What Mr. Adams can have meant by this weak assertion will probably remain an unsolved mystery. He was probably aware that the rack in the Tower of London has been disused for some time past: and that the modern substitute for that machine, known as the '*juge d'instruction*,' has not yet been introduced into this country. But his non-English colleagues naturally believed these statements without misgiving. It seemed to them a matter of course that an unlimited power of arresting obnoxious persons, and a machinery for extorting unwilling testimony, should form part of the jurisprudence of every well-ordered state. And England suffered accordingly. She has been condemned in enormous damages because her executive did not use powers which it has not, and, while her freedom lasts, will never have. The point was of capital importance both in the cases of the 'Florida' and the 'Shenandoah.' The final arming of the 'Florida' took place at the Bahamas. In one of the bays of a desolate island, sixty miles from Nassau, a merchant vessel brought out to her her guns and her crew. Great Britain is condemned by M. Staempfli because the Government did not know the errand of that merchantman—which of course cleared for some other place. No sort of evidence of its real intention was forthcoming: and, though a Government might have ex-

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tracted it by some such machinery as Mr. Adams contemplates, for want of it there was nothing to go upon, except a theory of the American consul's which turned out to be incorrect. The 'Shenandoah' was almost exactly the same case. We have been condemned to pay for the losses she inflicted because a number of sailors living at Melbourne stole off one night to join her. The Government had made great efforts to prevent any such accession of strength, which was from the known sympathy of the colonists likely to take place. Some men were caught and punished, others were sent back before they escaped. But on the night before the vessel sailed a certain number of men succeeded in escaping to her. The Government had placed a strong guard upon the pier from which the escape was likely to be attempted, but the men succeeded in getting off from a more unfrequented spot. In the vast circuit of Port Phillip some place of escape could have been found in spite of any vigilance. What the Government were really condemned for was that they did not find out beforehand, and so prevent, the plan for accomplishing this clandestine enlistment. A Continental police, with its lavish *espionage*, its power of seizing papers at will, and the information it receives from the moral torture-chamber of the *juge d'instruction*, might possibly have discovered the plan. 'England,' says Count Sclopis, 'is not to be exonerated by her own law.' If her Government cannot do what a Continental Government can do, so much the worse for her. The same spirit pervades the judgments given throughout. The 'Florida' was seized at Nassau; and, after due trial, was acquitted. One would have imagined that in this matter, at least, the responsibility of the Government would have been discharged. Not in the least. The proceedings were conducted according to English practice, and M. Staempfli considers English practice bad. The judgment was delivered by an English judge. Count Sclopis does not think the judgment was any answer to the demands made by the United States: and, apparently, M. Itajuba came to the same conclusion. The doctrine of judicial independence, so sacred to us in England, has no value in the eyes of an Italian or a Brazilian. It does not, in their view, protect a Government from the consequences of respecting it. Whether they expected the English Government to force the judge to give a different decision, or to treat the decision with contempt when it was given, does not appear. In any case they put it aside as of no account.

We do not complain of their ignorance. In M. Staempfli's case, indeed, it amounted to a scandal. He had studied his papers so little that he made two statements, which were of vital importance to his judgment of the 'Florida,' and which



were absolutely incorrect. To show the negligence of the Government in allowing the 'Florida' to sail, he states that her armament had been brought across from Hartlepool to Liverpool, and were carried out to sea by a merchantman, starting at the same time as she did. The exact contrary is the truth. The cannon were sent to Hartlepool; and the merchant-ship which carried them out started from that port; while the 'Florida,' for which they were destined, started from Liverpool. No Government not gifted with second sight could have guessed the connexion of the two vessels. Yet he condemns us to pay for this ignorance. Again, he is not aware that witnesses giving evidence in a superior court, do not, with us, sign their depositions. He concludes, because he does not find the depositions signed, that the witnesses were never sworn; and he makes this neglect a ground for impugning the proceedings of a court of justice, and fining the British Government for negligence. The ignorance of the other arbitrators was of a more general kind; or, at least, they have not betrayed it by giving their reasons too elaborately. But we have no right to quarrel with that ignorance. They were not educated for the duty of sitting in judgment on the laws of England. Our complaint must rather be against our own Government, whose 'less accurate' diplomacy has given them power to decide that England is to be fined, if the freedom of her laws should jostle against the convenience of a foreign belligerent.

The truth is, that the attitude of the Government from the first has been that of suitors for a favour, too eager to weigh well the words in which it was granted. The pompous embassy, the patched-up, hazy verbiage of protocols and treaty, the heavy guarantee given to Canada as a bribe for her acquiescence, implied a strange solicitude for the promotion of a litigation of which the result could only be a heavy fine on England. The bargain will assume a still odder aspect if it should so chance that Mr. Greeley is elected President. He will probably conciliate his democratic allies by giving place in his Ministry to Southern statesmen; and one of their first duties will be to receive the damages which the arbitrators have sentenced us to pay. The net result of our triumphant diplomacy will then be as follows: We shall have paid Canada heavily to forego all compensation for American depredations, in order that we may have the privilege of paying American statesmen for the damage they inflicted on their countrymen. It is certainly difficult to understand why this privilege has been sought with so much labour—why the attainment of it has been the subject of so much triumph. Still stranger is it that the fear of losing this precious



cious bargain should have induced the Ministry to hesitate for months before they could muster resolution to repel the outrageous and insolent demands which America, encouraged by our obvious terrors, ventured after the treaty to advance. Of course this policy has pleased a certain section of the community. It is highly gratifying to the Quakers, and all who share their peculiar views on national self-respect. It is very pleasant, also, to those mercantile men whose affairs require the removal, no matter by what means, of all causes of estrangement between America and England. But on the larger portion of the nation, biassed by neither of these motives, we suspect that the whole transaction has left a disquieting impression. No one can calculate on the course our foreign policy is likely to take. It is easy to see that the old code of national honour no longer guides our statesmen. Neither Castlereagh nor Palmerston would have signed the recent treaties with Russia and America. But it is not so easy to see what controlling principle has taken its place. Is it chance impulse? or the political necessity of satisfying some cry here at home? or the excitement of a steeplechase after some Utopian ideal?

Yet it would be a mistake to attribute a very active political influence to these considerations. The nation feels strongly for its honour in its foreign dealings; but it has no foresight in such matters. It is too courageous to be sensitive to affronts or to scent danger from afar. Until, therefore, its rulers have actually involved the empire in flagrant dishonour or visible danger, it apprehends nothing and suspects nothing. It will not censure them for a course that promises such an issue, until the promise is fulfilled; and if any freak of blind fortune should save them from the plain consequence of these acts, the popular judgment will not distinguish between salvation by luck and salvation by prudent forecast.

In home affairs, the nation takes a far keener interest, and passes on those who conduct them a more discerning judgment. If the Ministry should finally lose its majority, it will be from domestic, and not foreign miscarriage. Undoubtedly the failure of their Irish policy has done more to lower them in public estimation than all the rebuffs to which they have been compelled to submit at the hands of Russia and America. It was to cure the Irish cancer that they were called in; and the blindest can see that the disease is as malignant as ever. They were given full leave to apply knife and cautery; and upon the unhealthy portion of the patients' flesh they have operated with unflinching hand. But the gangrene is not narrowed in its dimensions, nor less angry in its aspect. All the evils that

existed in Ireland before the remedial measures promised in 1868 exist now; and, superadded to them, the coldness or the disgust of classes whose loyalty has been sorely tried by the belief that they are the victims of calculating injustice. Whatever else has been done, neither peace nor loyalty has been given back to Ireland. The besiegers are in no gentler mood than they were before, though the garrison has been thrown over the battlements to please them.

Of course such objections are met with the ready answer, that sufficient time has not been allowed for the action of the remedies. The plea would be good if this were the first time that remedies of the same character had been tried. A new doctor, recommending a style of treatment wholly novel, might fairly complain if his patient refused to go on with it because he was not cured immediately. But Ireland is no such case. The course of treatment is not novel; but nearly a century old. Ever since the war of American Independence series of measures have been applied to Ireland, similar in the aim and character, though differing in the energy of their operation. They have all had for their object, either to meet the demands of the Roman Catholics, or to enlarge the legal rights of the poorer occupiers of land. Many of them have been passed only at the sacrifice of principles and feelings held sacred by a large proportion of the English people. At each of these great legislative experiments, the Minister who has demanded the sacrifice has always been sanguine that it would be the last. He has never doubted that it would lessen the antipathies of the Irish people, and make the government of Ireland easier. It has generally succeeded in communicating his hopefulness to his supporters. At whatever cost to English prepossessions or interest, the sacrifice has always been made. No measure proposed by any Government for the relief of Roman Catholic or the enrichment of the Irish poor, has been ultimately refused by Parliament. Yet the result, after a century of such legislation, is that, so far as loyalty and tranquillity are concerned, the condition of Ireland is worse than when this series of experiments began. We must not be understood by any means as condemning the whole of them. Some of these measures were commendable on other grounds: but this circumstance in no way interferes with the fact that looked at purely in the light of their chief professed intention, as remedies for the Irish difficulty, they have been lamentable failures. Ireland is more unruly, more hostile, more dangerous to England in the event of trouble, than she was in the reign of George II. If England were menaced again by such a danger as that from which she

escape

escaped so narrowly in 1745, is there any one who dares to hope that Ireland would be as passive now as she was then?

It is of little comfort, with this history before us, to exhort us to wait a little longer, and give the most recent remedies full time to work. They have been at work long enough in one form or another to establish at least this fact—that their operation, whatever it may be, is not to make the Irish more fond of England. The same consideration disposes of the suggestion—coming indeed from no English statesman, but which we constantly receive from Ireland—that by doubling our concessions we may possibly make those fruitful that are barren now. The counsel is the favourite consolation of the charlatans or the enthusiasts of every age. From fortune-tellers to politicians, from alchemists to the projectors of branch lines, none ever fail to assure their patrons that, ‘one payment more, and success is certain.’ Our reply is simply that we cannot afford it. We are squandering, not money, but the attachment and support which we have nurtured for centuries, and which money cannot bring back.

Happily the experience of nations is longer than that of other spendthrifts; and the promises which seduced us once are now ceasing to delude. The logic of facts is already beginning to tell even upon the most stubborn optimists. The enthusiasm which carried the Church Act and the Land Act has sensibly diminished in temperature. Hopeful prophecies of a coming age of Irish tranquillity and loyalty are less confidently uttered; a justification for the policy of the years 1869 and 1870 is rather sought in the absence of any alternative suggestion. No one else, it is said, had any better remedy for the Irish difficulty to propose. Even if this were true, was it a sufficient defence for measures so violent, and, to one class at least, so oppressive? Thousands of people were ousted of what they believed, and a few years ago every one else believed, to be their clear right. The least they were entitled to demand was that they should not be despoiled as a mere speculative experiment, but that some clear gain to the public weal should be shown as the set-off to their private loss. The optimist view of politics assumes that there must be some remedy for every political ill, and rather than not find it, it will make two hardships to cure one. If all equitable remedies have failed, its votaries take it as proved without argument that the one-sided remedies, which alone are left, must needs succeed. But is not the other view barely possible? Is it not just conceivable that there is no remedy that we can apply for the Irish hatred of ourselves? that other loves or hates may possibly some day elbow it out of the Irish peasant's mind,

### *The Position of Parties.*

and, but that nothing we can do by any contrivance will hasten the advent of that period? May it not, on the contrary, be our incessant doctoring and meddling, awaking the passions now of this party now of that, raising at every step a fresh crop of resentments by the side of the old growth, that puts off the day when these feelings will decay quietly away and be forgotten? One thing we know we can do in Ireland, because we have done it in India and elsewhere, with populations more unmanageable and more bitter. We can keep the peace, and we can root out organized crime. But there is no precedent, either in our history or any other, to teach us that political measures can conjure away hereditary antipathies which are fed by constant agitation. The free institutions which sustain the life of a free and an united people sustain also the hatreds of a divided people. Political aspirants striving to keep or to obtain a seat, newspapers competing for a circulation, will necessarily seek for influence by appealing to the strongest passions of the people; and they will not do it the less because that passion is hatred of the Government under which they live. We have a worse chance than any other nation would have of curing such a malady as that of Ireland, because our institutions—may we not add our superstitions?—forbid us to impose upon her the silence and the repose she needs. Our best hope—it is a feeble one—is that time may do what legislation cannot do. If it were in the genius of our Government to be stable in its purposes for a single generation—still more if we could acquire with the world a credit for firmness which we have utterly lost—the hope of separation might in time fade away from the Irish mind; and agitators' promises might at last be disbelieved, even by the Irish peasant. Time might then do its slow work of oblivion unhindered. But in the meanwhile it will be clear gain if English statesmen draw a clear line in their own minds between what legislative measures can attain and what they cannot. If we can persuade ourselves that our chance of making new friends is a poor one, we may be brought to abstain from the incessant meddling by which old friends are lost. It is a thriftless policy to throw away the affections of which we are sure, in order to captivate others for which neither our race, nor our creed, nor past memories, nor present appearances give us any ground of hope.

As yet we must be content to bear the necessary penalty of our vacillating temper. At present we are, or we believe we are, fixed in our resolve that no kind of separation shall take place. But it is vain to preach any such resolution to the Irish peasant. He knows enough of recent history to disbelieve it.

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The one impression our policy has left on his mind is a firm belief in the efficacy of turbulence. In proportion as he has rebelled against and broken the law, the law has been altered to suit his views. His friends blew up Clerkenwell Prison, and brought down the Established Church at the same time. They systematically murdered Irish landlords and land-agents; and, in due time, when the murders had reached an intolerable number, the Irish Land Act was the reply. Nothing, of course, is easier to say than that those two measures were in no way caused by the fear of menace, but simply by an abstract conviction of their justice; and that the sequence of one set of events upon the other in point of time was sheer accident. If reiteration could only do the work of argument, this assertion would be as clearly proved as any proposition in mathematics. But the peasant does not seem to be convinced. Perhaps he remembers that the same odd coincidence has happened once or twice before. The Catholic Relief Bill followed very closely indeed upon the Clare election and the labours of the Catholic Association. The Maynooth Grant of 1845 was immediately preceded by the great Repeal agitation and the disorders which attended it. Even five years ago there was much to be said for his belief that shooting landlords and breaking the Queen's peace are the most effective form of petition wherewith to approach the Imperial Parliament; and the fate of the Irish Church and the Irish landlord have converted it into a certainty. He is not satiated, by any means, with the concessions that have been procured for him by these weapons. Liability to be turned out is one of the disagreeable incidents of occupying land which belongs to somebody else: liability to pay rent for it is another. The Land Act has practically relieved him from the first of these incidents; but his triumph is only half enjoyable as long as it is embittered by the second. Until rents go the way of evictions his objects will be only half attained. He knows—or his leaders know—that the landlords are a weak class in Ireland; that their rights of property are not sustained by any powerful commercial class; and that if Ireland could be in any form separated from Great Britain the landlords would be wholly at the mercy of the petty tenantry. He has good material reasons, therefore, for desiring 'Home Rule.' His sentimental reasons—more potent possibly—are harder to analyse. Whether he looks for a triumph of Catholic over Protestant, or of Celt over Saxon, or for some closer union with America, or simply sees before him that boundless horizon of jobs popularly expressed in the phrase 'Ireland for the Irish'—there is no doubt that this feeling is intensely strong, and seems to be growing stronger. The ballot will

will reveal to us its real intensity. If, as we fear, it is strong enough to command a majority, or even a respectable minority of the Irish representatives, it will gain overwhelming force. It will attract to it a large class of waiters upon Providence who are quiescent because they are not yet sure which side will win. Its advocates have learnt by experience that Parliament is accessible to pressure, especially of an illegal kind. England will again be called upon to redress grievances—the last grievance for which she is responsible—her own presence upon Irish soil. What will a Liberal Government and a Liberal House of Commons do? On Tory principles the case presents much that is painful, but no perplexity whatever. Ireland must be kept, like India, at all hazards: by persuasion if possible; if not, by force. But on Liberal principles—on the principles of those who have shouted for the independence of Hungary, of Italy, of Poland—of those who mean to govern Ireland according to Irish ideas—what is to be done? Undoubtedly the Irish difficulty only grows in proportion to our efforts to solve it. It grows with the increased fervour and arrogance which are everywhere showing themselves in the Roman Communion. It grows with the growth of the power of America, with the spread of Republican principles in France. To conduct Irish affairs on any principles is difficult enough; but to govern a population which does not wish to be governed by you, on the principle of implicitly attending to its wishes, appears to be about as hopeless a task as ever politicians undertook.

From this quarter, if from any, the dangers of the Liberal Government are likely to arise. The position of absolute supremacy which they enjoyed three years ago has been destroyed, and will not probably be regained. But from the loss of undisputed power to the loss of office is a very long step. The county constituencies have shown a strong Conservative feeling even in places like Yorkshire, where a powerful Dissenting element exists; and there is a marked change of tone in the English boroughs. But it will require many victories among them to outweigh the growing Radicalism of Ireland, or the Radicalism of Scotland, which does not grow only because it is already universal. It is not easy to determine whether the movement of the past twelve months in England is a partial and temporary eddy, or a set current whose strength may be expected to increase. If it merely betokens the indignation of interests that have been attacked, or arises only from a reaction against the excesses of the Commune, its effects will not reach very far. The Government will probably be discreet enough  
not



not to meddle with powerful interests again, and the Commune will be forgotten in some new excitement. On the other hand the position of the Ministry is far from being secure. If no strong Conservative feeling has yet set in, it is certain that the abysmal enthusiasm of four or five years ago has entirely faded. Commerce is highly prosperous, and little attention is paid to politics; for politics is treated by nations much as religion is by individuals—it is a subject of interest chiefly in diversity. This apathy would have been of less moment if

Government's tenure of office were decided in any regular way by the nation, or even by the House of Commons. But it is not so arranged under our system. Governments may come, and are, generally turned out by votes which are not avowedly votes of want of confidence, and which those who support them generally declare have not that result in view. The intrigue of a night may remove a Government with which the constituencies have by no means resolved to part; and sometimes, as in 1858, they upset one to which the constituencies are passionately attached. The state of parties in the House, and especially the internal condition of the Ministerial majority, is of more importance in forecasting the fate of a Ministry than the issue of solitary elections. Even if we believe that the tide of opinion has not turned sufficiently to give a working Conservative majority, it would be rash on that account to assume the safety of the Government. The condition of parties has, therefore, an importance for Conservatives which it certainly had not two years ago. Then their only solicitude was to mitigate or avert the dangers arising from the overwhelming power of the Government. Now, with a more uncertain future, they have to consider the difficulties, possibly not less serious, which might arise to them from an imperfect and temporary success. A real victory—a victory arising from the hearty acceptance of their laws by the nation—would, of course, involve no difficulties; but it is always easy to go straight forward. But an incomplete victory, due rather to the imperfect action of our political machinery than to the true play of constitutional principles—a victory giving, as Lord Derby says, place without power, would leave the party in a condition of some difficulty, and possibly of serious danger. Powerless office is much more perilous to a party's cause than powerful opposition.

Such reflections are not likely to commend themselves to the actual combatants. The hot conflict of the hour engrosses the thoughts of every genuine politician. There is no room in his brain for a passing reflection on the disenchantments of the past or the difficulties of the future. He flings himself into the attack

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or the intrigue which is to lead to victory, with a spirit as free from misgiving as if he had never passed through such scenes before, or as if a plunge in Lethe had washed out all memory of the perplexities of which they were the triumphant prelude. But the world has grown too old now in experience of the ways of constitutional partisanship to make this intoxication any longer pardonable. Statesmen who aspire to make the perilous voyage of office are bound to satisfy themselves that their knowledge of the dangers before them is adequate, and their projected course is carefully laid down. And to this obligation the Conservative party is more heavily bound than any other. It has a history of which the retrospect is full of warning for the future.

Take what view of policy we may, pass what judgment we will upon the acts of individual men, no one will deny that the achievements of the Conservative party during the past half century will furnish a strange page to history. Three times during the lapse of that period has the party triumphantly borne a favourite minister to power to resist some dreaded change; three times has the victorious minister made use of the power intrusted to him to carry out the change he was commissioned to avert. When Rabagas is made a minister his first official act is to quell by military force the insurrection he had organized a few hours before. The incident is received by English audiences as an amusing satire upon the hollowness and the corruption of the race of Continental demagogues. Yet it has its application elsewhere than on the Continent, and to other than dishonest politicians. It is no unfair picture of what was done by men like the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and the late Lord Derby, upon whose honour slander has never cast a stain — of what was, if not approved, at least condoned, by the party whose previous pledges they had belied. For the Conservative party cannot stand aside and judge, as from an external point of view, the tortuous path pursued by its leaders at the three great epochs of Conservative history — the Catholic Relief Bill, the Corn Law Bill, and the Second Reform Bill. On each occasion it was, if not an accomplice, at least an accessory after the fact. In the cases of the Relief Bill and the Reform Bill, the party acquiesced without any open protest. In the case of the Corn Law Bill acquiescence did not come at once, but it was solemnly recorded in a Parliamentary resolution six years later. These are the acts, therefore, not of individual statesmen, but of a great political party.

It is utterly beside the question to inquire whether the measures which were passed by this strategy were salutary or pernicious.

ious. If they were bad they ought not to have been passed all; if they were good they ought to have been passed by wiser men. If they were really a necessity imposed by the circumstances of the hour, their passage could not long have been delayed. In any case it was clearly purchased at the cost of a blow to the only principle that saves political parties from degenerating into greedy factions. The exigency, if it existed, did not call for such a sacrifice. All that was gained by the abdication of the professions by which office had been won, was that the controverted policy in each case triumphed by the agency of those who had always denounced it, instead of by the agency of those who had always urged it.

Are these tactics to be accepted as representing a normal feature of our party warfare? Is each great change which our institutions may yet be doomed to undergo to furnish the Conservatives with a 'spectre' in opposition, and a policy in office? It cannot be so unless English parties, and the men who compose them, become fearfully and wonderfully changed. In spite of the vanity of the point of honour will, in the long run, with the same men, remain the same for public as for private affairs. Men may be misled on particular occasions into assenting to a policy in which, if asked to adopt it in their private concerns, they would recoil. The plea of necessity, the claims of party fealty, the fear of making bad worse, or the hope of mitigating the inevitable, are motives of real cogency whose proper limits are hard to define; and though after the event they are seen to afford defence for a shifty policy, they often appear at the time sufficient, not only to justify, but to demand, the successive minute concessions of which that policy was made up. Such concessions may serve to excuse exceptional deviations from the consistency which the law of honour requires between the promises in opposition and the performances of office; but only so long as they are exceptional. If ever they become so habitual to any party that leaders can plan them without scruple, and followers are brought to accept them without shame or resistance, that party must renounce, unless English character shall greatly change, all substantial share in the councils of the nation.

Be our judgment of the past what it may, no difference of policy can exist as to the future. We are persuaded that the recurrence of such a political conjuncture as those in which the Relief Act, the Corn Law Act, and the last Reform Act were passed, would be regarded by Conservatives of every shade as the heaviest disaster their party could undergo. There are few of them but would prefer, if it could for a moment be imagined that we were driven to such a choice, that the party should be  
doomed

doomed to a perpetual exclusion from office, rather than it should be held again upon such terms. The question is not one of purely theoretical interest. At a moment when the political sky is troubled and uncertain, it is of some interest to consider, whether we are quite secure from a similar danger; and whether there is any policy by which it can be averted. The premonitory symptoms of political change have been very marked during the present session; and though it now seems improbable that any crisis will arise for some time, yet it is unlikely that the majority will regain the cohesion it has lost, or resume the habits of passive obedience which it has broken through. The ministry contains several men whose passion for office is not strong; and even the keenest appetite for 'that invidious, that closely-watched slavery, which is mocked with the name of power,' is apt to pall after four or five years' enjoyment. Would a resignation, if it came, find the Tory party in better hope than heretofore to steer clear of the peculiar kind of peril that has beset and marred their recent ventures?

That the same peculiar disaster should have happened three times to the same party within so short a period of time, must indicate some general cause. It cannot in each case have been a mere accident, or only due to the characters of individual statesmen. Our adversaries would find a sufficient solution in the statement that the measures which were carried were wise. But this, even if it were entirely true, would not account for their being carried by those who had undertaken to resist them. Assuming a complete and sudden conversion—no slight assumption in the case of three men of mature age and conspicuous ability—it still remains a mystery why they did not resign the task of giving effect to their new views to those who had always held them. Even if they had suddenly changed their minds, no such transformation had happened to their followers. The submission of the party was due to the political exigency which the leader's act was causing; and no man's conscience could have driven him to drive other people to vote against their own. No was there any explanation to be found in the previous traditions of English statesmen. They have never, on either side, held to be part of their duty to give effect to a popular conviction at the sacrifice of their own. The idea that, when you find a difficulty in maintaining the position in which you have entrenched yourself, it is a right and proper thing to secure it by hoisting the enemy's colours, is entirely of modern growth. Mr. Forster speaking the other day at Bradford, describes the duty of a statesman when his own convictions are at variance with those of the public. Much as we differ from his political views,

st admit that his language is a pleasing contrast to the limp  
ility displayed by many courtiers of the multitude in these  
s:—

With regard to public opinion, I believe that it is the duty of those  
have anything to do with Government, because public opinion has  
them there, to consider public opinion, to estimate it, to attempt  
understand it, to defer to it as much as they can in details; but  
er to defer to it upon principles, if they are themselves convinced  
those principles are right. Well, I dare say many of you think  
office is a most desirable thing. I will not deny that the task of  
ing any part in the Government of this great country is a task, the  
ition for which no man ought to be ashamed to possess; but any  
who has obtained that object of his ambition will find that with  
here is toil, there is misconception, there is responsibility quite  
ugh to make him very soon wish to get rid of the responsibility,  
conception, and toil, if it were not for that which is the real prize  
is won by the toils of office; viz., the recompense of being able to  
something towards actually getting realized, and put into action  
se principles which a man has long cared for, and which he thinks  
l really do good to his country. Therefore, to ask him to remain  
office upon the condition of deferring to public opinion, when his  
inciples differ from those which the majority may seem to have, is  
ask him to keep a place when it is worse than useless to possess it,  
l a place as to which everything held out as an inducement to  
ain it, ought to act as an inducement to relinquish it. But he may  
ke himself perfectly easy upon that matter, because if he and  
olic opinion really differ, the course is plain. Let another man  
e his place. He may be quite sure that if his principles are right  
will come back, or if not he, somebody else will come back who is  
ter able to carry them out than he is; and what is true about a  
mber of the Government, what I feel true as a member of the  
binet, I feel also true in that Parliamentary position which I have  
long held as your member. There is no position which I feel it  
great a pride and pleasure to hold, as that of being your represen-  
ve, so long as you can repose trust in me, upon the understanding  
t I do what, after the fullest, deepest consideration, I think to be  
ht; but when that time ceases, with a feeling of strong friendship  
towards another, we must part.'

Probably if any of the three great Ministers we have named had  
en asked their opinion on this point, they would have readily  
scribed to Mr. Forster's doctrine. Yet it is their course on  
se great occasions that has shaken the faith of Englishmen in  
e independence of their statesmen. What common error was  
that led them into a position so revolting to their natural  
instincts?

Something must no doubt be allowed for individual peculiari-  
as. The Duke of Wellington held to the old maxims of  
loyalty



loyalty in all their rigour, at a time when a Minister had become rather the servant of the House of Commons than of the Crown : and he acted on the doctrine which seems extravagant now, that a public man is bound to provide his Sovereign with a Government, even at the cost of his own opinions. Sir Robert Peel was an uncommunicative man, having little power of understanding other minds or being understood by them, and he probably, like Dr. Newman about the same period, deceived his followers without knowing it. Had he been able to lay bare to them the processes of his mind in 1841, it is probable that they would not have carried him to power as a great Protectionist champion. Lord Derby was in the peculiar and most pitiable condition of holding power on the sufferance of an adverse majority. A leader in that position has perpetually to choose between trenching on the principles of his party, or sacrificing the personal interests of his partisans. Perhaps also his judgment was in some measure biassed by a feeling that his opponents had not been playing fair : that they had used Reform much as Titus Oates had used 'the Plot,' bringing out at a time only just so much of it as was needed for the purposes of its self-appointed guardian. But these peculiarities in the character or position of the three statesmen will not account for the phenomenon. For in peculiarities of this kind there is nothing unexampled ; but this series of three conversions to the creed of a defeated opponent, happening to the same party, almost in the same generation, is surely a misfortune that has never happened before to any cause in any age or nation.

These paradoxical results could only indicate that the able men under whose guidance they occurred must have stood in a fatally false position—must have utterly misconceived the conditions under which they were working. They failed to read the riddle of their time. They did not see that a great shifting of political power was taking place, which gave a new meaning to old words. The beginning of the period covered by these three conversions accurately marked the time when royal and noble power was being thrust aside. If not wholly extinguished, it was restricted to matters of mere detail ; and with it disappeared the independence of Governments. The democratic power was assuming the mastery—a power capricious, and often apathetic upon matters of secondary importance, but, upon questions of the first rank, beyond all other political powers imperious and stubborn. The days of governing were gone by. It was easy—comparatively easy—to govern when there were only a sovereign and a handful of nobles to persuade ; at least it was never difficult for a Minister to resist any course of policy he disliked. In the whole of the previous hundred and thirty years there was no instance of a  
Minister



Minister falling for refusing to sanction some organic change. But the popular power, which had dethroned all other powers, required not men to rule or to persuade it, but men to do its work. A Minister has since that time become again in great questions of policy simply and really a servant, though not a servant of the Crown. It is well for him if he is in hearty sympathy with his masters; he can then do without misgiving or reproach the work he is hired to do. But whether he sympathizes or not, he is there, not to command, but to obey. He is driven by a will far too masterful for at least any individual of our supple generation to resist. If he accepts and retains what is called power, under the delusion that he can serve the people and yet retain a will of his own, the result will surely be that he will find himself toiling, arguing, intriguing, entreating, to pass the very measures which it has been his most earnest aspiration from his youth upward to resist.

Nor is he any longer quite free to escape from his servitude. His power of resignation has been as much curtailed as his other powers. A Prime Minister's obligations towards his personal adherents have much changed. The purchase of political support is, indeed, no new thing. Under whatever form or veil, it is as much an essential part of free Government as terror is an essential part of absolute Government. Government has, therefore, always been carried on in part by the purchase of support ever since the Revolution of 1688: and in the last century the business was done much more corruptly and offensively than it is now. But this very change—the very diminution, large as it has been, of the purchasing power of the Crown—has aggravated a Minister's dependence. When he paid in cash down for the support he received, the bargain was complete; his obligations were discharged, and he was free. But he cannot pay in ready money now, and therefore he remains in debt. He pays in places, in honours, in careers, given as opportunity arises, and consequently deferred, as regards the large majority of those who, at any one time, think they have claims. These hopes are contingent on the Minister's clinging to power. His tenure of office, therefore, is no longer his own: it is pledged. The hopes of a multitude of devoted followers would be cut short by his premature resignation, like early blossoms by a spring frost. They argue with logic that seems irresistible, 'The measures in issue are sure to be passed by one side or the other. The policy must be the same whichever side is in; why should we not have the spoils as well as our opponents?' The moral pressure of such claims upon a leader is enormous; and modern statesmen are not made to resist pressure.

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The statesmen in question felt themselves under a pressure that was, doubtless, perplexing, because comparatively new. Their instinct told them that, in some form or other, the outside demand would probably be satisfied; that the Parliamentary force ranged against it was inadequate to repel it. On the other hand, their supposed duty to the Crown and their partisans urged them to remain in office. The interpretation they gave to this conflict of obligations is much to be deplored. The course of our recent history would have been differently shaped if the Conservatives had never surrendered in office the pledges of opposition. The changes made would have contained a smaller admixture of evil, and the force organized to resist further change would have commanded the unsuspecting adhesion of all the Conservative elements in the country. Our part, however, is not to blame them, but to draw guidance from their errors. The moral which their history preaches is a warning against Governments which are conducted by what is nominally or virtually the weaker side. As the power of the democracy increases, it is becoming more and more imperative upon every party that cherishes its political honour to abstain from office unless it has the full and unambiguous support of the constituencies. Statesmen must banish from their minds the old illusion that place means power. At best it means employment under a master with whom you agree. If you do not agree with him it is a debasing servitude. Chance majorities, made up of incongruous elements only brought together by some passing discontent, will be no trustworthy substitute for such an agreement. The ill-compacted mass separates at the first shock, and the Minister who relied on it must seek his support elsewhere. The favour of the Crown is now but a feeble instrument to enable him to procure fresh support; he must seek it, and pay for it, in the more substantial coinage of some degrading compliance. In a victory won by the coalition of hostile parties, the half of the coalition which reaps its reward in policy is the half which does not reap its reward in places. The Conservative leaders can only escape from adding another to the sinister successes of which their last half-century annals are made up, by resolutely refusing to avail themselves of any chance of office which may be opened to them by allies whose general support they are not assured.

It may seem that to press this point on the attention of the Opposition just now, when the Ministry have a majority of no less than seventy, is a superfluous precaution. Probably, until the next election, this is true. The House of Commons is very wayward; but it is always recalled from its wanderings by the threat of being sent to that bourne from which a third of it will

It will not return. But, if appearances may be trusted, it will one day be thought docile and submissive by those who have experienced its successor. The Conservatives hope, apparently not without reason, that the election will add materially to their numbers. Thus the relative strength of parties will be more even; and the power, and consequent exactions, of the more unstable portion of the majority will be much increased. And that majority is likely to consist, more largely than at present, of ill-fitting sections. The Home Rulers will no longer be a small fraction of the Irish representation; and their object will naturally be to make their presence as disagreeable as possible to the House of Commons, in order that that body may favour their speedy migration to College Green. The class of voters whom the Trades Unions represent, refuse to regard themselves any longer as merged in the Liberal party. They are insisting upon representatives of their own; and the Liberal managers will be compelled—if we may judge by the experience of Preston—to concede this demand, on pain of provoking a dangerous abstention of working-men from the polls. Great ties are wanting; and in the absence of great cries, party discipline languishes, and little sections form themselves each round the banner of its own small fanaticism. All these influences will add to give us a House of Commons in which the Ministerial majority will be both smaller and less homogeneous than the present. It will give smaller opportunities for those ingenious combinations, which promise to take off for a night, into the Opposition lobby, the small balance of voters, whose allegiance constitutes the title by which our executive holds its power. Mr. Glyn's heart will be made sore by an incessant series of small insurrections. He will pass his life, like the later Roman Emperors, in rushing from one frontier to another, summoned by the news of an ever fresh revolt. In short, it seems likely to be a repetition of the Palmerston Parliament, with a more unmanageable majority. Will there be a Palmerston there to manage it? Such marvellous dexterity as that by which he contrived to keep power for six years, with a majority of not more than twenty, is not likely to be repeated. The danger, therefore, of a period of vacillating majorities, and frequent Ministerial changes, is chimerical; and of course such periods offer to the Conservatives a chance, if they choose to use it, of a brief taste of office. But they will be falling into the most dangerous error they can commit, if they suffer themselves to be entrapped by such accident into another minority Government. It may be said—and on such occasions is said—that a Government there must be; and that if the Liberal leaders have resigned in a huff, Vol. 133.—No. 266. 2 Q the

the Conservatives are bound to come to the rescue of the Crown, however difficult their task may be. No doubt, when Lord Derby three times took office with a minority, some such motive actuated him; for his dislike of minority Governments had been strongly expressed, and was well known. But the doctrine belonged to days when the Crown was able to rally support round the Minister of its choice. The position into which Lord Derby was driven by obeying it, is a warning to future statesmen that it has no meaning or application in the present day. No man is bound to desert his convictions; and that is the only condition under which a Minister, unsupported by a majority in the constituencies, can serve his Sovereign now. The constituencies have assumed the unrestricted power of selecting the party which is to govern; and it is their business to find a statesman in that party to do their work.

The Conservatives have their special duties to the Constitution; and finding forced labour to assist in Radical demolitions is not among them. Whenever legislation, assailing the property of corporations or individuals, and all new attempts to shift political power shall fall thoroughly out of favour with the nation,—when the present mania for restricting individual liberty shall be worn out—the time for the Conservative party to accept office will have arrived; but as long as such legislation is demanded, they cannot propose it. They can only gain the custom of the nation by offering their own wares. They cannot compete for it, as they are often recommended to do, by offering the wares of their rivals, slightly varied in pattern. They are often taunted that they have no programme and no policy; and told that until they can get one they have no hope of supplanting their adversaries. If by “programme” and “policy” is meant a scheme of change, the assertion is not only accurate but complimentary. That Conservatism implies conservation and not change, would seem to be a truism. It seems equally obvious that a list of exciting changes can no more be offered by a policy of conservation, than military glory can be extracted from a policy of peace. In truth, such a reproach wholly ignores, not merely the nature of the Conservative party in particular, but of English parties generally. Competition for office will exist in every community; but the character of the motives which work it, ranges from lofty devotion to low greed, according to the character of the community, and of the controversies which engage public attention. In a settled despotism, or in an extreme democracy, in either of which organic changes are too improbable to become prominent subjects of controversy, parties are mere joint-stock companies for the acquisition of place and pay. In such



In cases a statesman could not desert his colours, because he would have no colours to desert. He offers his services like any other professional man, to do the work set him by his employer; and though he may have predilections for one mode of action over another, just as an architect may prefer one style to another, neither he nor the architect is bound in honour to adhere to any particular combination of ideas. In this state of things politics become a purely selfish pursuit; the art required in them is of a disreputable kind; and the word 'politician' as now in America, or 'courtier,' as here in old times, becomes a term of reproach. On the other hand there are states in the opposite condition, where organic controversies are pushed to extremity; where parties are dynastic, where real opposition can only take the form of conspiracy, and changes of power are effected by revolution. In such a case—of which instances enough are to be found in our time—party spirit wears its most attractive, though not its most beneficial aspect; for selfishness is banished, from the beaten side at least, by the very extent of the risk incurred. But the case of English parties, and of all parties where there is a constitutional system resting on general consent, is very different from either of these two extremes. The motive-force of our political machinery is something better than pure self-interest; and though the battles of our parties do at present concern the very foundations of the State, and they do not desire to exterminate each other, there is enough left of enthusiasm for a cause to appeal to the higher class of motives, and to bring the nobler spirits into the political arena. The mere trader in politics will occasionally intrude; but he is at present an exception. Neither party is as yet largely infected with the spirit which provides political principles, as market-gardeners provide vegetables, to meet the tastes of the public.

To suggest to the Conservatives to compete with their opponents by presenting a rival programme of change, is to ask them to descend from the higher to the lower type of politicians. They and their opponents have not the same objects in view and do not appeal to the same kind of support. The two parties represent two opposite moods of the English mind, which may be trusted, unless past experience is wholly useless, to succeed each other from time to time. Neither of them, neither the love of organic changes nor the dislike of it, can be described as normal to a nation. In every nation, they have succeeded each other at varying intervals during the whole of the period which separates its birth from its decay. Each finds in the circumstances and constitution of individuals a regular support which never deserts it. Among men, the old, the phlegmatic, the sober-minded,  
among

among classes, those who have more to lose than to gain by change, furnish the natural Conservatives. The young, the envious, the restless, the dreaming, those whose condition cannot easily be made worse, will be *rerum novarum cupidi*. But the two camps together will not nearly include the nation: for the vast mass of every nation is unpolitical. From time to time, as its own special requirements may urge or discourage change, or more often in pursuance of the lessons which the experience of some foreign country seems to teach, it gives its confidence to one school or the other: and the rejected party must live through the winter of its discontent as best it may. It must be satisfied to use such strength as it retains to mitigate the action of its opponent, or to strengthen the best element in its opponent's councils. But the parties cannot change policies: they cannot adopt each other's parts. The Conservatism of Liberals will be hypocritical: the Liberalism of Conservatives will be clumsy and probably extravagant. As long as things go on in their normal course, as long as each party pursues its appointed career in patience and integrity, any change in the inclinations of the nation will be always surely followed by a change in the persons of its rulers. Neither the nation at large, nor the better portion of the adherents of either party will tolerate that one party should 'steal the clothes' of the other. When in 1829 the Duke of Wellington, in obedience to what he thought an irresistible necessity for change, used a Tory following to do Liberal work, the rebuke that followed was prompt and severe. He found himself paralysed in his resistance to the onset of the Reformers, meeting with lethargy and mistrust even in the portion of the community that was least disposed towards Reform. They remembered and condemned, not the Act of 1829, but the hand that passed it.

The excuse for the Duke of Wellington is that where a party has been for a long time in office, it comes to attribute to itself a proprietary right to office. The Opposition is looked upon as a permanent background to the pleasing picture: the idea of its ever again obtaining power appears as monstrous and revolutionary as if it were a proposal on the part of the background to become the foreground. Sydney Smith tells us of that period that 'there seemed as much probability of a Whig Ministry as of a thaw in Zembla.' This notion was naturally fully shared by the Tory leaders: and they could not admit the idea of sacrificing power with a still intact majority, because the exigency of events appeared to force them to borrow their opponent's policy. Now, after forty years of almost unbroken power, the Liberal party is wrapt in a similar complacency. Some of its less eager members  
seem



seem to be contemplating without misgiving the growth of what is termed 'Conservative reaction'—in other words the increasing aversion of the nation to organic change: believing that the Liberal party can accommodate itself according to need to either mood. Old Reformers who have done reforming, are the fittest rulers they think for a nation which is much in the same case. On the principle that there is no gamekeeper like an old poacher, there is no bulwark of our institutions so trustworthy as a promoted Radical. As far as regards particular individuals, this philosophy may be true; but as regards the real Liberal party, it is as unsubstantial a dream as the idea that the Conservatives can put forth a competing programme of change. Neither one party nor the other can renounce the conditions of its existence. Members or sections of the Liberal party may fall away, but the ranks will be filled up, and the main body will go on. It exists to accomplish, not any particular change, but change in the abstract. The discontent, the envy, the visionary dreams, which furnish it with recruits, exist independently of any particular institutions, and always will exist, however largely any set of institutions may be changed. The Liberals themselves do not conceal this doctrine. It has been loudly preached of late to the Government, who are suspected of backsliding, by the authorized prophets of Liberalism. In one of those lectures we were recently told, 'The Liberal party can only keep together, as it is ever on the march. To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new is its perpetual impulse.'\* This is the uniform tenour of their language. The consequence is that the genuine and hearty members of the party have two programmes: an exoteric programme for to-morrow, an esoteric one for the day after to-morrow. It is not very discreet in any of them to betray this peculiarity; but they are occasionally compelled to do it by the pressure of outspoken friends. Early in the year Mr. Stansfeld explained to his constituents that his acquiescence in the Church Establishment, and his consent to encourage religious education, were merely measures of expediency: and that he was looking forward to the time when he could enter freely upon a new career of organic change. Mr. Baxter was pressed last summer by a constituent to vote for Mr. Miall's motion, and if necessary to resign his office, in order to obtain liberty to do so. Mr. Baxter, while avowing that his dislike of Established Churches was as keen as ever, declined to accept this friendly advice, and his reason for doing so is instructive:—

'At a time when our opponents are carrying seat after seat, we must

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\* 'Daily News,' May 23, 1872.

take care not to play into their hands by giving a place in the programme of the party to questions not yet quite ripe for legislative action. . . . I have not the slightest intention of resigning my place in a Ministry which has already done so much for the Liberal cause, because it is beyond their power, the people not being prepared for it, to give perfect religious equality to England as well as Ireland.'

If the announcement were not so very frank, the strategy might possibly be characterized as dishonest. You cannot complain that a man cheats you, if, before beginning to play he tells you that he means to put the honours up his sleeve. But nothing can be clearer than the explanation that he gives of the real significance of 'Liberal moderation.' It simply means that seat after seat is being won by the other side. When these accidents happen, the ulterior programme without being in any way repudiated is put for the moment out of sight. But its temporary disappearance is only due to the exigency of the moment. As soon as, by keeping the programme carefully clear of questions 'not yet quite ripe,' the alarm of the electors has been appeased, and new strength has been obtained for the party, the process of subversion by which and for which it exists, will commence again. It cannot be otherwise. The forces which drive them, the passions which feed them, can never rest. If they have their way they must find as fast as one institution falls another to succeed it as the object of attack, and then another, and another, till incessant change has issued in decay, and the span of national life is run through.

It is in the results of this 'perpetual impulse' that the future prospects of the Conservative party probably lie. Though the tendencies of human nature which create a party of change, calling itself progressive in all communities, will compel it to be 'ever on the march,' it will by no means take with it all who have marched with it thus far. We do not speak merely of the defection of individuals, but of classes. That new enterprises should require new leaders, and that old leaders, who are passed over should be disgusted is neither new nor very important. The French Revolution is, in brief, the picture of all revolutionary epochs, long or short. The leaders who swore the Tennis Court oath are disposed of amid the contempt of their followers long before the movement has reached its Thermidor. But the defection of powerful classes is a much more fatal matter. It is notorious that the heterogeneous body now known as the Liberal party contains powerful elements which are only Liberal up to a certain point. It would be too long to inquire into the complicated causes which have numbered in the ranks of the party of change large sections of the community to whom change

change has little to offer. The most potent cause of all has been hostility to the privileges of the Established Church. The hatred of the extremer Protestants to all the ancient forms of discipline, the aversion of Latitudinarians to systems of dogma, have bound the cultivated Whig with the wealthy Quaker or Baptist in a common revolt against our ecclesiastical constitution; and as long as this question would furnish the staple of politics they worked together heartily enough with the forces of democracy. Causes of less importance contributed to make this co-operation easier. The Whig party was a tradition from times when the battle for freedom and security meant a struggle against monarchical power; and the potent phrases invented then retained their power long after the realities of which they were born had passed away. Middle-class Liberalism—so far as it was not Puritan in its origin—was a rising against the concentration of patronage and power in the hands of the nobility which existed before 1832. Under the influence of the Corn Law disputes it was largely reinforced by the jealousy of mercantile and manufacturing wealth against the older and more honoured property in land. A flavour of romance was added to all these ingredients by the sympathy for foreign conspiracies and insurrections which was fashionable some five-and-twenty years ago. The brutalities of some of the Continental despots, and the imbecility of the Papal Government, excited much compassion among all classes; and by a convenient process of substitution they were all debited to the account of the English Tory party.

But all this is ancient history now. The political doctrines which grew up in the infancy of the Whig party cannot by any violence be wrested to the use of present controversies. The Corn Law dispute is forgotten as Lancashire elections testify. The jealousies of manufacturing against agricultural wealth have died away with the disappearance of all shadow of a cause; for the jealousies of classes, cannot like the jealousies of lovers, sustain life upon 'trifles light as air.' The Continental despots are highly popular with their subjects: in fact the only unstable Governments in Christian Europe at this moment are the Republic of France and the two very Liberal monarchies of the House of Savoy. Even the Church is not the bond of common hatred that it was between democracy and its well-to-do allies. All its more assailable points have been carried; and its inner citadel will be, as Mr. Baxter feels, a 'big job' for the politicians who undertake to storm it. Moreover, the intellectual movement of the day is in its favour, as far as its secular interests are concerned. The rapid spread of infidel

infidel ideas among the literary class has dwarfed the differences which separate the Church from the Dissenters, and has somewhat deadened their desire to despoil the endowments which sustain so much religious teaching in this country. Thus the stream of political strife, for the moment at least, seems to be leaving the Church upon one side. The scheme of political philosophy which under one form or another is hostile to property, appears to be attracting more attention and support. It has all the charm of a new and only half-explored field of operation. It promises to secure the alliance of the only large unappropriated class—the proletariat—the value of whose aid is as yet unknown, and, therefore, probably exaggerated. Of course, among various kinds of property, land stands first on the list for attack. In this direction all the more prominent men of the advanced Liberal school are directing their energies. The Cobden Club—which promises to astonish some of the Whig magnates who have made speeches at its banquets—is taking the subject up with an effusion of well-picked statistics. Mr. Mill has long been recommending this enterprise to his followers; and it excites much enthusiasm among the small but venomous clique of Academical Radicals whom he may be said to have created. Unprejudiced observers coming from abroad, and anxious to win their spurs in English politics—such as Sir George Grey from New Zealand, and Lord Napier from Madras—have selected this as offering the most promising foothold for attack. The proletariat, as represented by Mr. Odger and Citizens Vesinier and Hales, are not unwilling to join; only they will not be content unless the capitalist, against whom they are personally much more exasperated, is put under the same harrow with the landlord. Mr. Odger's plan, as is well known, is simply to buy up all the land—in what coin, and from what fund, remains to be explained. Mr. Mill proposes only to confiscate the increase of it, offering to buy, if the landowner should under his dispensation be disposed to sell. Lord Napier would be content with laying a rate upon every landowner to build whatever number of cottages the 'sanitary authority' might think suitable for his estate. Other plans still more vague and declamatory have been shadowed forth. The time in truth for detailed plans has hardly come yet—if it is ever to come. At present there is nothing but the zeal and the practical ignorance peculiar to a very young movement. But there is enough to show that here, now that the old Liberal platform is quite used up, the planks for a new structure must be sought.

Of course it is evident that, upon the doctrine of the 'perpetual impulse' preached by the 'Daily News,' the subversive movement



movement must attempt to reach property sooner or later. Professor Seeley, in calling it 'the great monopoly,' clearly shows the character it must always bear in the mind of a thoroughgoing logical champion of complete equality. Such a reasoner must feel that it is to no purpose that, at the cost of infinite agitation, privileges have been abolished, and rank reduced to a mere name. As long as property remains, inequality will not be the accident, but the characteristic of society. But all who have hitherto joined in the Liberal campaign are not followers of complete equality. This question will be the touchstone of the true disciple. The Liberal party cannot avoid entering upon it unless it gives up altogether its journey in quest of 'pastures new.' Yet it is in this dilemma that, while if it stands still, it renounces the condition of its existence, if it goes on it parts with a large portion of its adherents. The advocates of organic change have met hitherto with a resistance so feeble and divided, that they do not believe in the possibility of defeat. They picture to themselves the future of the world's history as this—that they and their successors shall go on for ever preaching fresh changes, which the world with a little coy reluctance will go on perpetually accepting. This is the philosophy which conquerors have always learned from a career of victory, and always learned to their ruin. But it is obvious that, if a society possesses any cohesion at all, a point in the series of changes must be reached at last in which the interests that defend will be stronger than the passions that assail. As Radicals instinctively attack the weakest points first, their operations necessarily become more difficult as they advance. The irritated victims of what is called 'progressive' legislation increase with every step it makes; at last they become strong enough to make an effectual stand. Nothing is so likely to reach this limiting point as an inroad upon the rights of property. This will probably be the file upon which the serpent's tooth will break at last. France has shown how savagely and how successfully even landed property can turn upon its assailants. English landed property is comparatively at a disadvantage for purposes of defence in some respects. The great prosperity of commerce has called away the smaller capitalists from the land, and has left it to find a market only among the rich, who buy it as an agreeable, rather than as a lucrative investment. It follows that proprietors of agricultural land are less numerous, and therefore in troubled times less strong. On the other hand, England possesses no such debased mob as that of Paris: and no centralization to place the reins of power within reach of an urban revolt.

But whatever the ultimate issue may be of the campaign  
against

against property which the advanced and genuine Liberals are opening, it must have the effect of separating from them the section who, for want of a better name, are called the moderate Liberals. In a silent informal manner the process has been going on for some years. Many circumstances combine to indicate a gradual drift of the well-to-do classes towards Conservative opinions. The changed tone of the country constituencies ever since the death of Lord Palmerston is especially noteworthy in this respect. But a solution of party ties which is easy to the obscure is made more difficult to prominent men by many causes. In the first place, there is the intense distaste which most men feel for the severance of old companionship. Then there is the dislike part with traditional names, and epithets, and phrases, honoured by the homage of great names, though unmeaning now. Then the peculiar strategy of the Conservatives, on which we have already commented, has not been of a character to invite conversions. Rome would have made few converts of late years if had been currently thought an even chance that she would some early date declare her acceptance of the Shorter Catechism. Doubtless also the persistence of the present obsolete lines of party division has been in a degree due to personal consideration too transitory to need discussion. All these circumstances have hindered, and will continue to hinder; but the causes at work are too powerful to be permanently checked by obstacles like these. The Radicals must demand what the moderate Liberals cannot concede; unless the one are prepared to renounce all their ideas, or the other to renounce their rights of property. The connexion between the two sections has been more than once severely strained, and unless the Radicals are prepared to give up what they call 'progress,' it must be more and more strained as time goes on. How far the moderate Liberals will be willing to endure this strain—how soon they will muster resolution to refuse the further aid of their numbers to the triumph of Radical ideas—will depend entirely on the integrity and the unselfishness displayed by the Conservative party. When two sets of politicians are at one upon the most pressing questions of the day, it is pretty certain that they will work together; and if they have a dangerous enemy to contend with, they will soon find themselves forced, not only to work together, but formally to combine. Such a result cannot permanently be prevented by blunders or reluctance on either side. But it may be deferred for a much longer time than is consistent with the public welfare, in two ways. It can be hindered by the jealousies of prominent men; or by any general distrust attaching to the intentions of the Conservative party itself. The

proverbial



proverbial 'difficulty of the groom, who had thirteen horses to put into twelve stalls, is only in an aggravated form the difficulty of all associations of men, who desiring a common object have occasion to unite. Dynastic or political parties, sects or railway companies, seeking to effect a fusion with their nearest neighbours, are all afflicted with the same perplexity. To put it in the language of the last named interest—what is to be done with the spare directors? In the present case it only requires to mention such a difficulty to dismiss it. If the Conservative party should ever, in dealing with the larger questions that are impending, come to form part of a larger organization, it is obvious that many politicians, who have been prominent champions of Conservative opinions, will fall into the background. In proportion to the extent of such a fusion, and, therefore, in proportion to its value for the institutions which Conservatives are anxious to protect, it will hinder the career of individual statesmen. Moreover an agreement directed wholly to future questions, and concerned with them alone, might be embarrassed if coupled with the names of men too prominently associated with the differences of the past. If Conservatives and a portion of the Whigs can ever agree to act together, it will probably be under statesmen of the latter type that the co-operation will be most easy and effectual. But the party would be utterly unworthy of its mission if it allowed difficulties of this order to be a serious hindrance.

A more substantial danger may be caused by premature efforts of the party itself. There has been a tendency sometimes to despair under the long exclusion from power which it has suffered; and plans are occasionally suggested for abridging these weary wanderings in the desert by an illegitimate short cut. Certainly advice to that effect has not been wanting from the other side. Critics belonging to the opposite camp are singularly fond of giving advice to the Conservative party. Sometimes they lecture it upon the principles which it would be proper in them as Conservatives to adopt; sometimes they disinterestedly point out the shortest road to office; at others they kindly help the party to choose its leaders. The practice is a very favourite pastime with Liberal writers and speakers. Mr. Gladstone pushed it to caricature at Wakefield last year, when, in the most friendly tone, he recommended the Conservatives to devote themselves mainly to foreign politics, for the purpose of propagating Liberal ideas upon the Continent. With respect to all this various counsel, it is no want of charity to say that advice is likely to be influenced by the object which the giver has in view; and that the displacement of their own party from power is not precisely  
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the chief object present to the minds of this class of counsellors. The advice all practically resolves itself into this—‘Try a little Liberalism. It has kept us forty years in power; what may it not do for you?’ Setting aside all objections of principle, such advice embodies the worst blunder that Conservatives could commit. If any political forces now severed from the Tory party should desire to unite with them, it will not be for the purpose of getting Radical measures from them in a Tory dress. If people want Liberalism, they will go to the original patentees of the article. If they come to Conservatives, it is because they want conservatism. Efforts to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds are arduous for an individual; hopeless for a party. If advanced Liberals occasionally praise, and try to use, some Tory chief or section, it is not because their confidence has been won: they will only squeeze out of him what can be got; and then fling him aside in derision. But though it is impossible to gain their permanent support, it is very easy to inspire distrust among the class of men from whom alone the Conservatives can hope for effective reinforcement.

We have given our reasons for believing that a considerable accession of force to the Conservative cause cannot be far distant. We think it to be their wisest policy to act with this object in view. But even if there were no ground for this hope, the duty of the party at the present juncture would not be materially affected. There is nothing in the present aspect of affairs to discourage them. For that limited portion of the party who may hope to enjoy the advantages of office, the prospect, in the absence of such a reinforcement as we have indicated, is, no doubt, less encouraging. But for that far larger portion—who have no other motive for the toil of political life, except the preservation of the institutions which remain to us—there is abundant work to do, and no lack of power to do it. Certainly it was cheerless work enough during the dreary period immediately succeeding the last dissolution, when divisions were a mere form, and Mr. Glyn might with perfect safety have written the journals of the House beforehand. But that state of things—the product of a very peculiar crisis—has passed away and is not likely to return. The Opposition can hardly fail to grow stronger, or the Ministerial party to become more disunited. This is not a state of things wholly unfavourable to Conservative objects. If it tends to paralyse all legislation, comfort is to be found in the consideration, that, as matters stand, more bad measures than good are thereby arrested. A very strong Conservative Government is, of course, the condition of things we should most desire. But next to it a weak Liberal Government is most advantageous for  
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the country. It may be painful to see our friends deprived of office; but it is pleasant under such circumstances to reflect that half the Liberals who are now sitting on the Treasury Bench, silenced and tame, would, if they were in Opposition, be shouting fiercely for revolutionary legislation. It is worth while buying their acquiescence in our detested institutions at so cheap a price. Nor, if the immediate future is likely to be free from organic conflicts, will the action of a strong Conservative Opposition be less valuable on that account. We are promised an era of 'social' legislation—for which, doubtless, there is an ample field. In helping good work from whatever quarter it comes—in detecting and resisting all projects of Radical change which come in the sheep's clothing of philanthropic movements—the strength of the Conservative party will be usefully employed. Whatever interval of time—be it long or short—be destined to elapse before they resume a formal control over the government of the nation, their influence will still be deeply felt. In vigilantly practising the duties of Opposition, they will be exercising real power; in accepting office prematurely, they will be seeking not power, but servitude in disguise.

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